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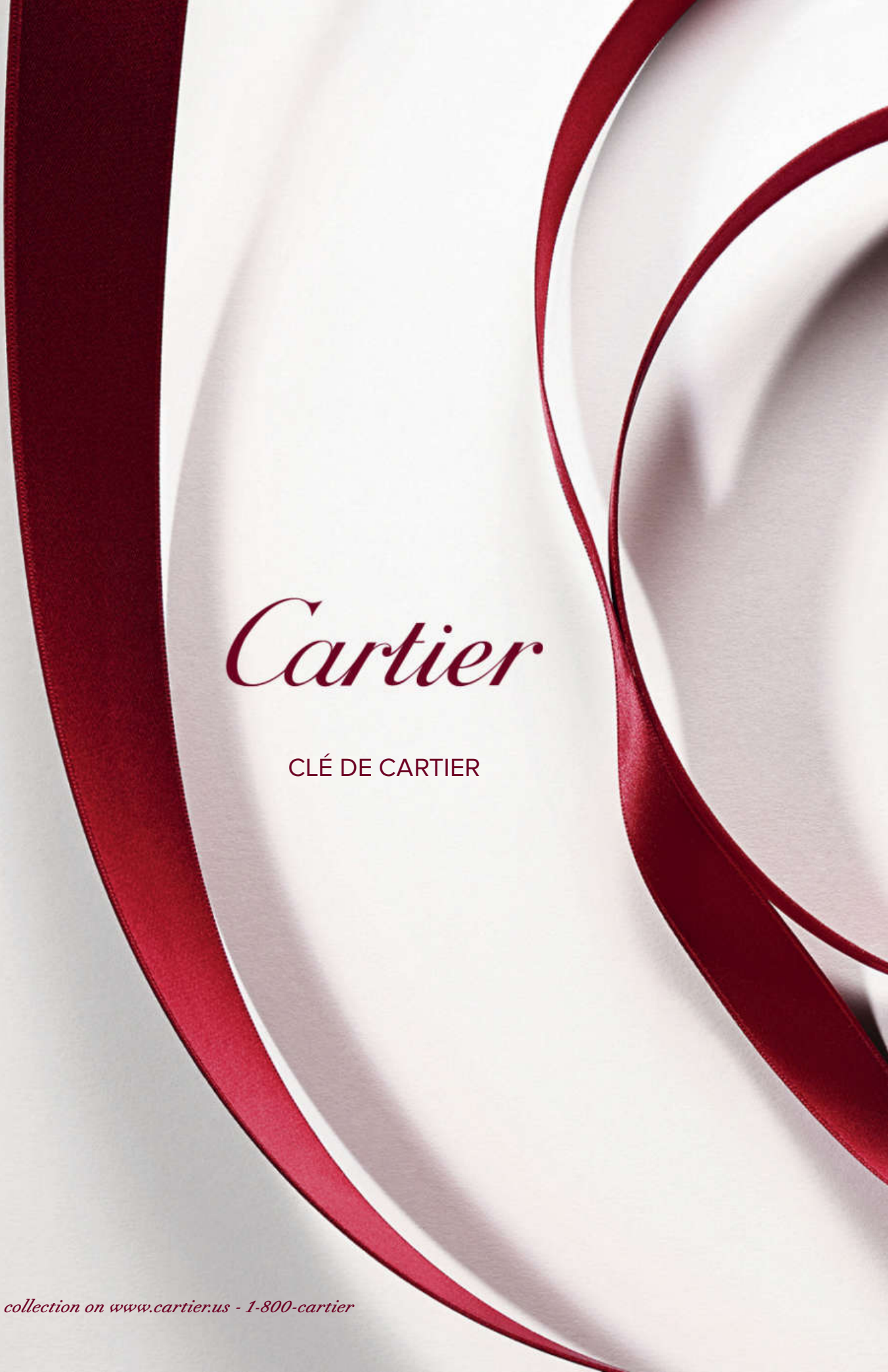


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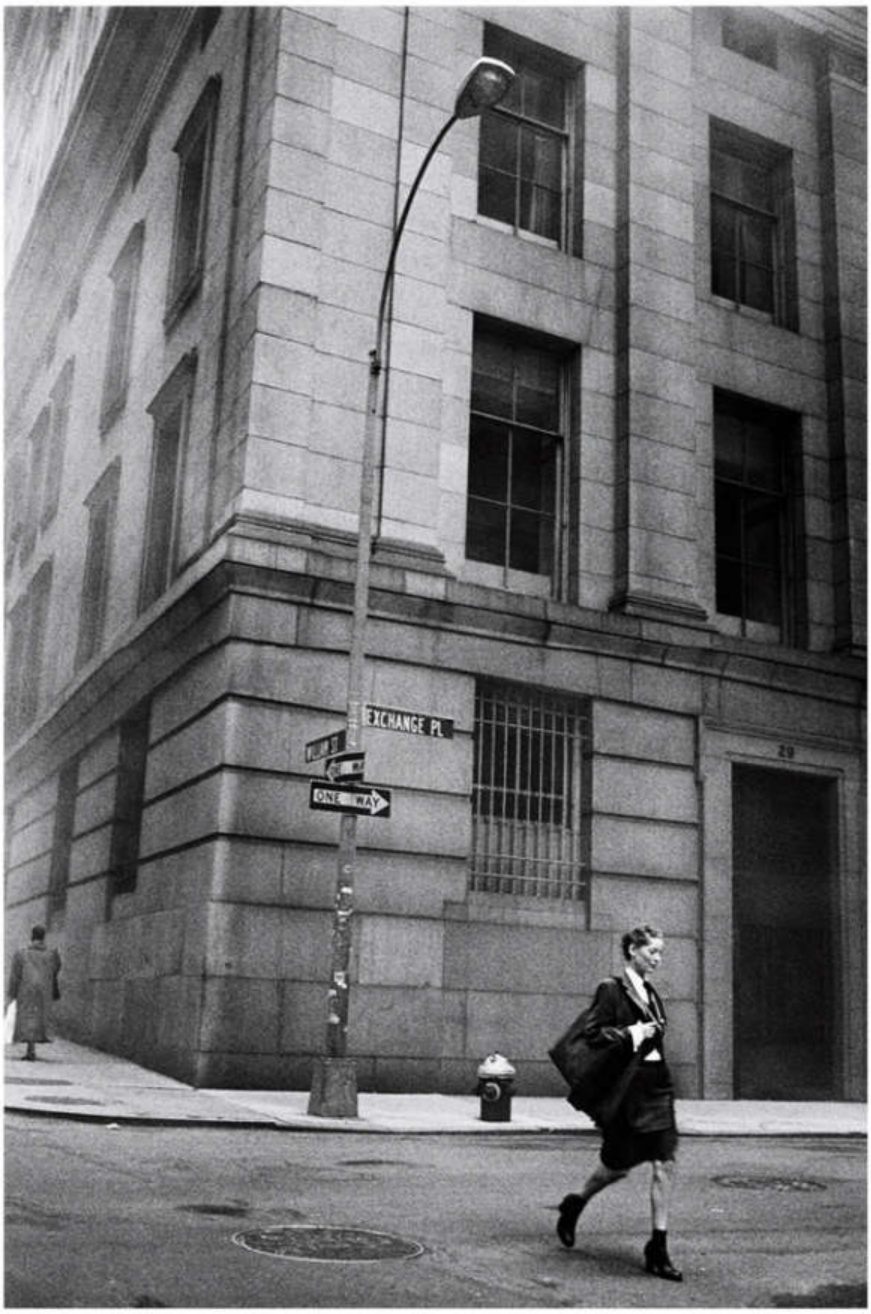
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OCTOBER

THIS MONTH IN CULTURE!

Julianne Moore transforms again in *Freeheld*, a true-life tale, based on a 2007 Oscar-winning documentary short, about a cop with terminal cancer fighting to secure her pension benefits for her domestic partner, played by Ellen Page. *October 2*



October 1 Waxahatchee, Katie Crutchfield's pared-down acoustic band, begins the East Coast leg of its tour, now joined by fellow indie icon Kurt Vile.

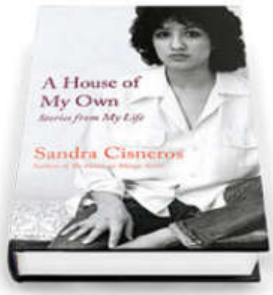




October 2 Belfast's Girls Names has a sound that could be described as aggressive indie rock or exuberant postpunk. Either way, the band's latest album, *Arms Around a Vision*, is a cathartic release.

October 6 The work of the five Japanese female photographers in *The Younger Generation*, at L.A.'s Getty Center, is by turns provocative, dreamy, raw, and surreal.

October 6 Sandra Cisneros, author of the beloved coming-of-age tale *The House on Mango Street*, details her own youth in the illustrated memoir *A House of My Own*.



October 12 In CW's song-and-dance-focused *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend*, Rachel Bloom plays a nutty lawyer who moves cross-country to reconnect with an old flame. As Bloom puts it, it's "*Ally McBeal* with the musical sensibility of *Flight of the Conchords*."



The Secret in Their Eyes, the Argentinian 2009 foreign-film Oscar winner, becomes Oscar bait all over again with a remake starring Julia Roberts (as an FBI agent) and Nicole Kidman (as a DA), chasing justice for Roberts's murdered daughter. *October 23*

October 15 In the absurdist play *Sylvia*, premiering on Broadway, a love triangle (of sorts) develops between two empty nesters and a dog...played by Tony winner Annaleigh Ashford.

October 16 Time out! Mark-Paul Gosselaar, aka teen dream Zack Morris, stars in NBC's new sitcom *People Are Talking*, about two couples who banter about race, sex, and other taboos.



October 26 Just in time for Halloween costume inspo, *Supergirl* premieres on CBS. Melissa Benoist (*Glee*'s Marley Rose) stars as Kal-El's long-lost cousin.

October 30 Master of abstraction Frank Stella, onetime enfant terrible of the art world, now one of the most acclaimed living American artists, gets a career retrospective at the Whitney.

October 23 *Jem and the Holograms*, the '80s cartoon about a badass female rock band, becomes a film starring Aubrey Peeples (Layla on *Nashville*).



Clockwise from top: Phillip V. Caruso/courtesy of Lionsgate Films; Darren Michaels/CBS; Justina Mintz/courtesy of Universal Pictures; Mathieu Young/The CW Network; courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf; Sarah Doyle/courtesy of Tough Love Records; © Tomoko Sawada/courtesy of the J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles; Jason Merritt/Getty Images; Feng Li/Getty Images

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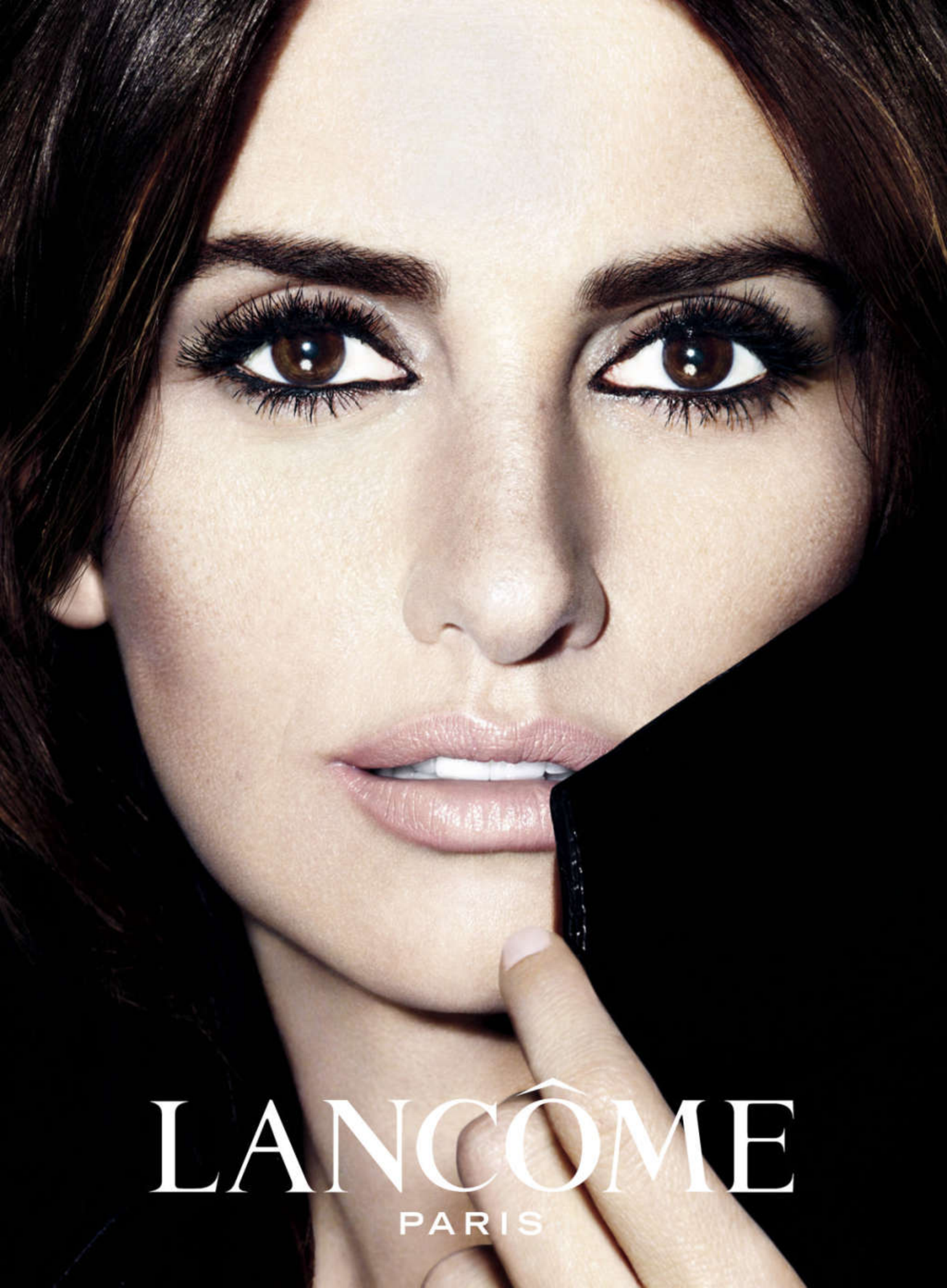
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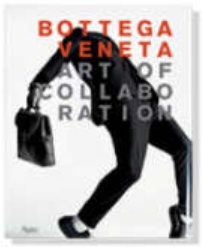


October 1
In honor of Breast Cancer Awareness Month, a portion of the profits of Stella McCartney's hot-pink lace "Alina Playing" set (modeled here by Cara Delevingne) will help fund early detection and treatment programs.

October 1 Boutique fitness studio Row House, pioneer of the rowing-machine class workouts that are all the rage among calorie-torching fashion insiders, opens a new location in NYC's Chelsea neighborhood.

October 9 At Lincoln Center, don't miss the New York City Ballet's fashionable new fall-season costumes at a *21st Century Choreographers* performance, with designs courtesy of Marques'Almeida (pictured) and Hanako Madea of ADEAM, among others.





October 10 L.A.'s Hammer Museum honors Diane Keaton and contemporary artist Paul McCarthy for their contributions to the arts at its thirteenth annual Gala in the Garden, sponsored by Bottega Veneta. Invitation lost in the mail? Get your *intrecciato* fix at home, via the house's latest book, subtitled *Art of Collaboration* (Rizzoli).

October 11 En route to the tenth annual fall Joshua Tree Music Festival? Stock up on requisite colorful caftans at Trina Turk's new boutique at the Parker Palm Springs hotel.

October 12 Brooklyn mania has jumped the Atlantic: Parisians have five more days to hit up Brooklyn Rive Gauche at Le Bon Marché to sample the borough's trendiest flavors, ready-to-wear, and accessories from the likes of Early Bird Granola, Ulla Johnson, and Catbird.



The fashion world eagerly awaits the debut of a power duo during Paris Fashion Week: Taking over at landmark '60s label Courrèges (right) are the talents formerly behind Coperni Femme, Sébastien Meyer and Arnaud Vaillant. Another pair to watch: Iceberg vets Alexis Martial and Adrien Caillaudaud, newly installed at Carven.
October 1–7



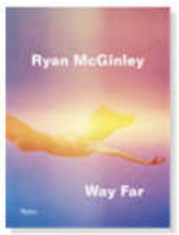


October 13 Following Chanel's runway spectacular in Paris, catch the Eurostar to London for the Saatchi Gallery's *Mademoiselle Privé*, an exhibition of Madame's most iconic creations—from Chanel No.5 to high jewelry, opening today.

October 14 *Forza Italia*! *Bulgari & Rome: Eternal Inspiration*, a show at the brand's NYC flagship, matches the house's most iconic designs with the ancient Roman artifacts that inspired them, opening today.





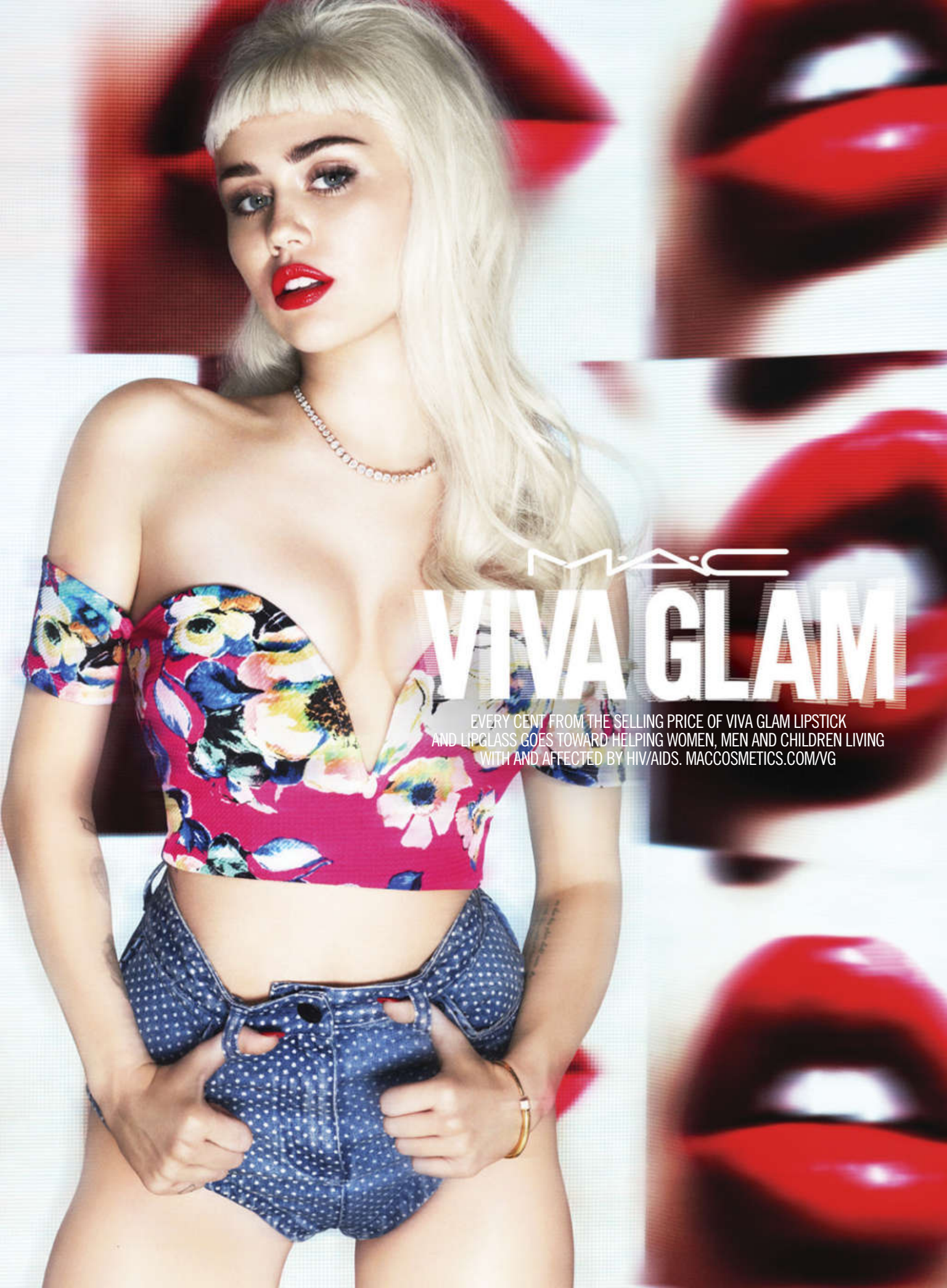


October 17 Happy birthday, Ryan McGinley! At 38, you still somehow look not a day over 25. Readers, why not make the lensman's day and pick up a copy of his latest book of road-trip photography, *Way Far,* out soon (Rizzoli).

October 25 It's International Artists Day! Head to the Upper East Side to check out Bradley Sabin's ceramic sculptures at Voltz Clarke's new 1,100-square-foot uptown gallery.



Clockwise from center: courtesy of Bulgari; Ullstein Bild/Getty Images; courtesy of Rizzoli; Eugene Gologursky/WireImage/Getty Images; Bradley Sabin/courtesy of Voltz Clarke; courtesy of Chanel; courtesy of Le Bon Marché Rive Gauche; courtesy of Marques'Almeida; courtesy of Stella McCartney; courtesy of Rizzoli


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ON THE COVER

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Clockwise from top left: Paola Kudacki; Liz Collins (2); Jean Francois Campos


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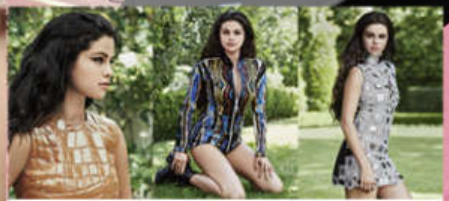


WELCOME TO THE HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA

It's been three years since cover girl Selena Gomez and Andy Samberg played star-crossed lovers in the box-office hit *Hotel Transylvania*—perhaps not long for a vampire, but it probably feels like a lifetime ago for the 23-year-old actress/singer. This fall, in *Hotel Transylvania 2*, Gomez will reprise her role as Mavis, the vamp daughter of hotel proprietor Dracula (voiced by Adam Sandler), but, even in cartoonland, Gomez is all grown up: The animated romp finds Mavis married to her human love (Samberg) and with aspirations to move her half-human toddler out of monsterville and to California. Even in pixels, adulthood suits Gomez. *Hotel Transylvania 2* (Sony Pictures) is out September 25.







Selena Gomez (far left) wears a ciré dress from Miu Miu. *Gomez* (center) wears an embroidered jacket and shorts and leather boots from Louis Vuitton, a gold, mother-of-pearl, and diamond ring and a gold and diamond ring from Bulgari. *Gomez* (far right) wears a glitter plastic and stone-embroidered Lurex dress from Marc Jacobs. To get Gomez's makeup look, try the Eye Brow Pencil in Brunette, Longwear Crème Eye Pencil in Noir, Matte Eye Colour in Coffee Ground, Long Lash Mascara in Black, and Paint Wash Liquid Lip Colour in Golden Peach. All, Laura Mercier. Photographed by Liz Collins (styled by Simon Robins; hair by Maranda at the Wall Group for Pantene; makeup by Maki Ryoke at Tim Howard; manicure by Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty for Dior Vernis; set design by Colin Donahue at Owl and the Elephant; production by Brandon Zagha at Brachfeld; fashion assistants: Ahmad Francois; Erica Trimm).



Clockwise from top left: Zachary Bako/courtesy of Woolmark; Antonio de Moraes Barros Filho/WireImage/Getty Images; © Ronald Stoops; Paola Kudacki; Devon Jarvis/Studio D; Frauke Fischer Ikeda/Blaublut-Edition.com; Sony Pictures Entertainment



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VIBE: Rustic polish, with a gray, barnlike facade framed by wisteria and French doors, and a cabinlike interior dotted with plush love seats and shelves topped with French urns.
PROJECTED WAIT-LIST ITEMS: Giada Forte tailored trousers, Italian scarves by Destin, and beaded dresses from Megan Park
PLAYLIST: Fleetwood Mac and Neil Young

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LONDON CALLING

Righto! Kohl's has tapped New York–based Thakoon Panichgul as its latest DesigNation collaborator. His limited-edition collection is emblazoned with plaid and floral prints inspired by the designer's travels to Britain's metropolis.



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MORALITY PLAY



The English translation of Nobel laureate Kenzaburo Oe's 2009 novel, *Death by Water*, is finally here, and it's an epic. Oe revisits his author-surrogate narrator, Kogito Choko, a successful novelist who, as he approaches his twilight years, seeks to resolve his formative ones, during which his father drowned and he was haunted and then abandoned by a spiritual alter ego, Kogii. The inheritance of a trunk purported to contain his father's papers and a developing relationship with an entrepreneurial theater troupe that hopes to develop his oeuvre into interactive performances inspires Choko to return to a long-abandoned novel about his father's death, one that had caused a major rift in his small family. Oe grapples with the idea of duty to family, self, and country but is firmly critical of glamorizing the past. Sometimes, after examination, those misty watercolor memories should be allowed to sink.
–Cotton Codinha

203 THIS MONTH IN TRENDS

Luxe chinoiserie, unexpected hits of fur, optical-print pumps, and more...



Rose gold, ruby, and diamond ring, PASQUALE BRUNI, price on request, collection at Neiman Marcus, Las Vegas



Leather pump, NICHOLAS KIRKWOOD, $995, visit nicholaskirkwood.com



Wool and fur sweater, N°21, $2,025, collection at Laboratoria Shop, Houston

Clockwise from top left: ©Nico; courtesy of the designer; courtesy of Les Amis; courtesy of the publisher; Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); courtesy of the designers (2). For details, see Shopping Guide

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NOW HE'S HERE

After a bold disappearing act, Christopher Abbott just might be the big-screen antihero we've been waiting for



"I really didn't try to do a rebellious thing," says *Girls* expat Christopher Abbott, who famously abandoned the role of Allison Williams's puppy-dog boyfriend Charlie after two seasons on the HBO hit. "Sometimes you just get full up on something," he says. "It's like, you play a part, and you're done. There's a lot of stuff in the press about this battle, but it wasn't like that at all. It was a very adult conversation." Though snarky blogs suggested that the 28-year-old theater vet foolishly ditched a star-making turn, Abbott has somehow managed to work in this town again. And again. Among his many upcoming projects: this month's *James White*, a stark and meditative drama about a listless Millennial who loses both his estranged dad and sometimes-manic mom (Cynthia Nixon) over the course of one unmerciful New York City winter. "I definitely don't say yes to everything," he says of a career that also includes parts in a forthcoming Tina Fey wartime satire and a John Travolta mob drama. "But I'm a little bit more conscious now. Like, maybe I should try and do something bigger, you know?" For more on Abbott's rule-breaking ascent, visit ELLE.com/Abbott.–*Justine Harman*

SEASONS OF LOVE

Three ELLE editors predict the Next Big Accessory



Yashua Simmons
Associate Fashion/Menswear Editor
"As high-street wear continues to reign supreme, this season's answer to the decorative micro purse is the functional-yet-chic mini backpack."



Ruthie Friedlander
ELLE.com Deputy Editor
"I'm putting away my stilettos in favor of a block-heel boot that's more daytime than date night. Even better if they come in an exotic skin, like these Marc Jacobs beauties."



Christina Holevas
Associate Accessories Editor
"For fall, my prediction is that trendsetters will be moving from the ear cuff to the septum cuff. The good news: You don't need a piercing to go punk!"



C'EST LA VIE

ELLE.com travels to the south of France for a course on the art of scentual seduction. For more fragrance secrets from Hermès perfumers, visit ELLE.com/Hermes

"I can play with your nose and your memories," says Hermès's master perfumer, Jean-Claude Ellena, when we meet at the glass-walled atelier overlooking Grasse that he shares with co-*créateur* Christine Nagel. The secret to Hermès's olfactory magic comes from a tight ingredient edit. Case in point: Ellena whips up a bouquet of blotters before my eyes—vanilla, orange, green lemon—arranged to evoke the familiar scent of Coca-Cola. This fall, Hermès brings this sentiment to New York's Battery Park neighborhood with the brand's first freestanding *parfumerie*, designed to feel like an exceptionally scented home. "You go to Paris, Berlin, anywhere—each city has a smell," says Ellena's daughter Céline, the creative force behind Hermès le Parfum de la Maison. "Sometimes you walk and suddenly you have this particular smell, and the feeling that time could stop," she says. "It's very romantic."—*Julie Schott*



Céline's ode to New York City, The Shop Around the Corner candle, smells like "bodega lilies and eucalyptus."

Clockwise from top left: Tyler Joe; Brice Toul/Hermès Parfums; courtesy of Hermès; courtesy of Delfina Delettrez; Kevork Djansezian/Getty Images; Dustin Aksland; Gorunway.com; Barneys.com; Tyler Joe; courtesy of Fendi; Alessandro Lucioni/Imaxtree.com; Hao Zeng


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27 ST



YOUR COACH OF THE MONTH

THE LOVE DOCTOR

Need a boot camp for your love life? Cupid's science-backed counterpart Wendy Walsh will be untangling heartstrings by getting back to basics all month on ELLE.com

Clinical psychologist Wendy Walsh wants to fix your relationship woes, and the best prescription, she says, is to be *needier*. Really.

"Right now there's this misunderstanding in our culture that we have to work very hard to not appear needy," Walsh says—the "we" being women. But "people want to be needed," she says, and the most fulfilling relationships are "an exchange of care." Which means being a little less cool-girl, a little more human. Walsh, who has a degree in journalism from Toronto's Ryerson University and a PhD in clinical psychology from the California Graduate Institute, has been fascinated by the science behind romantic relationships for over two decades and has written three books on the subject, including, most recently, *The 30-Day Love Detox* (Rodale, 2013).

Fed up with Canada's harsh winters, Walsh moved to Los Angeles in 1988, took a job as a reporter for the now defunct United Paramount Network, and began a string of unsatisfying relationships with archetypal bad boys: sweet and attentive one night, ghosting the next. To get clinical, they were employing an extremely effective random-interval reward system—that old Pavlovian chestnut. The ensuing dating disasters were what sparked Walsh's lasting search for an answer to the timeless question: What is love? (Her deeply unromantic conclusion? It's when "personal psychology supersedes anthropological urges.")

Now a regular commentator on such networks as CNN, NBC, and CBS, and with a Daytime Emmy co-nomination for her work on the *Dr. Phil* spin-off *The Doctors*, Walsh is a font of research-backed tips on weeding out "junk-food relationships" and counsels countless patients hoping to pin down the elusive cure for heartache. She's a tough-love mentor, and her solutions are deceptively simple: Stop confusing emotional unavailability with self-confidence; remember to grant yourself some me-time to figure out your relationship expectations; evaluate your dude on his actual behavior rather than how you wish he would act; don't be afraid to verbalize what you want, whether it's sexual commitment or a shoulder to cry on. Still, this kind of openness and self-honesty can be intimidating, and they're behaviors that have to be learned.

"Finding a solid mate involves some degree of karma," she writes in *The 30-Day Love Detox*, "but you have far more control than you might imagine." Check ELLE.com all month long, where Walsh will be explaining empowering behavioral techniques peppered with often-surprising research. Get ready to get intimate.
–Keziah Weir

CLEAN SLATE

What's in store for Walsh's month-long relationship revamp



OCTOBER 5
MARS, VENUS?
Walsh puts a feminist spin on the argument that men and women have fundamentally different sex drives, and offers tips on how to deal.



OCTOBER 12
STRENGTH TRAINING
Muscle up on relationship skills that will keep you from lowering your standards and forming toxic habits.



OCTOBER 19
STUCK ON YOU
Allow Walsh to size up your attachment style. Plus, the mindfulness techniques that will keep you from obsessively decoding that last text.



OCTOBER 26
TALK IT OUT
Learn how to get comfortable with expressing your desires. Say it: "What I want from this is…."

Robert Raphael; sidebar: Stuart Paton/Getty Images; Kokouu/Getty Images; Daniel Grizelj/Getty Images; Mads Perch/Getty Images

Don't miss a post! Go to ELLE.com/coach-of-the-month to catch up on lessons ranging from painless budget building to flawless closet organization.



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BY STEVEN MEISEL

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ELLE WOMEN IN TECH



JESSICA LIVINGSTON, ERIN BROOKS & TRACY CHOU

On Tuesday, June 16, ELLE celebrated its **2ND Women In Tech Dinner** at Prospect restaurant in San Francisco. The event honored the female powerhouses who are transforming culture through technology including **Tracy Chou** (Pinterest), **Grace Garey** (Watsi), **Mary Grove** (Google), **Sara Haider** (Periscope), **Julia Hartz** (Eventbrite), **Aileen Lee** (Cowboy Ventures), **Dr. Elizabeth Iorns** (Science Exchange), **Jane Park** (Julep), **Selina Tobaccowala** (SurveyMonkey), and **Michelle Zatlyn** (CloudFlare).



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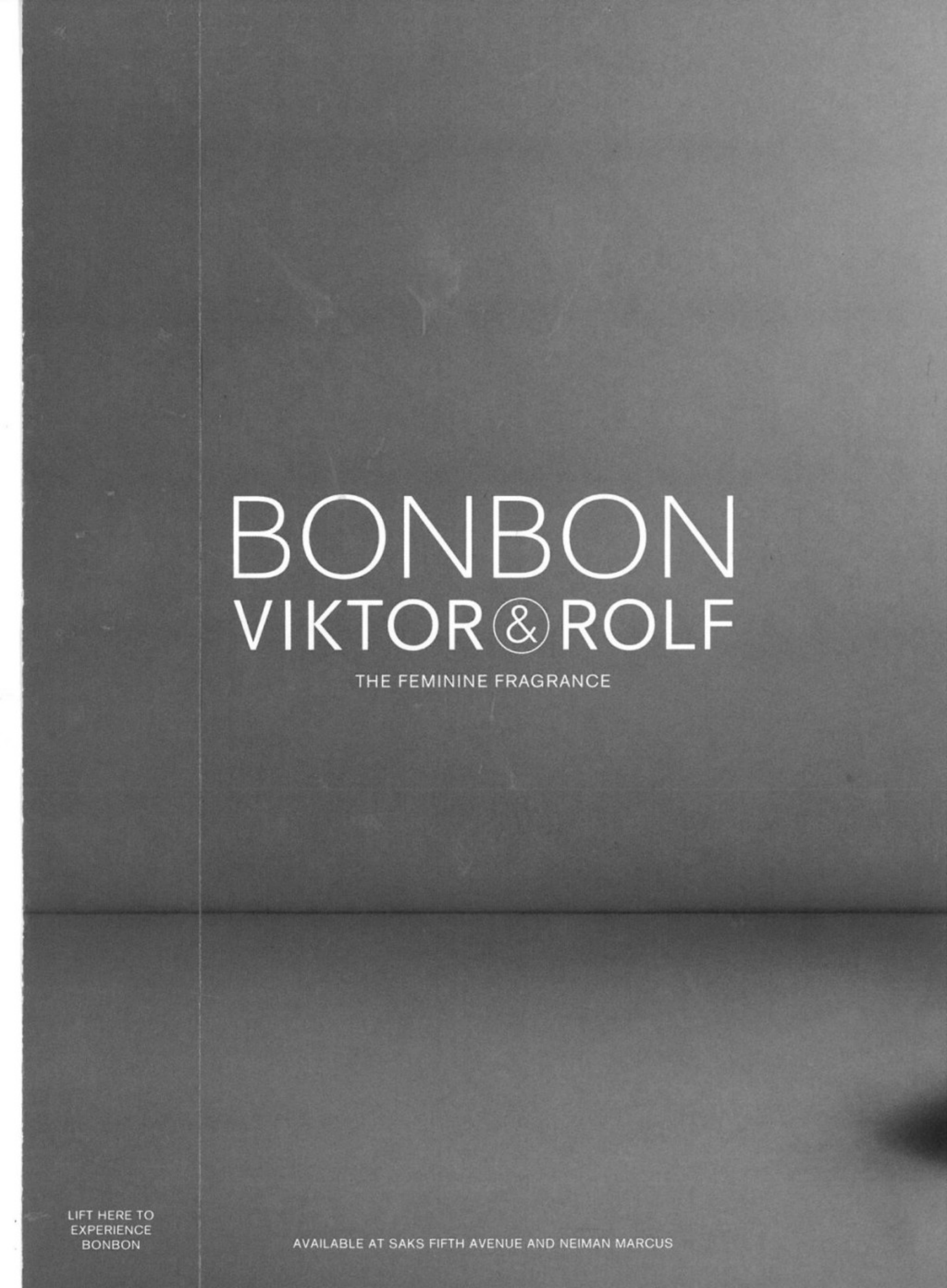
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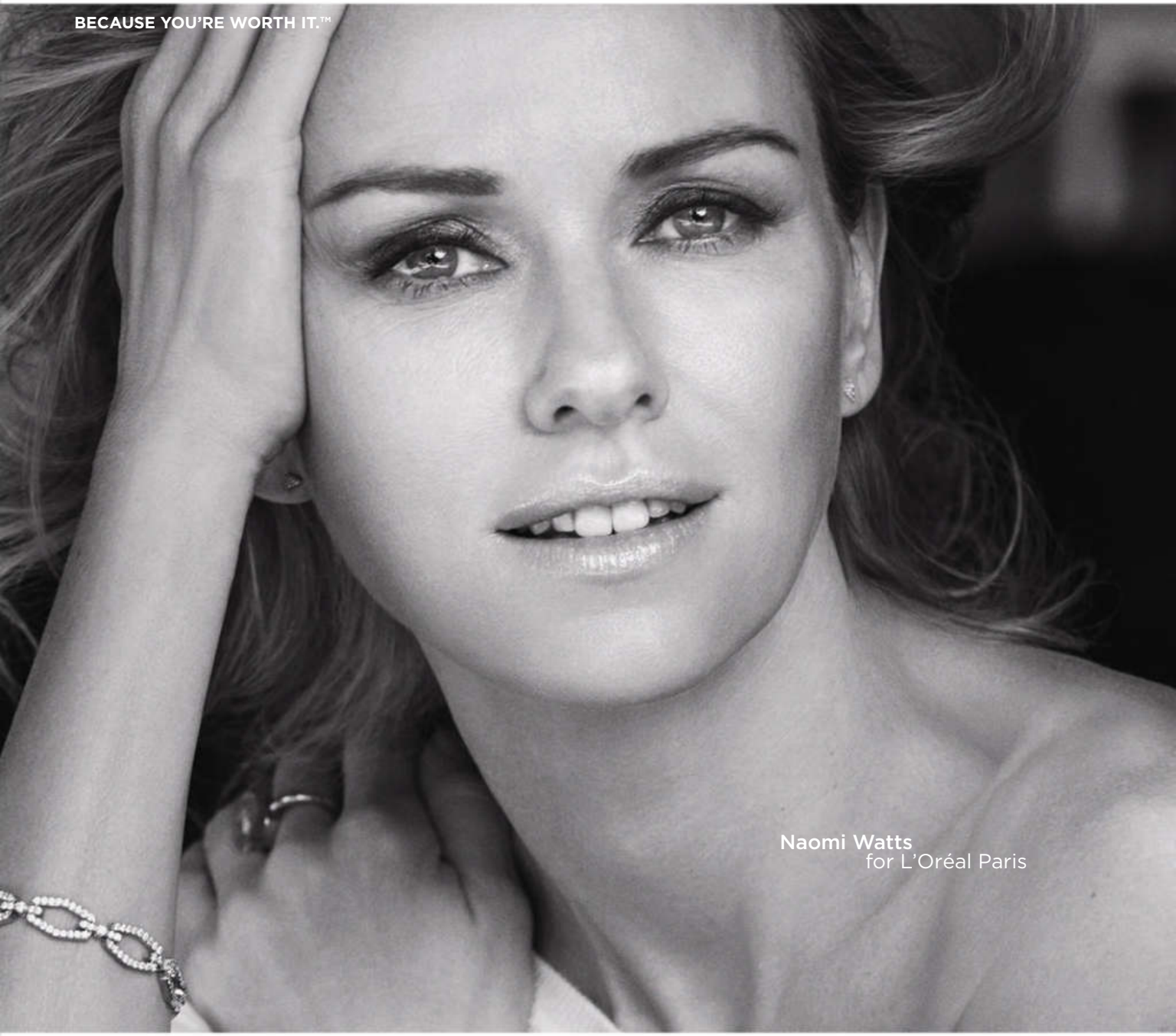
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ARE YOU READY?

When I was 16 and co-captain of my high school swim team, I never, ever, ever missed practice. If you missed practice, you didn't get to compete, and, honestly, diving practice at the International Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale was some kind of heaven. Traveling to and from the aquatic center on the beach in my best friend's top-down Jeep was so much more fun than, say, going home. But one day, for no particular reason, I decided not to go to practice. My friends asked if I was sick; was something wrong? I said I was fine; I just wanted to go home. As I walked into the house, I heard...nothing. Which was weird, because I had two little sisters, a five-year-old and a one-year-old. I called out their names, and Aimee came padding out with a big smile on her face. I said, "Honey, where's the baby?" And she turned and pointed outside and said, "I think she's in the pool."

In fact, she was floating, face down, on top of the water. I ran to the patio as I yelled "Call 911" to whoever could hear, jumped in the pool, and pulled my little sister up by her ankle. She was blinking at me—blink, blink—but her body was blue. She was not breathing. Time was moving really slowly; I was trying to remember the lifesaving class I'd taken, but I just opened her mouth and squeezed her belly, and she more or less threw up what seemed like a gallon of water and started to cry. You need oxygen to cry. Then she turned bright red. She was breathing. Within minutes, paramedics were stomping through the house; my stepmother had run out of her bathroom where she'd been taking a shower; my ex-boyfriend's older brother randomly appeared at the front door, and then poof! They were all gone, off to the hospital, the siren fading as they got farther away, and I just sat there, on the picnic table by the pool, somewhat in shock. Decades later I can still conjure the same state of panic in myself when I start to think about the fact that had I walked in one minute later—just one minute, the paramedics told my father—my sister wouldn't have lived to become the beautiful, hilarious, successful soul of that branch of my family tree. Why didn't I go to practice? I hadn't broken anything, like my eardrum or my hand—diving accidents that had sent me home early before. I just didn't *feel* like going. "The Irish have a saying for that," an Irish friend told me. "God watches over babies and drunks."

I've never really looked too hard at non-evidence-based reasons things might or might not happen, but I love when science rewrites the ideas we have about what's going on with us internally and why we behave as we do. It's interesting to think that less than a decade ago, acupuncture was still considered fringy, while today it's a widely accepted pain-relief modality that's covered by many insurance policies. Which brings me to Charlie Goldsmith, a six-foot-plus Aussie Adonis who has his own thriving advertising agency, and what more than one person has called a gift for healing...by concentrating his energy on that of the ailing person. And to Chip Brown, a hard-ass reporter who writes with rigor and poetry and the kind of nuance that makes you see things more clearly. (And whose old-school belief that you can't write the story until you actually report it warms my heart.) Chip knows his way around this world, having spent four years writing his book, *Afterwards, You're a Genius: Faith, Medicine, and the Metaphysics of Healing.* So we put Chip on Charlie—for a year—and on Charlie's quest to have the medical establishment take his healing seriously for our package exploring the *new* New Age (page 328). Another hard-core journalist, senior features editor Lisa Chase, writes about her experience with Lisa Kay, a medium a friend suggested she talk to after losing her beloved husband. It's a beautiful piece of writing on something so complex and heartbreaking that I had to start and stop several times while reading it, just to compose myself and make sure I was looking at it with the same kind of skepticism many of our readers will. I fully expect to get a barrage of criticism for these pieces; I'm also betting that we'll get as many requests from people hoping to connect with Charlie and Ms. Kay—and the seven other new age "gurus" and practitioners we highlight this issue.

One of my favorite gurus is Kung Fu Panda, who's filled with such ancient wisdom as "When the student is ready, the teacher will appear." But I don't know whether it was because I'd spent the last several months working on these stories with the editors, or the fact that I'd just spent an amazing week with my family at Rancho La Puerta in Baja California, Mexico—which has, along with a vegetarian menu (I experienced such glee watching my children attempt a hunger strike but then discover that the food was not only great, but made them more energetic and less frantic), a decidedly Eastern bent, offering classes in yoga, meditation, Tai Chi, and "sound bowl healing"—that, after a lifetime of little patience for anything "New Age-y" (owing in no small part to the time I spent as a teenager on an Iowa commune with my mother's hippie friends who, like, macraméd and didn't watch TV), I became, at least for a moment, the ready student.

On our way back from Mexico, we flew to our former family homestead in the Colorado mountains to scatter my mother's ashes following her painful and harrowing death from Alzheimer's last Thanksgiving. My older sister, brother, and I, plus my mom's very close friends, her brother- and sister-in-law, and her, well, I don't know what to call him...her soul mate? Her 20-years-younger boyfriend of more than a decade who then became her close friend and confidante until the day she died? We all met in Colorado, for what I feared was going to be an excruciating and grim experience. But as we climbed the hill near our old cabin to say good-bye, I felt her with me, actually there, for the first time since her death. And I felt something I hadn't felt in a while, and that was her love. I'd come to say good-bye, but in fact I got her back. I can't explain it. But I know it's true.



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Rhimes in Hollywood, California

THE CREATOR

Shonda Rhimes, the mastermind behind *Grey's Anatomy, Scandal,* and *How to Get Away With Murder,* sits down with ELLE Editor-in-Chief Robbie Myers to talk about creating 3-D characters, TV with a point of view, and complicated endings

I met Shonda Rhimes last January at the annual dinner ELLE throws to celebrate those featured in our February Women in TV issue. There's very little programming to the evening—it's just me giving a toast to welcome everyone and thanking our honorees for their involvement. After I sat down, Rhimes made a most interesting observation: As I spoke each amazing, high-achieving woman's name, she said, every one of them looked down and pulled herself in a bit, as if made uncomfortable by the fleeting attention. Could you imagine, she asked me, a room full of men doing that?

How women see themselves, and how the world sees women—particularly women of color—is, at her core, what motivates one of the most powerful people in television. And though she currently oversees a lineup of three of the most watched shows on TV, Rhimes remains a writer at heart, with a journalist's eye for the tell, compelled by the gestures and subtexts of human behavior and the conscious and unconscious ways we take control of things—or do ourselves in.

Rhimes, 45, grew up in Chicago—her father was a professor (he was the CIO at the University of Southern California); her mother earned a PhD in educational administration after raising six children. Graduating from Dartmouth (where she gave a rousing commencement address last year), Rhimes found her way to film school at USC and, eventually, to one scriptwriting success after another. *Grey's Anatomy* earned her a Golden Globe for best TV drama in 2007—the same year she made *Time* magazine's hot 100 list; and she recently completed a trifecta of awards from the Writers, Producers, and Directors Guilds of America.

Rhimes's production company is one of the few left in Hollywood that can still make appointment television. It's more monarchy than nation-state (I mean, it's called Shondaland, after all), with Rhimes firmly in charge—her mind constantly churning not just with the details of running a corporation that employs more than 550 people (actors, writers, directors, makeup artists, camera operators...) but also with each of her characters' stories and how they intersect with the defining issues of our time: racism, sexism, politics, war, and economic inequality among them. But Rhimes's shows are never nakedly polemical. They're sexy, frank, funny, touching, dramatic, talky, action-packed, and, above all, character-driven. The mere fact of Shondaland, and Rhimes's ability to front television's biggest shows starring complex, conflicted women, is, in the annals of the medium, downright revolutionary. She and I met at Katsuya restaurant in L.A. for an hours-long conversation that covered all manner of topics, including her upcoming show *The Catch*, premiering in 2016. A conversation that, at the end, felt like it was just getting started.

ROBBIE MYERS: You've talked about what you do with your work and the idea of "normalizing"—of getting rid of the idea of the "other."

SHONDA RHIMES: The entire world is

Photographed by Jean Francois Campos (styled by Sarah Schussheim; hair by Vetlyn Antoine; makeup by Uzo at Tracey Mattingly; manicure by Karen Gutierrez at Nailing Hollywood; set design by Bette Adams for Mary Howard Studio; production by Ryan Beshara for Goldie Production). Shonda Rhimes wears: Bonded-jersey dress, Donna Karan New York, $2,195. Iris agate, diamond, and green gold earrings, Kimberly McDonald, price on request. Black sapphire and silver cuff, John Hardy, $3,900. Leather pumps, Jimmy Choo, $595. For details, see Shopping Guide

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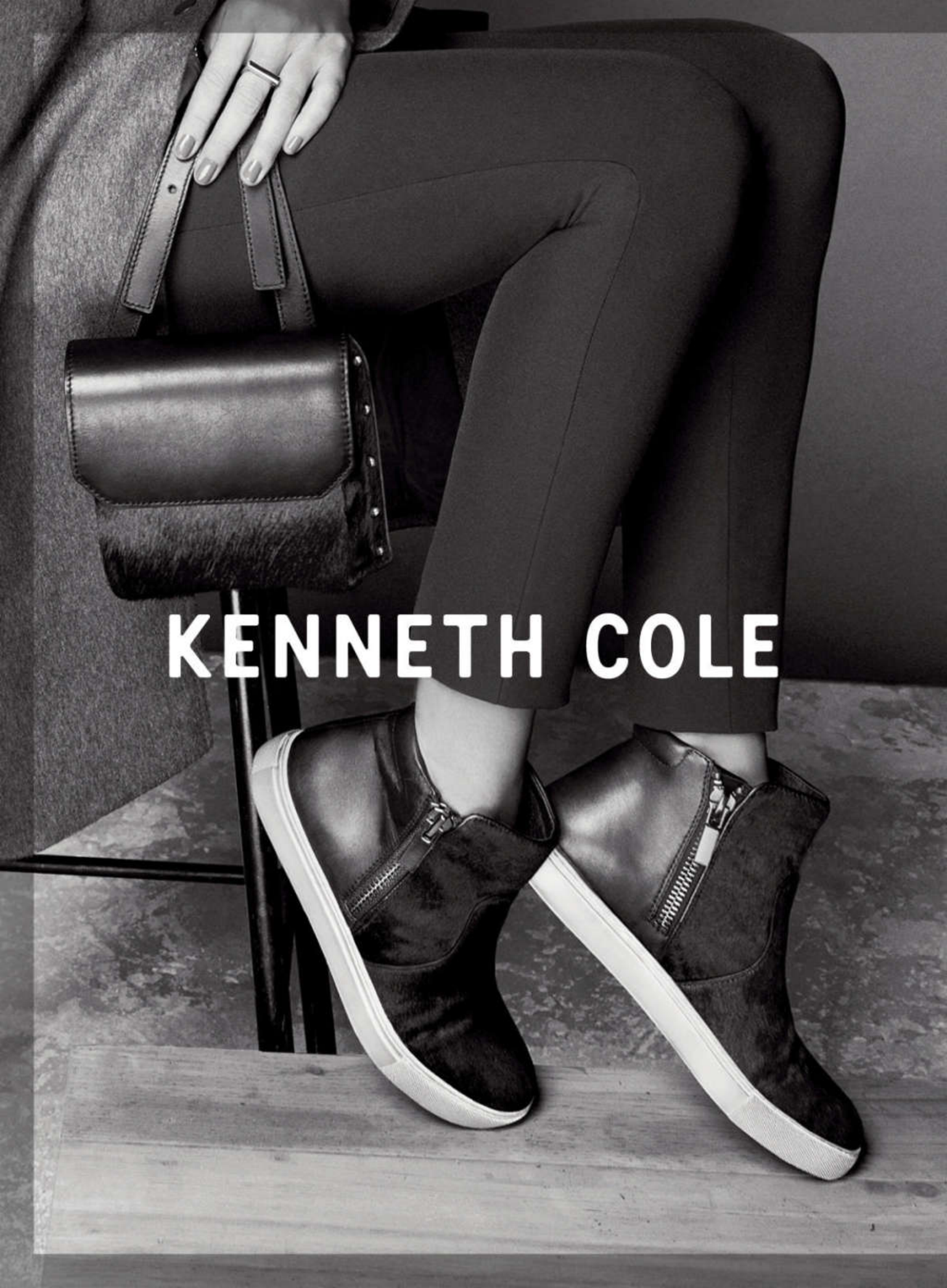
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skewed from the white male perspective. If you're a woman, they have to say it's a female-driven comedy. If it's a comedy with Latinos in it, it's a Latino comedy. "Normal" is white male, and I find that to be shocking and ridiculous.

RM: I'm so interested in what I'll call the Michael Brown episode of *Scandal*, where Marcus says to Olivia, "Your black card's not getting validated today." I thought, Wow, I've never heard that on TV. But it does bring up the idea—and people will be talking about this a lot now that we're in an election cycle—that there's a monolithic black community. It's the same thing for women—"the women's vote," as if....

SR: That episode was very interesting for us because Zahir McGhee, whose name is on the episode, [and] I basically wrote it together. He really did a good job with it, but [we] couldn't be from more different worlds: He wanted Marcus to have attended a black college, and I didn't want him to—I thought it meant something different. It was just a giant battle that we waged about every detail because [McGhee] was a young black man from Baltimore, and I grew up a lot like Olivia Pope. I was trying to explain to him, There is this weird belief from people on the outside and from people in black communities that there is only one way to be black. And I say it in the writers' room all the time: My Black Is Not Your Black. What's terrifying is that, just the same way we've all accepted that normal is white, everybody seems to buy into the idea that there's only one way to be black or one way to be Hispanic. That's as damaging as anything else.

RM: With that episode [in which a 17-year-old black man is killed by a white cop], you responded almost in real time.

SR: That's what was both heartbreaking and ironically, sadly, fortuitous. I woke up knowing that we were going to go write "The Lawn Chair" after Ferguson. I watched that coverage and was horrified. I woke up the next morning with this image of this man, of a lawn chair and a shotgun and a child underneath him. The episode came out of that. We shot that episode in October or November. I remember thinking, This is going to feel dated when it comes out. And then the police just kept killing black men. Literally the [day before] it aired, they released the Ferguson Report, and it was worse than the press had ever thought.

RM: You've taken on waterboarding; you've taken on rape in the military....

SR: But I don't think, Oh, I'm making a political commentary. I think, That's interesting. What would happen if....

RM: But in the end, there are good guys and bad guys, and we take sides.

SR: Sometimes there are the good guys, and sometimes there are the bad guys. When I wrote Abby's feminist rant to her boyfriend Leo [on *Scandal*], about the fact that there is a difference between the way he is treated and she is treated, yeah, I was saying something. Because I was mad that women never get to be seen just for who they are.

RM: On one side, people say *Scandal* is melodrama, chick lit, while other people have said *Scandal* is the most progressive and transgressive show on TV. How do you feel about the idea that it's "for women"?

SR: I was really pissed when we won a Peabody [Award, for excellence in broadcasting], and all the articles were like, "Nine amazing shows and one fluffy show won the Peabody." It was as if we didn't deserve to be there. I was like, Did you watch our show at all? Clearly you have never seen *Scandal*.

RM: I'm interested about how you put your shows together. With *Grey's Anatomy*, the writing is so particular about the medicine. And what you know about Washington, DC, is amazing—I watch *Scandal* and think, How did she know to do this, to pick that person, that this was going to be a problem?

SR: We have a lot of really great resources and people who are willing to talk to us—everybody for background from a former secretary of state to Judy Smith, who is the real Olivia Pope who worked at the White House. We have a writer on our staff who was part of the White House press pool.

RM: What drew you to medicine?

SR: This is going to sound crazy, but there was a period of time where on TLC they would show those surgeries—like a woman had a 90-pound tumor, or they separated these twins. And my sister and I—she lived in Ohio when I lived in California—would watch them together on the phone. I'd never seen a show about surgeons, and I wanted something to do with women who were competitive and really loved their jobs, and there weren't very many women going into that field at that time. It felt like a world that could be interesting.

RM: The episode of *Murder* where Viola [Davis] takes off the wig and her makeup attracted a lot of commentary. She's said that for her it's about showing the messes. But I don't think that there's a woman who watched that show who didn't identify with the two me's.

SR: The woman you are in public—the two faces.

RM: Do you feel like one of those women is more authentic than the other?

SR: I don't know. I feel like it was, to me, the most iconic feminist moment I've ever seen on television. She pitched it when we were trying to get her to do this series, and I thought, Wow. I feel like, for Viola, one is more real than the other. For [Annalise], it was the mask she presents to society, and the person she's been trying to hide all this time.

> "POWER IS USELESS UNLESS YOU KNOW YOU HAVE IT. ALL OF THE THINGS THAT ARE POSSIBLE ARE NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN IF YOU'RE BUSY WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING."

RM: There was a lot written about when she took off the wig, and that there was yet another layer there for many black women....

SR: We heard from a lot of women about that. Hair is so complex. Literally. There is an assumption about the hair that Olivia Pope had when she was lying on the beach last season, like: "Oh, why couldn't she be as real?" I was like, She *is*. That's how Kerry's hair looks when she doesn't blow-dry it! Every woman looks different. My black is not your black. Viola was very clear about this: I'm a dark-skinned woman with a dark-skinned woman's hair, and that woman is never revealed on television—that kind of hair is never revealed. And I think that was a powerful moment. I've never seen that kind of woman get to exist on network television and get to be three-dimensional and have someone love her.

RM: I remember Spike Lee, when he talked about making *She's Gotta Have It*, said that movies and television never showed black people kissing.

SR: Ever. There's no black love. Why is that not shown on a constant basis?

RM: You've pushed that a lot.

SR: Yeah. For many showrunners, you have one black character or one Asian



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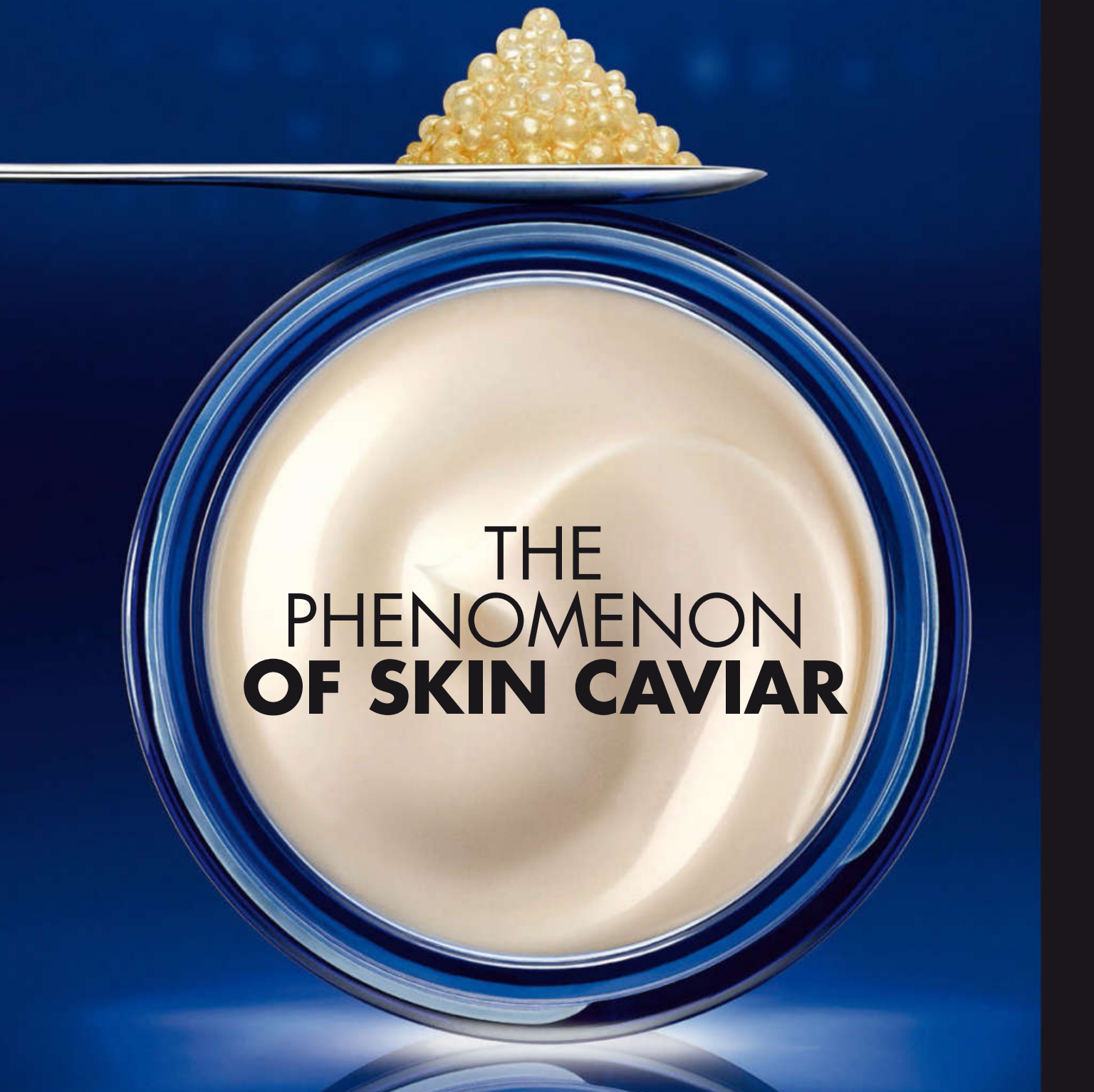
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1998

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2007

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2012

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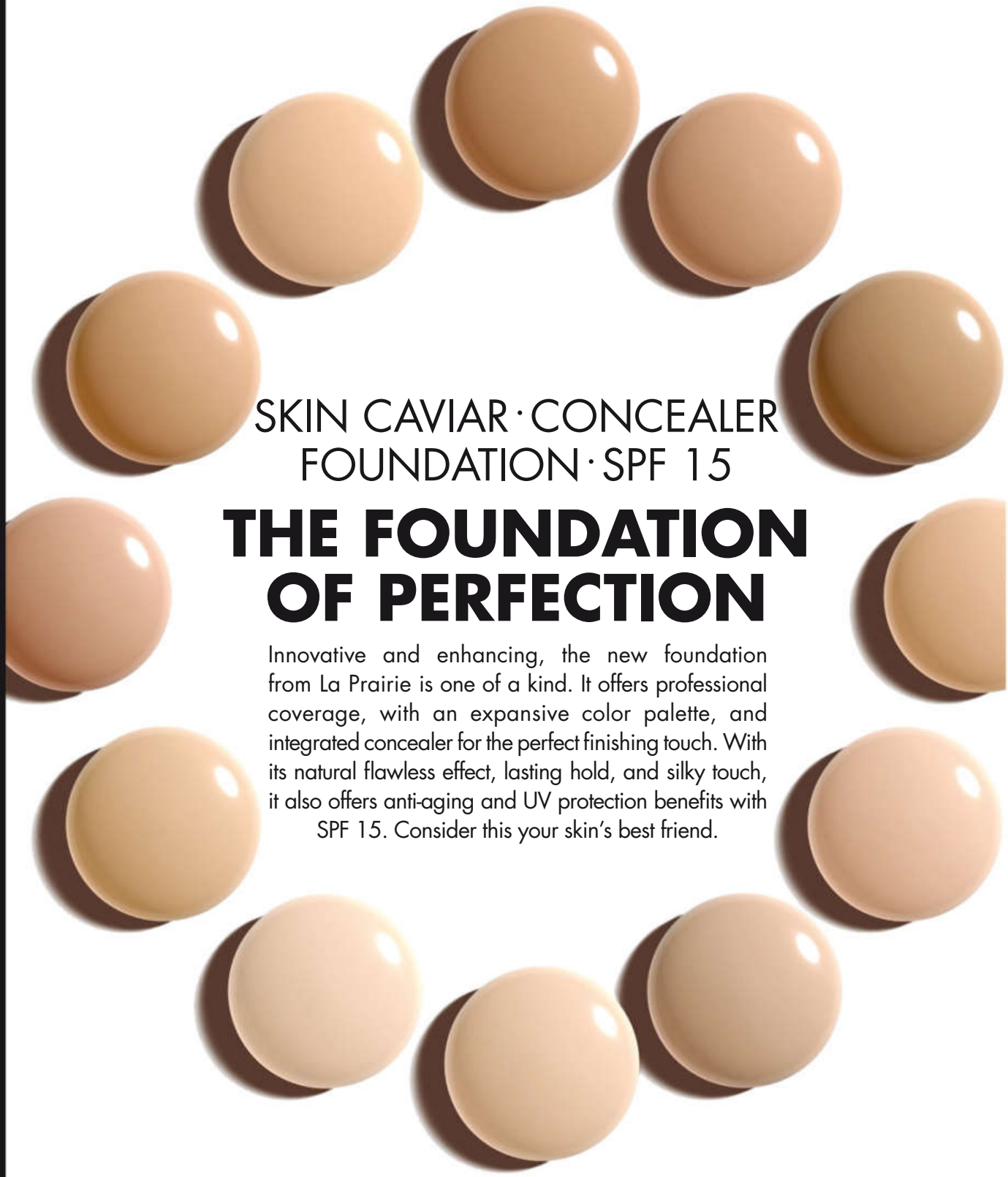
AN ICONIC DESIGN

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR BEST RESULTS

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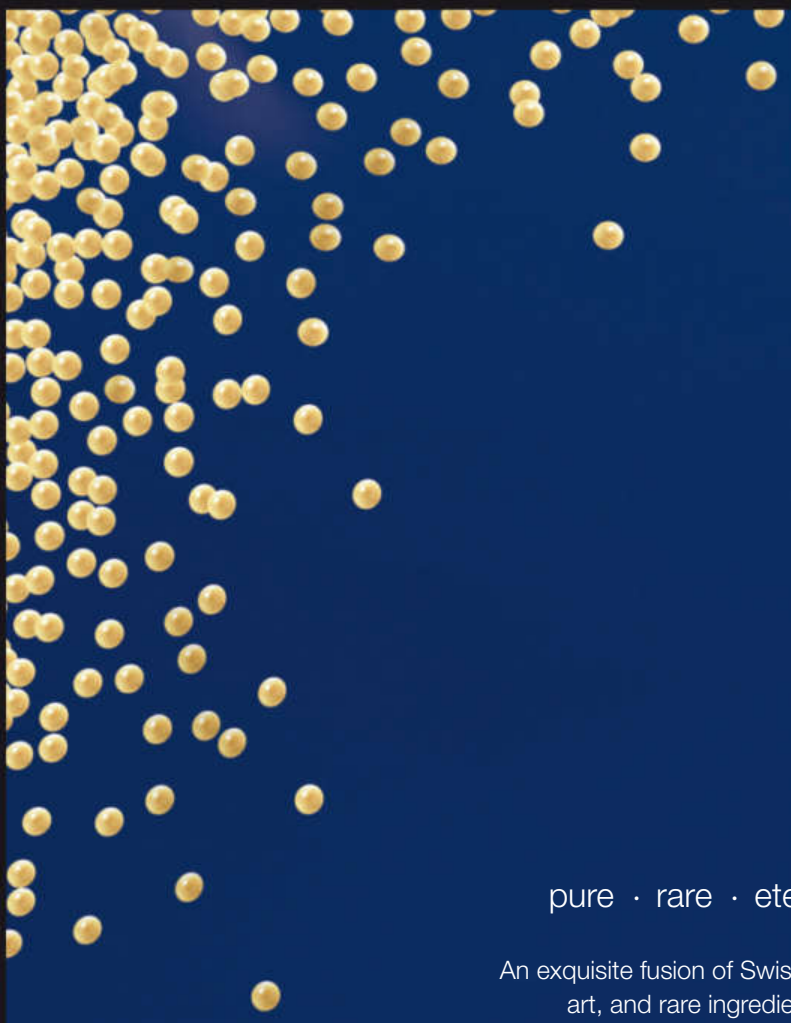
TIP 2
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TIP 1
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or one female, and then that character seems to represent everybody in your head—as opposed to making that character a person. And then all they can talk about is: I'm black or I'm Asian. It's one of the reasons why I loved *Grey's*: It made it impossible for anyone to say, Well, that character can't say that. Bailey gets to have a full and wonderful love affair with her husband. It's like, Look! This is a couple. And they're in love. And they were the only in-love and healthy couple through the whole thing. And we get to see Richard Webber and Catherine Avery get married and then be in love and fight and come together. And you get to see Annalise and her very screwed-up relationships going on, which is so valid.

RM: People ask you, Why does Olivia only go out with white guys? She doesn't, but she *is* in love with the president.

SR: She is in love with the white, Republican president. She is in love with the man her father could not be more unlike. And that is what Rowan has been railing against. If you take it to its bare bones, metaphor scrubbed away, she is in love with the thing that her black father, who grew up in the 1950s and '60s, could not be more disgusted by.

RM: That relationship is really intense and complicated.

SR: It's very Shakespearean. I'm kind of obsessed with it. [For] their first big scene together in that airplane hangar, I wrote this draft, and everybody read it and they were like, "This is crazy! Nobody behaves this way!" I said this to the writers' room: When Olivia's father shows up, blackness shows up. All of the enraged black people who are watching this show, they show up with Rowan. He's pissed off. He's very disappointed in his daughter. He has raised her to be somebody completely different. He's been [working for a secret spy agency], but from his perspective, he's a very good guy doing the best he can and trying to get her on the right road. I have great love for him; I think he's a very interesting character.

RM: I do too. And the actor.

SR: Joe Morton is amazing. That character wouldn't be that character if he weren't played that way by Joe Morton.

RM: So it was its own organic thing?

SR: The way I write my shows, every character is its own organic thing. No character has a life at all until I see it played by somebody. Olivia Pope went an entirely different way when I saw her played by Kerry [Washington]. Cyrus wasn't gay until I saw him played by Jeff [Perry] and I went, Oh, that's why he's this way. I create 50 percent of the character; the actor creates 50 percent of the character. My contract with the *Scandal* actors is, You'll say every word as it's written, and I'll never tell you how to do it. So, literally, I stare at this footage and then run back upstairs to the writers' room and say, Nope, that's not what's going on. What's going on is this, because they've played it this way and it's amazing.

RM: I think you have just a handful of the shows that people will watch in real time because they can't wait. Appointment television.

SR: I am excited that people are actually watching it live. That's part of the fun of it for us, especially because we all love to live-tweet.

RM: You're a master of the social-media part of getting your shows out there.

SR: Kerry and I sort of engineered the concept that people live-tweet shows, and now I feel like every show does it. What I like about being online is that you can put your message out there immediately, and I can respond to something instantaneously. Fans get very intense.

RM: So are they really mad about McDreamy?

SR: Yes. I'll be honest; I was very surprised at how large that reaction was. I think it's because we exist in this bubble here in L.A., and everything is about what's new, what's now, what's next here, and you don't remember that in the outside world, that show is very, very powerful with the fans.

RM: In your speech to the Human Rights Campaign, you said what you're really talking about with all these characters is being alone and the basic human need to be with other people.

SR: Well, I was talking more about the idea that people wrestle with this content constantly. Is it okay to want to be alone? If you don't want to be alone, how to not be alone? What does being alone mean? Is being alone "I don't have a man who loves me"?

RM: And you can feel alone in a marriage; you can feel alone with a partner.

SR: You can be alone in a crowd. Alone is a different thing to different people. The idea that women don't know that is terrifying. When [*Grey's Anatomy*'s] Cristina Yang left to run her heart clinic, people kept saying, Well, you've ruined her life now. As if her story was not complete because she didn't have a baby or get the guy. And I kept thinking, She didn't want a baby, and the guy didn't want what she wanted. She got what she wanted: She got a room full of 3-D printers that were going to print her hearts whenever she wanted. To her, that was joy. And for some people that couldn't be enough. I also got a lot of letters that were like, "Thank you. That's me!" But there are people who've been conditioned to think that there's one type of happiness. And we've got to teach people that there are many different kinds of happy endings.

RM: Well, that's going to be fun to watch. Is the writing still your favorite part?

SR: The writing is still my favorite part. The thing that I work hardest at is carving out time to write every day—four hours that I can shut the door to my office and put on my headphones. I tell myself that that's what ABC pays me for, in a lot of ways. I'm the storyteller. Our job is making sure the stories are told.

RM: Going from the "lonely writer" to doing everything that you're doing running a company, do you find yourself enjoying things that you never thought you would?

SR: It was a terrifying journey for a very shy introvert to go to being much more extroverted. It was a very long journey, but it's been great. I do enjoy being in the writers' room. I really enjoy editing. And the casting process—I enjoy sitting on the stage and watching it come to life. I enjoy most aspects of production. But I do not much enjoy any of the corporate structure stuff. But: I am intense and type A enough to want to have mastered it, so I spend a lot of time figuring it out. This year I'm all about people management. Literally, this year I've spent all this time learning the best ways to manage people and the best ways to run the company and keep people happy.

RM: One thing that is really important to me, to our readers, and to the idea of the Agenda: how women accrue power, and then what they do with it. As you grow in these executive positions, you learn about your own competencies, including things you never thought you were good at.

SR: It's not just that. I think power is useless unless you know you have it. I've seen that a million times. And I feel like it happened with me for a while. I was always like, Why are people behaving this way? And now I know they were trying to treat me as if I were powerful. But because I was not ready to be powerful, I was like, What's happening? The minute you realize or accept the concept that, Yes, I am a powerful person—guess what? The people who need to treat you that way to get things done—the business guys, and the money guys, and the finance people—they fall in line.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 410



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Follow Instagram sensation Jeanne Damas through the City of Light. By Alison S. Cohn





"*Belle de Jour* is a film I loved and watched almost continuously because the style fascinated me," Parisienne Jeanne Damas says. The Luis Buñuel New Wave classic, which made a star out of then 24-year-old Catherine Deneuve—and became possibly the Frenchiest of French films ever made—was also Damas's introduction to Roger Vivier, the vaunted Paris accessories brand of which she is the new face. "Deneuve had this cold beauty that is so ambiguous, so sensual," Damas says. As iconic as the YSL wardrobe Deneuve sported in *Belle de Jour* has become, her Roger Vivier Pilgrim-buckle low heels—so BCBG and schoolgirl-suggestive—summed up the essence of the character. "Undeniably, those shoes took on a strong position in women's minds at the time, and they still do today," she says.

This idée fixe makes perfect sense for a 23-year-old who is often referred to as the Gallic Alexa Chung. Damas studied acting at the Paris theater school Atelier Blanche Salant and will make her big-screen debut next year in French director Agathe Teyssier's sophomore project, but she is already an Instagram celebrity—100,000 followers and counting—who posts snaps of herself doing consummately French things such as eating *frites* with toy dogs and strolling along the Seine. With her signature bold pout and perfectly imperfect shaggy bangs ("I go see Delphine Courteille at Studio 34 once a month, when I don't cut them myself," Damas says), she has quickly become the latest embodiment of the effortlessly chic French-girl archetype, albeit one who, in managing to commodify *le je ne sais quoi*, has taken a decidedly twenty-first-century route to fame.

Her personal style, Damas says, is "feminine, simple, with a touch of retro vintage," a look she credits the creative women in her own life with informing. Damas's older sister is jewelry designer Louise Damas, co-owner of the new Paris concept store Atelier Couronnes, located in a converted printing factory, where you'll find bijoux inspired by literary heroines

1: courtesy of Roger Vivier; 2: courtesy of Atelier Couronnes; 3: courtesy of Les Modernistes; 4: courtesy of Delphine Courteille; 5: courtesy of Sonia Rykiel; 6 and 7: courtesy of Roger Vivier



1. Damas in Paris, summer 2015 2. Mini succulents on display at Atelier Couronnes 3. Les Modernistes 4. "Delphine Courteille's salon is very cute, in the back of a little courtyard," Damas says. "Very Parisian!" 5. Sonia Rykiel flares 6. A patent Roger Vivier Miss Viv' cross-body 7. Vivier's Chelsea boot

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ROMA







8 9

8. The gilded interior at La Belle Epoque 9. Damas out at night 10. "At Philou, I recommend the foie gras, homemade by my dad," she says. "Then the steak with small potatoes and mushrooms." 11. Yasmine Eslami

alongside minimalist leather Fauvette wallets and tiny cacti in glass jars. Her mother is a former seamstress who, until recently, managed Jeanne's father's bistro, Philou. "When she worked at the restaurant, she always wore bright floral dresses that flatter her figure," Damas says. "And high heels."

For Damas, being Parisian is all about the balance between looking soigné and not too done up. "I wear jeans a lot," she says. She currently favors Sonia Rykiel's '60s-esque high-waisted flares paired with cropped knits. "So I'm in heels more than flats, but when I wear very short dresses, I like small heels."

Should you spot Damas dropping in to visit her chic family members at work—or at other Right Bank haunts near her home in the Eleventh Arrondissement, such as Yasmine Eslami (where she goes for the "prettiest lingerie in Paris"), the twentieth-century furniture showroom Les Modernistes, the hot spot of the moment La Belle Epoque, and her florist, Variations Végétales, across from Square Gardette—she'll likely be wearing riffs on the Vivier classic, such as a colorblock Chelsea boot with the iconic buckle.

All of which adds up to an essence that has some rather influential insiders taking note. "To me, Jeanne is the 'pretty girl next door,'" says Roger Vivier creative director Bruno Frisoni. "When she first came to my studio, I immediately had the feeling that I'd known her forever. She is full of spirit and joy, a person you could meet in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in Café de Flore, on Rue de Buci.... She's very Vivier." •



10



11

WHEN IN PARIS...

Three unconventional guides that are required reading for any jaunt to the fashion capital of the world—one out in November and two classics



Shopping advice is just the tip of the iceberg in *Fashion Insiders' Guide: Paris* (Abrams), a highly specific guidebook designed as a kind of Fashion Week survival manual. French fashion correspondent Carole Sabas devotes entire sections to water fitness, ballet classes, restaurants that serve "sexy vegetable dishes" on the Left Bank, and where to spot fashion cognoscenti like Kate Moss or the designers of Rodarte. And should you need a last-minute flower delivery or high-heel repair, she covers that, too.



French fashion writers Isabelle Thomas and Frédérique Veysset playfully decode the easy elegance of Parisian women in *Paris Street Style: A Guide to Effortless Chic* (Abrams). Tucked behind 185 pages of sartorial advice is a travel guide—helpfully organized by Métro station stops—directing fashion-obsessed Francophiles to off-the-beaten-path places to score vintage Chanel bags, bespoke eyeglasses, and perfume, as well as chic spots for inventive patisserie, Japanese tea, and the best burger in the Marais.



In *The Only Street in Paris: Life on the Rue des Martyrs* (W. W. Norton; November 2015), former *New York Times* Paris bureau chief Elaine Sciolino writes a love letter to the Rue des Martyrs, the half-mile stretch adjacent to the flat she shares with her family in the Marais. The street, with its 26 bistros, 13 bakeries, and 3 cheese shops, is one of the city's last bastions of uniquely Parisian establishments. Sciolino deftly weaves sharp observations about Gallic culture into one breezy read. (Note: Never enter a cheese shop without first saying *bonjour* to the owner.)

8: courtesy of La Belle Epoque; 9: courtesy of Roger Vivier; 10: courtesy of Philou; 11: courtesy of Yasmine Eslami; books (from left): courtesy of Abrams Books (2); courtesy of W. W. Norton

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A CUT ABOVE

Novelist Taiye Selasi's switch from high-maintenance hair to all-natural curls ("I Am Not My Hair," August 2015)—and her examination of the emotion and politics embedded in the decision—struck a chord with ELLE readers:

"As an immigrant (Jamaica), I have worn my hair natural for more than 80 percent of my life. I did experiment with relaxing but always resorted to what was authentically me: short, natural, cropped hair—my signature look since I was 13 years old. Everyone could discern who I was from behind in a crowded room. My confidence and sense of self were highlighted—I was supercool then. Nothing was ever about my hair in the '80s and beyond. Now that the gray has taken over, I just pop in some color and keep it moving!!!!!!" *–Yrdgrl Violetta, ELLE.com*

"'I wanted my mind, my heart, and my imagination to be my glory. I didn't want to be judged by my hair' [writes Selasi]. Beautiful! People sometimes don't understand the emotional and social struggles that come along with embracing your natural hair. At the end of the day, I just want my hair to be as it is, and not seen as a symbol of who I am." *–Regina Dennis, ELLE.com*

"This story made me cry. Confidence and true beauty come from inside. We should love and treat the different aspects of [ourselves] as parts of what makes us whole. Therein lies our self-esteem." *–Blessing Eshiet, ELLE.com*

"A beautiful expression of an experience (or experiences) that many people go through every day. Written with style!" *—Shivani Krishan, ELLE.com*

MONROE, BARDOT... MARGOT!

For our August 2015 cover story ("And God Created... Margot Robbie"), megawatt star Margot Robbie took writer Simon Van Zuylen-Wood on a wild jaunt around Toronto that included rap (hers), a fake virginity-loss story (his), and a towed car (theirs; rental). Legendary producer Jerry Weintraub compared the starlet to Grace Kelly and Marilyn Monroe; Tina Fey likened her to Jane Fonda and Rosalind Russell; and, after reading the story, one online commenter called Robbie "the new Brigitte Bardot." If we know anything about her for sure, it's that she contains multitudes:

"I devoured your August issue. Thank you so much for putting Margot Robbie on your cover. She's my girl crush! The pictures were gorgeous. She definitely had a Catwoman vibe going. Thanks again! Keep putting people like her on your cover." *–Erin, e-mail*

"Margot Robbie looks AMAZING in the @ELLEmagazine August 2015 Issue #HarleyQuinn" *–@FashionweekNYC, Twitter*



HEAD TRIP

When writer Nina Burleigh test-drove a new electric-current cranial device for our July 2015 issue ("Beauty Electric") in hopes it might ease her insomnia, she plugged into some surprisingly pleasant results. One ELLE reader applauds the experiment:

"As a clinical professional in the field of psychology, I am always pleased to see awareness brought to mental-health issues and the progress we continue to make in helping to guide and support those who struggle with mental illness. This piece brings light to electrocranial stimulation and its potential to help in treating disorders such as anxiety, depression, and PTSD, to name a few. It is exciting to see continued movement in the field, with the opportunity to enhance the lives of others. Thank you for your commitment to inform your readers!" *–Margie Sieka, e-mail*

From left: courtesy of Taiye Selasi; Cedric Buchet

ELLE readers, sound off! Send your letters to ELLE, Letters to the Editor, 300 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019, or e-mail us at elleletters@hearst.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN



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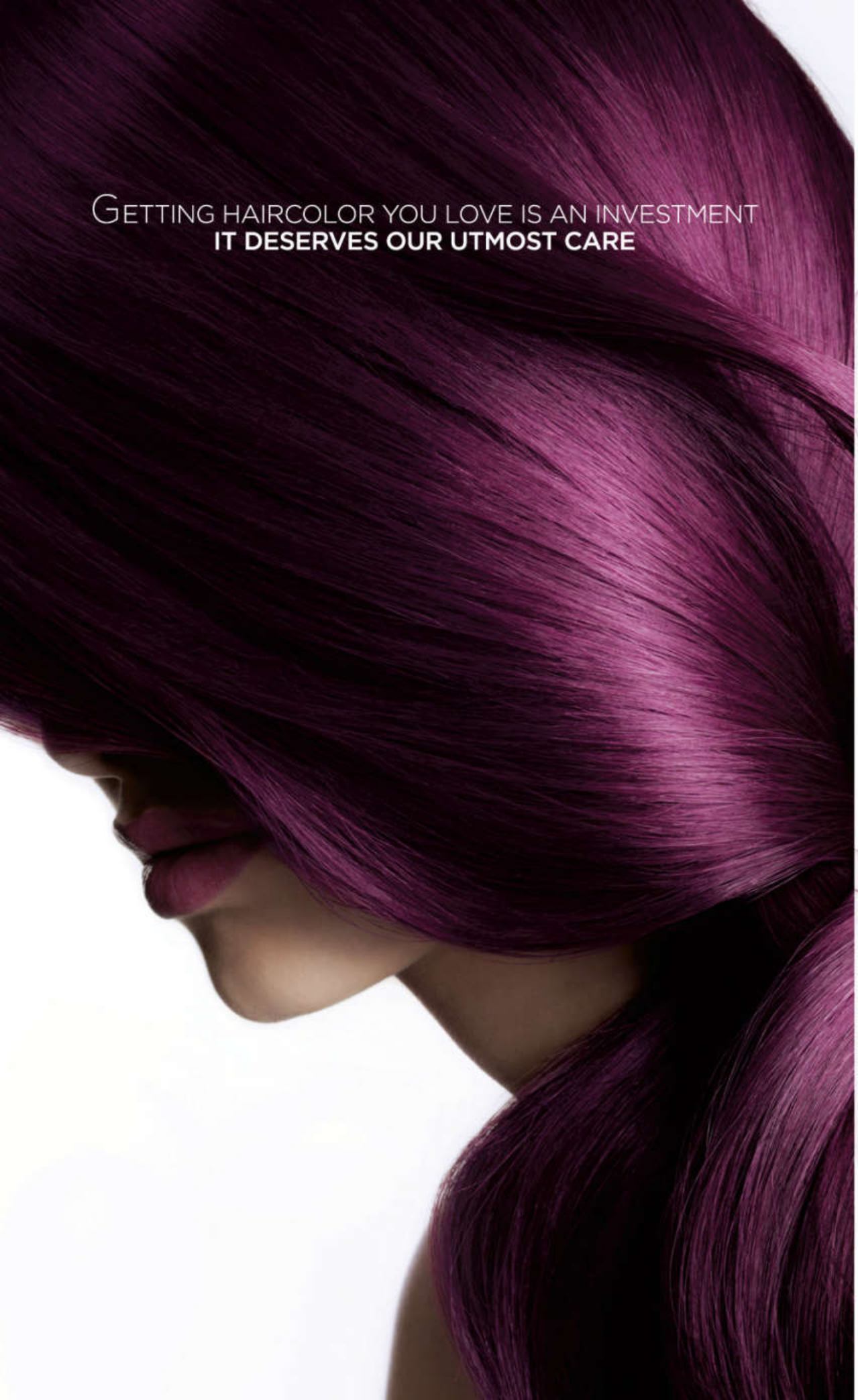
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CASTING CALL

A closer look at the stars—professional and otherwise—in two of this month's fashion spectaculars



From left: Weber and the ELLE crew on set in Morocco; the finished product

SHEAR MADNESS

THE MODEL: Aline Weber, 26

THE STORY: "Desert Moon," (page 390) showcasing fall's multi-textured outerwear and set in Morocco's Jbilet Hill Desert, a backdrop chosen for its resemblance to a moonscape

ALINE'S TAKE: Weber braved 107-degree heat in head-to-toe shearling without complaint. "It was my first shoot for ELLE U.S. and my first time to Morocco!"

HOMETOWN: Seara, Brazil, population 16,900. "It's very small, almost like the countryside."

DISCOVERED: At age 14 for a fashion show in Brazil. "I had to practice a lot with high heels because I'd never worn them before—I was so young!"

BIG BREAK: Opened the fall/winter 2008 Balenciaga show wearing a structured, high-slit black dress and a crystal choker

FACE OF: Tom Ford Lips

HOME BASE: Williamsburg, Brooklyn. "I just bought my place there; it has a garden on the terrace."

SIDEKICK: Her pom-mix pup, Rocky, which she rescued from the Humane Society

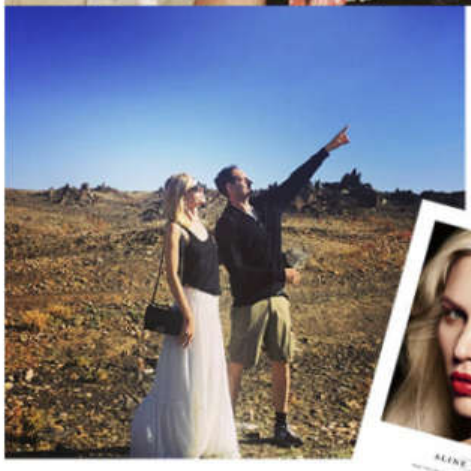
BEAUTY MUST: Laura Mercier Secret Camouflage concealer—"Most of the shoots I do, it's the one the makeup artists use."

ON REPEAT: "DumDum" by bass-heavy Baauer

ON INSTAGRAM: @alineweber_real

—Ali Finney





From above: the model's "a little rock 'n' roll, a little hippie" style, as seen in a selfie; with photographer David Bellemere; her Next Model Management card



ACT GLOBAL, THINK LOCAL

"I wanted to reflect the diversity of our lives and what we see every day on the streets," says fashion director Samira Nasr of the inspiration for "Face Time," (page 370) photographed by Liz Collins at New York City's Milk Studios. Casting director Zan Ludlum tells us how she scoured social media and NYC to find these real-girl beauties.*—Jennifer Arellano*

ROBIN GIORDANI



AGE: 22
OCCUPATION: Shop Assistant
SCOUTED: While playing forward at an Adidas Fanatic soccer tournament in Brooklyn Bridge Park
LUDLUM: "I coached Robin in soccer when she was 9 or 10 and ran into her playing at the tournament."
ON INSTAGRAM: @robin_hoodz

KA YOUNG JEONG



AGE: 21
OCCUPATION: Student
SCOUTED: At SoHo's McNally Jackson bookstore
LUDLUM: "She was just sitting, reading a book, and we approached her because she has such a refined nature. She's a RISD student interning at Marc Jacobs in the city for the summer."
JEONG: "I was wearing denim shorts and a classic tank top with a military jacket. I was kind of stunned for the first few seconds. Like, me? Really?"
ON INSTAGRAM: @kayoung.jeong

SHEMA HOTAKY



AGE: 22
OCCUPATION: Student
SCOUTED: At her father's restaurant, Pizza Express, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn
LUDLUM: "She's that girl who works behind the counter, who you notice but never approach. She's so striking in her own sense."
HOTAKY: "[At first], I was like, 'I have school, I can't.' My sisters and cousins said, 'Go through with it. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.'"
ON INSTAGRAM: @shimgoolay

From top: Yashua Simmons; David Bellemere; Aline Weber (2); Next Models; sidebar: Liz Collins (3)

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Liz Collins

PROVENANCE: Birmingham, UK
NOW: London
PROFESSION: Photographer
THIS MONTH: "Face Time" (page 370). "Samira [Nasr, ELLE's Fashion Director] wanted to do a story that represented all the beauty that we see when we walk down the street in New York, original individuals who don't necessarily get represented in magazines. We did a street casting, and everyone was really beautiful and surprising. I've been taking portraits of real women for a long time now, and you can tell when someone is putting effort in or not, and they all really let me go there."
READING: "I'm rereading Helmut Newton's [2002] autobiography. I bought an inexpensive copy off of eBay and realized it's signed! Now I'm nervous to carry it in my bag. It seems wrong to bang it around."
ON REPEAT: *Still Alice.* "I love a good heartbreak. Julianne Moore is so amazing."
ZEN MOMENTS: "I love walking through the woods in the fall when everything's turned bright copper. My first horse was bright chestnut, and when I rode him through the woods, it was almost like he'd turned invisible for a moment."



Megan O'Neill

PROVENANCE: New York City
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: ELLE's Beauty and Fitness Editor
THIS MONTH: "Time Zones" (page 308)
READING: "I keep going back to passages from Lena Dunham's book, *Not That Kind of Girl.* I like her voice because it's not linear—she free-associates, but then it comes full circle."
FIRST GIG: "I worked at the American Apparel flagship one summer when I was in college, which at the time I thought was the *best.* All I wore for two years were their clothes. And now I can never wear them again."
BINGE-WATCHING: "I'm obsessed with *Mad Men.* I cry after every episode. I'm watching them really slowly because I don't want it to end."
ZEN MOMENT: "I cook a ton. Whole Foods Market is my happy place to go after work. It's a lot of effort, especially in the city, to carry bags up and down the subway. But I don't sleep that much, so I can have dinner at, like, eleven at night."
DREAM SUBJECT: "I'd love to talk to Jenna Lyons. I think she is just the smartest and the coolest and the chicest. I would love to get career advice from her."



Mickey Rapkin

PROVENANCE: Bellmore, NY
NOW: Los Angeles
PROFESSION: Journalist and screenwriter
THIS MONTH: "Quantum Leap" (page 384). "Selena has much more patience for strangers approaching her than I would ever have. We were in a state park—it's not like we were on a street in Manhattan—but it was like every single person who was in the park that day knew she was there and took a selfie with her. She was incredibly gracious."
BONA FIDES: Author of *Pitch Perfect* and *Theater Geek*; his work has appeared in *GQ, Bloomberg Businessweek,* and the *New York Times.*
ON REPEAT: "Weirdly, *X-Men: Days of Future Past.* I have probably seen that movie 25 times. I grew up loving the X-Men, and I think that movie is amazing. I can't get enough of it."
READING: *A Little Life*, by Hanya Yanagihara. "It's about four friends who went to college together and what happens in the next 30 years of their lives."
FIRST GIG: "I delivered pizza in high school, one town over. I never did deliver to anyone I knew. It was before GPS—kids are spoiled now. I had a book of maps in my car, and I got lost a lot."



Lauren Groff

PROVENANCE: Cooperstown, NY
NOW: Gainesville, FL
PROFESSION: Writer
THIS MONTH: "The ____ That Changed My Life" (page 150). "My eyesight is so horrendous I once mistook my husband for an intruder in the middle of the night and screamed very loudly."
BONA FIDES: Author of *The Monsters of Templeton, Delicate Edible Birds,* and *Arcadia*; her work has appeared in the *New Yorker,* the *New York Times Book Review, Ploughshares,* and *Tin House.*
FIRST GIG: "I was very tall at 11, so people hired me to watch their children, which is a fact that petrifies me now."
RABBIT HOLE: "As a side obsession to a project that I'm researching, I'm deeply into histories of nineteenth-century literary syphilitics. It's astonishing how many geniuses had it. People knew they had it and gave it to others with absolute impunity, almost as a badge of honor in some cases, which is horrifying."
BINGE-WATCHING: *Rita.* "It's a Danish show about a schoolteacher, but it's incredibly dark and achy."
UPCOMING: "My third novel, *Fates and Furies* (Riverhead), is out September 15. And I have a story in the *100 Years of the Best American Short Stories* anthology, edited by Lorrie Moore and Heidi Pitlor."

Rapkin: Ilana Diamond; Groff: Megan Brown

FALL EDITION

THE INFLUENTIALS

BEAUTY & FITNESS GURU

JEANNINE MORRIS

As a beauty, health, and fitness reporter, Jeannine Morris lends her sunny personality and Zen-like mantras to TV shows and magazines across the country. As a woman of many hats, she opts for pieces that fuse her uber-femme style with functional comfort, and picks products that compliment her busy lifestyle. Follow along below as she shares her favorite beauty and fashion must-haves of the season.





"These black diamonds really speak to me." 5



1 *"I prefer products that tailor to my specific skincare concerns."*

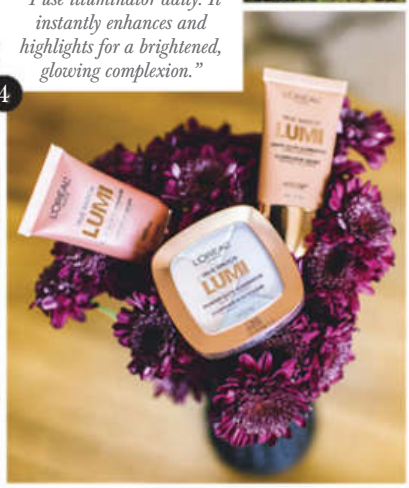




2 *"I go to barre or yoga 6 days a week, so comfort is key."*



4 *"I use illuminator daily. It instantly enhances and highlights for a brightened, glowing complexion."*



"Nexxus repairs my hair from damage and protects it from frizz." 6





3 *"This fresh laundry smell is my secret obsession."*



VISIT ELLE.COM/INFLUENTIALS TO SEE MORE OF JEANNINE'S FALL BEAUTY & FASHION PICKS.

1. **MURAD,** *Rapid Collagen Infusion, $84; Skin Smoothing Polish, $30; Invisiblur Perfecting Shield, $65*
2. **TAMPAX,** *Tampax Radiant Tampons, $4.30*
3. **UNSTOPABLES,** *In-Wash Scent Booster - Fresh, $6.99*
4. **L'ORÉAL PARIS,** *True Match Lumi Powder Glow Illuminator, $12.99; True Match Lumi Liquid Glow Illuminator, $12.99*
5. **MICHAEL M,** *Sliced Yellow Diamond Stud Earrings, $3412; Sliced Rose Diamond Ring, $9187; Sliced Yellow Diamond Ring, $2152; Rose Gold & Black Diamond Eternity bands, $3507- $4200*
6. **NEXXUS,** *Oil Infinite System: Rebalancing Shampoo, Restoring Conditioner, Nourishing Hair Oil; Emergencée Reconstructive System: Rebalancing Shampoo, Restoring Conditioner, Reconstructing Treatment*



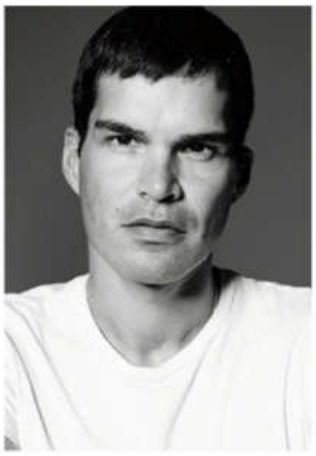
Alina Simone

PROVENANCE: "I was born in the Ukraine, and I grew up in Lexington, MA."
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: Singer turned writer. "An editor really liked my music and sent me an e-mail one day offering me a book deal. I'd never written anything. I wrote a book for him, and then I became a writer. And that was the switch. It was funny because in a way he killed my music career. It was like he had a gerbil and he hugged it to death. As a singer, I worked so hard, and I was at the bottom. I had four labels go bankrupt. I'm lucky, but behind it there is a lot of hard work in another genre. The way that writers are like, 'I interned and I starved,' I feel like I did all that—I just did it in music and not in writing."
THIS MONTH: "The ____ That Changed My Life" (page 150)
BONA FIDES: Author of *You Must Go and Win* and *Note to Self*; her work has appeared in the *New York Times,* the *Wall Street Journal, Slate,* and *PRI's The World.*
BINGE-WATCHING: "I'm completely addicted to Scandinavian noir. I'm watching *The Legacy*—it's like Denmark's dark answer to *Transparent.* It's an amazing family drama."
UPCOMING: "I have a book of essays about music called *Madonnaland* coming out next year."



Susan Miller

PROVENANCE: New York City
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: Astrologer, author, columnist, Web publisher, and entrepreneur
THIS MONTH: "Horoscope" (page 414)
STARSTRUCK: "I did a cameo in *She's Funny That Way* a few summers ago. I went to [director] Peter Bogdanovich's birthday party, and Justin Theroux walked in with Jennifer Aniston right behind him. I said, 'Jennifer, you're a little Aquarian; I can tell you things.' She said, 'Not tonight; it's Peter's night. We'll have dinner.' And I suddenly became five years old and said, 'Dinner! We have to meet somewhere where no one knows your name'—as if there is anyone who doesn't know her name—'somewhere dark with beads and you have to knock three times to get into the restaurant.' And Justin's looking at me with his arms crossed across his chest, amused, and he says, 'Susan, you'll just come over.' I'll just come over! Of course."
BEST ADVICE: "My mother taught me astrology, and she always told me, 'You must go to the newest technology with your charts, even if you're afraid of it. That will be your ultimate contribution to the world.'"
DREAM PROJECT: "I want to work with a chef on a book on astrology and food with beautiful photography."



Simon Robins

PROVENANCE: Burton upon Trent, UK
NOW: Los Angeles
PROFESSION: Stylist
THIS MONTH: "Quantum Leap" (page 384)
BONA FIDES: His work has appeared in *Love* magazine, *GQ,* and *British GQ.*
FIRST GIG: "I packed scented soap in a factory. To make extra money, I'd get discounted soap and sell it to my mum's friends for double the price. I didn't have any bills and worked quite a lot of hours, and I used my pay to buy clothes. That's when I first started going out, and I'd be head to toe in Jean Paul Gaultier because I spent all my money on it. I was 15, and I thought I was kind of amazing."
ON REPEAT: "I love The Weeknd. Everything he does. As soon as I heard his songs, I was obsessed. I never tire of 'House of Balloons/ Glass Table Girls' and 'Loft Music.'"
TRICK OR TREAT: "One Halloween, I was a dead '90s supermodel. I made up a backstory about how I died from falling through a glass table at a designer's house. I really went for it—I even had inch-and-a-half acrylic nails. I don't know how anyone does anything with long nails; I couldn't even start the car. And my mum was so sweet when she saw the pictures. She went, 'Oh, you look like Angelina Jolie!' And I really didn't."



Alexandra Kleeman

PROVENANCE: Boulder, CO
NOW: Staten Island, NY
PROFESSION: Novelist
THIS MONTH: "The ____ That Changed My Life" (page 150)
BONA FIDES: AB, cognitive science and literary arts, Brown University; author of *You Too Can Have a Body Like Mine* (Harper)
READING: *Love Me Back*, by Merritt Tierce. "I'm gushing over this book to people on the airplane next to me, anyone I can find. It's making me think twice about how kind and how conscious I want to be when I go to a restaurant."
ON REPEAT: *Apocalypse, girl*, by Jenny Hval. "It's part spoken word, part abstract electronica. It's like Laurie Anderson plus Joanna Newsom plus Bat for Lashes, which is a powerful concoction."
TRICK OR TREAT: "I decided I was going to be a nebula one Halloween. Technology has advanced since I was a kid, and you can get these LED string lights that never get hot, and they run on a tiny battery and use very little electricity, so I draped those in layers all over myself, like purple and pink and some glittery stuff. And then I rode the subway. I'm sure people thought, Here's some sort of glow-in-the-dark gypsy. But I knew I was a nebula."
—Cotton Codinha

Miller: Franco Accornero; Robins: Liz Collins; Kleeman: Graham Webster

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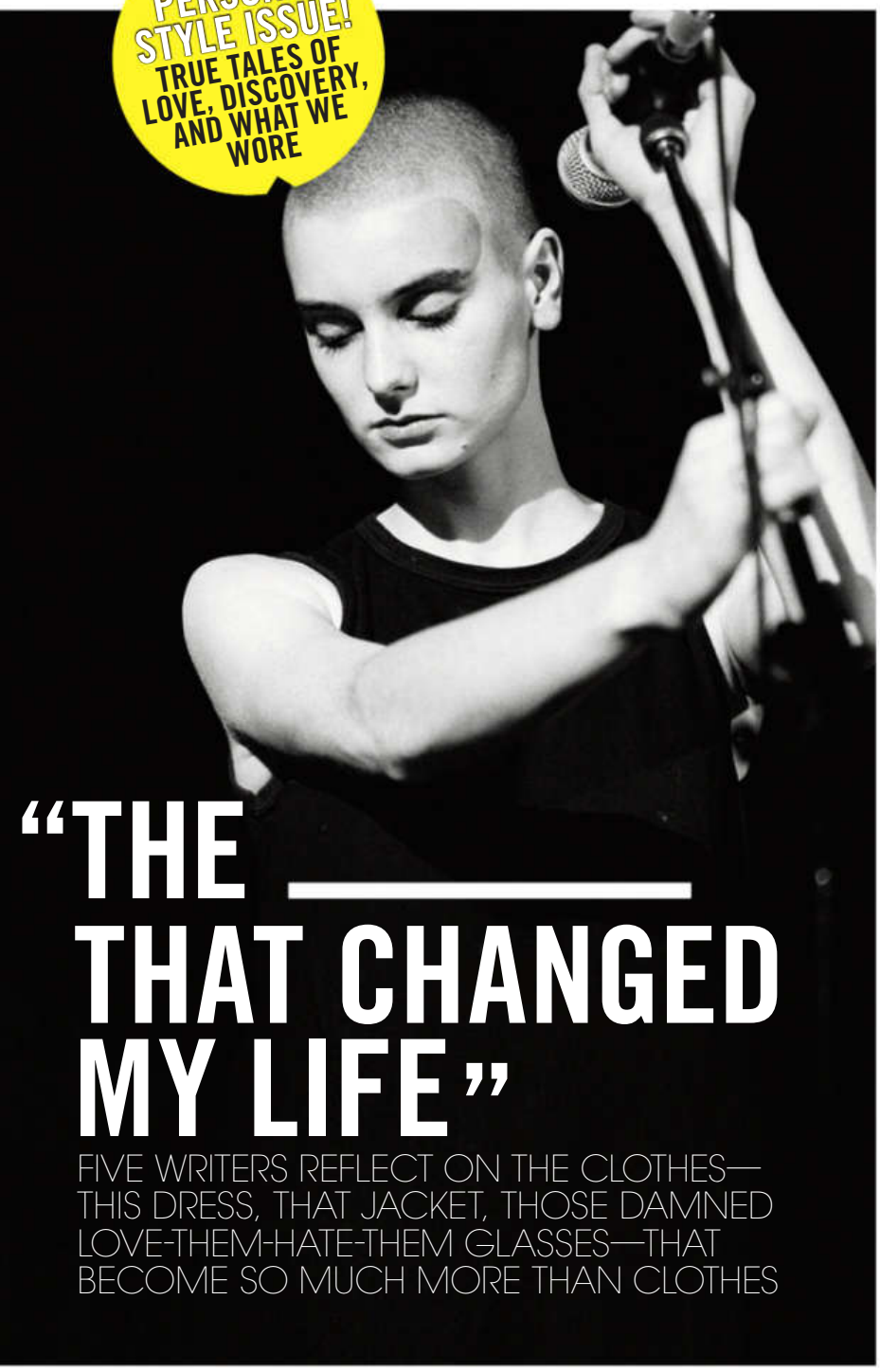


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"THE _____ THAT CHANGED MY LIFE"

FIVE WRITERS REFLECT ON THE CLOTHES—THIS DRESS, THAT JACKET, THOSE DAMNED LOVE-THEM-HATE-THEM GLASSES—THAT BECOME SO MUCH MORE THAN CLOTHES

1. THE JACKET

A BLACK PLEATHER HOMAGE TO SINÉAD

BY ALINA SIMONE

Hope is a woman who lives in my head. A mysterious woman who strides through a room without once adjusting herself, her clothes a perfect armor for her soul. In her wake, she leaves admiring whispers, like a motorboat cutting through a perfect summer wave. When I was a teenager, that woman walked into my life in the form of a rock singer.

Remember the '80s? No? Let me recap for you. We did not, in fact, peacock around in colorful Mohawks. We did not swan about in mesh and lace. Or men's ties. Mostly we dressed in loafers, khakis, and regulation Gap shirts, like an army of sad Kinko's employees, shuffling off to another day at the copier. We wore Aqua Net, gimp bracelets, and, for reasons that remain unclear, claddagh rings—whether we were Irish or not.

Our musical options were similarly constrained: We had men with big hair, or women with big hair. But one day, a thrilling third option appeared: a woman with *no* hair. Her name was Sinéad O'Connor; she wrote and self-produced the stunning album *The Lion and the Cobra* when she was only 20. Her crystalline voice drove an ice pick through my brain.

I wanted to be her, but I'd settle for looking like her. Only I couldn't cut my hair, because I was 15 and my hair played a crucial role in hiding my face. So I bought a black pleather jacket with a million silver zippers, awkwardly placed pockets that laugh at your wallet, and a belt with a chrome buckle.

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It weighed as much as a small horse.

Did Sinéad ever actually wear a jacket like this? I don't know. But it was something that she might have worn, something that implied a degree of badassitude, and besides, all the stores were full of them. My knock-off version of the real, $500 thing probably came from Zayre, a strip-mall discount chain that mercifully died with the '80s.

Slipping on that jacket was like slipping on experience. It implied a working knowledge of sex, drugs, and drama to which I could only aspire—one that I hoped awaited somewhere over the rainbow (e.g., seven miles away in the city of Medford, Massachusetts, where I'd eventually attend college). Wearing it transformed me into the kind of woman who smoked clove cigarettes and watched French movies at the Brattle Theater on Sundays. Someone who drank coffee.

At suburban Lexington High, I fooled no one. My friends were the badly mulleted, serial-AP-course takers who cut a wide circle around the smoking corner where the cool kids hung out. Beneath my jacket I wore baggy stonewashed jeans and flammable sweaters in tragic hues. My hair was unevenly hennaed. A sparkly unicorn spread its proud wings over the vinyl horizon of my Trapper Keeper.

Thankfully my life was not solely lived within that school's cinder-block confines. In nearby Arlington Heights, in a sad, small classroom with industrial carpet and blinking fluorescent lights, a new vista was set to unfold: Driver's ed.

My driver's-ed teacher was a humorless woman who wore Coke-bottle glasses and slacks the color of ham. Let's call her Ms. Chew. Whether the speed limit was 60 or 40 or 15, the goal, Ms. Chew explained, was to always maintain a speed 12 miles below what was posted. Just to be safe. In her zeal to emphasize this point, other aspects of vehicle operation were omitted. Like parallel parking. I failed driver's ed three times, but it didn't matter, because this was where I met Tom.

Was it because that little room was drafty that I often kept my jacket on? Or was it because on some level I knew that the sight of me walking through the door wrapped in fake leather and a blizzard of zippers would obscure the reality of the chubby Russian girl within? Either way, beneath the flickering light of vintage car-safety films, as flayed and bloodied bodies spun through the air in slow motion, romance unfolded.

Tom was 16. Not only did his face and dark, hairsprayed coif belong on a Roman coin, but he was also super smart. (He'd end up going to Harvard.) Tom was so out of my league, we may as well have been a different species—lion vs. gerbil—but I had one supremely important factor in my favor: Tom attended an all-boys school. Between varsity wrestling practice, maintaining his straight-A Latin, and learning to drive stick, he was left with no time for Aerosmith concerts or Celtics games or other hot spots for seeking hot girls. And so it was that we ended up strolling through Copley Square Mall one weekend, holding hands. Me in my jacket, its fake black surface beginning to crack in places, threatening to peel off in micalike slabs. Him in his immaculately preppy clothing, like an extra from a John Hughes movie. I let him imagine I was darker and more dangerous than I was, and in my mind I became that girl, er, woman. Sartorially and personally, we made no sense together, but that's what the suburbs were like before the Internet: a bunch of confused kids pretending to be teenagers in the movies. And I was Desperately Seeking...Myself.

It ended two months later, not long after a storm-swept evening when I refused to play the drinking game Quarters. We were at his friend's parents' empty, off-season summer house. It fronted the ocean on stilts and shook as the wind blew. His friends were loud and drunk and foreign to me. They weren't just pretending to be experienced; they *were* experienced. With drinking. With sex. And Tom suddenly seemed a lot more like them than like me. My jacket, flung over the back of a sofa that smelled of dog, was no help in their world.

After that, the jacket went into my closet, where it stayed for 10 years. It was one of those things that blinked out of fashion after Kurt Cobain crushed the '80s rock juggernaut like an empty can of Tab. Faux-punk was out, flannel was in, and suddenly the jacket was something I could only wear on Halloween. I kept it not to remember Tom, or the '80s, or even Sinéad. I held on to it as a keepsake of the brooding young woman I'd tried on for size one long-ago winter. Pleather-based proof that transformation is always possible. ●



Tony Ka Fai Leung and Jane March in the 1992 film *The Lover*

2. THE SLIP

NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN

BY ALEXANDRA KLEEMAN

It was a cream-colored slip with delicate scalloped edges, cut on the bias and made of a thick, luxurious silk that rippled like moving water when you draped it over your arm. Discovered in the piles of dead stock in the back of a Denver vintage store, it looked like something a woman would wear, a woman who assumed that she'd be beautiful no matter what she had on and could therefore wear the simplest thing possible; a woman who knew who she was. It was the summer before I left for college on the East Coast, and I wasn't one of those women, at least not yet. In high school, I'd been a halfhearted punk who wore band T-shirts with vintage skirts, and cocktail dresses with brightly colored soccer socks and clunky combat boots. But now that I was leaving my

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JIMMY CHOO



The author (far right): a girl on the cusp, in a transformative slip

Colorado hometown for the ivy-covered campus where Jeffrey Eugenides, one of my favorite novelists, had gone in the '80s, I knew that change was inevitable. When I took the dress home and tried it on in the bathroom, I felt like I was looking at a new person: It skimmed over the awkwardness of my teen body, remade it in clean lines.

The dress didn't just make me look older, sleeker, more graceful. What I loved most was how it let me look on the outside the way I felt on the inside: a chimera, half child and half lady, like the narrator of my favorite novel, *The Lover*, by Marguerite Duras. Set in colonial Indochina, Duras's loosely autobiographical novel tells the story of an adolescent French girl's affair with a young Chinese man, an affair that ruins him and teaches her about the violence of passion.

It's also the story of a girl trying to articulate who she is and who she is becoming, and her clothes tell a large part of that story. The unnamed narrator looks back on herself at fifteen and a half, crossing the Mekong on a crowded, sooty ferryboat wearing an outfit made of odds and ends: a light-red dress of real silk cinched at the waist by a man's leather belt, a man's fedora of pinkish wool, and a pair of gold lamé heels bought on final sale from a department store. To her mother, the outfit demonstrates her resourcefulness and creativity, her ability to become someone even within their limited means; to her lover, it reveals the friction between her innocence and her growing maturity. And to the narrator herself, the outfit allows her to take a first step into adulthood without leaving behind the dress-up games of childhood. The dress she wore was the perfect manifestation of how you piece yourself together at that age, trying on something foreign and new in the mirror, striving to see yourself as who you'd like to become rather than who you currently are.

All summer long I wore the white silk dress, which felt glorious on my skin; I wore it with one of my mom's old work belts when my friends and I got together to start a band in her backyard, a band that lasted one day. I wore it with my combat boots when I went hiking in the foothills, the white of the fabric brilliant in the sun. I wore it after my then boyfriend and I split, when a new guy in a denim jacket taught me how to smoke a cigarette for the first time on the banks of the creek behind our high school. The dress gave me the courage to hang out with the bookish older guys who spent their summers reading and smoking and talking at the coffee shop. When they invited me to follow them to the next place and I felt too nervous to go, the sense of mystery I borrowed from the dress allowed me to slip away and go back home, where I stared up at the ceiling and thought about what could have happened if I had been less scared of the unknown.

At the end of the summer, right before my best friend drove us east in her Subaru, my mother did a last load of laundry and put my white dress in with a new red blouse. When it came out of the wash, the dress had changed completely: Now it was a blotchy flamingo-pink, a weird shade that nobody would ever want to wear. I have to admit that I shed a few tears that night, distraught because I'd never again be able to slip on that ivory silk and feel as free and light as I had that summer. But today I think that it was the best thing that could have happened to that dress. This way I never outgrew it, never got tired of it, never folded it up and filed it away in the back of a closet, forgotten. It remains a perfect thing. And I still remember the way it made me feel: gleaming, vulnerable, bright. ●



The author's deliberately bookish Warby Parker frames

3. THE GLASSES

20/20 IS SO OVERRATED

BY LAUREN GROFF

During the winter of fourth grade, my eyesight shifted from clear to murky. I was a serious student, but my grades plummeted and I took on a skeptic's squint. My parents caught me running into doorframes and took me to the optometrist, where I was diagnosed with myopia and handed a pair of huge red-framed glasses. I'd always had pink cheeks and blond hair, a combination that often makes strangers call you pretty, and I had been called pretty often enough that I had become downright vain. But glasses transformed my face, broadening my already strong jaw and narrowing my small and close-set eyes. When I caught a glimpse of myself in the bathroom mirror at home, I thought I looked boyish and unfeminine and burst into tears. I took off my glasses, and almost nothing could convince me to put them on again.

Without glasses, my world became smudged: The autumn hills of upstate New York, with their yellow and red trees, became a sheet of orange; people were individualized only by the way they walked or the colors of their clothes. I later gained a reputation as a snob, though the reason I didn't say hello to anybody was because I couldn't see them. When I absolutely had to pull my glasses out of their leather envelope and put them on, to play soccer or to see the periodic table on the chalkboard, it was with a sense of furious helplessness.

From top: courtesy of the author; courtesy of the designer


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The author as a teenager in her much-loathed specs

My parents capitulated to contact lenses in sixth grade, and my ruffled vanity was soothed for good. It was a shock to return to clarity because I'd grown to love the warm fog of incomprehension; with good vision, things took on a starkness that felt alienating, rather than crisp.

In the movies, specs signal geekiness, as if they could ever hide the superhuman beauty of the actresses who sport them. But eyewear doesn't make for greater acuity of the brain, of course. And wearing glasses can't strip us of our femininity or make us more serious, as if seriousness meant being less feminine. Recently, when I sit down to work, I've found myself turning to my throwback black-and-clear Warby Parkers when I sit down to work. My peripheral vision is egregious, so the glasses become a way of putting on blinders, a way to focus on the text at hand. It's also a sort of quiet and daily feminist act, a way to resist a culture that tells me that being bespectacled robs me of my beauty. I live in Florida now and wear sheathdresses every day because they're pretty and easy and resist the heat, and my glasses are a way of complicating my dress, of signaling that I'm a little different than the lady-who-lunches I'd otherwise appear to be.

We all have our touchstones, and the stunning storyteller Flannery O'Connor is one of mine, she of the unabashed cat-eye frames and the twisted Southern Gothic humor. A photo of the writer lives on the wall of my office; and if the Dorothy Parker rhyme, "Men seldom make passes/At girls who wear glasses," ever creeps into my brain, I can just look up at O'Connor, see her smiling wryly at me, slide my glasses up the bridge of my nose like the nerd I am, and get back to work. ●

4. THE DRESS

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF SEQUINS

BY ERICA JONG



A classic Thea Porter gypsy dress circa 1969

It was a Thea Porter gypsy dress. Does anybody remember Thea Porter? The bodice was gold lamé covered with sequins, and it plunged dangerously, pressing my boobs together. I wore it in the *Fear of Flying* book-tour days in the early 1970s, and I remember all the men who stared into it as if transfixed. The skirt was black chiffon, and the sequins left a trail like bread crumbs in Hansel and Gretel's forest. It cost what I then thought of as a fortune. I can't remember what that was. Whenever I wore it in London or New York or L.A., men looked only at my breasts.



The writer with author Ken Follett in 1980

I felt powerful in it. It was my choice whether they got to unzip me or not. One of them did, and I never saw him again. Another one didn't, and he became my friend for life. I wore it first in London, to some very posh club where my then publisher was a member. Was it the Garrick? Or the Reform? I can't remember. I do remember that I had to call in the maid at the Savoy to zip it—the bodice was that tight. I couldn't eat in it; I could only drink. The skirt had tracings of gold braid. You had to wear it with gold sandals. I had many pairs of those.

When I think of that dress, it transports me to a time when we thought it was elegant and sexy to be a writer. Back when writers still went on talk shows (which was, in fact, the last place I wore my dress—Johnny Carson also stared at my boobs). We thought we were following in the footsteps of the greats—Colette, Simone de Beauvoir—now the names of my poodles! We thought there was nothing more powerful than being a novelist. That was before the Internet ground everyone into "content."

Other dresses I wore in those days also had sequins that left a trail. I loved leaving a trail. I also loved British designers like Thea Porter and Zandra Rhodes. There were still whiffs of swinging London in the air. It was a time of freedom, when everyone chose their own clothes! Now that's terribly old-fashioned. You have to have a stylist to reinforce your "brand." Isn't that sad?

I think my feelings about clothes came from my mother, who was an artist and onetime designer. She bought the best designer clothes on sale, took them apart, and remade them so they suited her perfectly. She would have been horrified if anybody had worn the same clothes as she did. Since she and my father traveled all over Asia, she was completely capable of putting an antique obi together with a dress by an American designer. She believed clothes were an art form, a means of self-expression; she surely communicated that idea to me. Her jewelry was as exotic as her clothes. Long before anybody else, she wore Indian and Japanese pieces, and she wore colors Americans had not yet discovered, like red, pink, and orange. She loved looking sexy, and she loved glitter and sequins. In that way, I've followed her trail. She always wore perfume and felt naked without it. I've followed her in that too—even inventing my own scent from two different perfumes. She always wore Joy. Sometimes I can't believe how much I miss her. ●

From top: courtesy of the author; William Christie; courtesy of the author



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5. THE BLOUSE (AND MORE)

WHAT DO YOU WEAR TO THE REVOLUTION?

BY MARISA SILVER

Coming of age doesn't happen in a vacuum. The burgeoning sense of our sexual selves is informed as much by the prevailing mores of the times as it is by hormones. Mine occurred at the height of the feminist movement in the 1970s. My personal bible was *Our Bodies, Ourselves.* I was going to grow up not to be a Miss or a Mrs., but this new designation: a Ms. I was emphatically not going to surrender my surname to whatever marriage I might make, one that would come well after I had headed full-throttle into my career. At 14, I was a true believer, and like any new convert, more dogmatic than even the movement's loudest proponents.

Some of whom, oddly enough, were at my house one night. My parents, New York independent filmmakers who hung with an artsy and intellectual crowd, were giving a cocktail party, and among the invitees were some of the boldface names I'd run across in the pages of *Mother Jones.* I assumed my usual perch at the top of the stairs, a vantage point from which I could eat purloined hors d'oeuvres and try to interpret the mysterious ballet of grown-up social behavior. I was unprepared for the sight of one of my feminist heroines, a dark-haired, serious-looking woman decked out in a silk blouse unbuttoned to her navel, thrusting her free-floating breasts at a man. Whether the man's evident interest in her had to do with her intelligent repartee or her physical bounty, I didn't know, but it was disorienting. Here I was, trying to figure out how to be a young woman when prevailing notions of femininity were up for grabs, and everywhere I searched for hard-and-fast rules, I found contradictions.

Nowhere was I more confounded than when I stood in front of my closet each day, trying to figure out what to wear. I had a new body that I was quietly proud of—small, charming breasts; gently flared hips; the coveted three diamonds that showed up when I pressed my coltish legs together—a perfect shape to show off in a tight Huckapoo shirt (those polyester, crazily patterned button-downs that were everywhere), a clingy Capezio dance skirt, and stacked heels. And yet it took one walk past a construction crew on lunch hour to know I'd dressed myself as an object. To make matters worse, the righteous anger I felt when I heard the wolf whistles was tinged with an edgy thrill. I had played into my own objectification and, confusingly, kind of liked it.

I was at the age when I wanted nothing more than to have a boy like and want me, when I was curious about what it would be like to touch and be touched. But I understood that clothes were codes and that it was up to me to send the right message, which was, according to the politics of the day, that I was a smart girl who read books and watched art films and was planning on being a film director, which I knew was something women could do because my mother was doing it. I wanted to be taken seriously for my brains and my wits and not just because I had a new pair of boobs. So, the heels were replaced by clunky Frye boots, which had all the sex appeal of a jackhammer and sounded just as loud. I trolled vintage shops, not only because I could afford the $5 used dresses there, but also because clothing from other eras obscured my figure while making me look distinctive. Tube tops were all the rage, and their cleavage-inducing, stomach-baring appeal was undeniable, but I turned instead to the army-navy store, with its boxy work shirts. My mother, an ardent feminist who almost never wore a dress, approved of my thrift and my style, praising the quirky originality of pairing a gabardine dress from the '40s with jelly sandals from the five-and-dime. How could she know how I fretted over the depth of a neckline or the cinch of a belt, how I walked down the street feeling both proud that my look didn't pander to some retrograde idea of female attractiveness and at the same time bewildered by the central problem of adolescence: How was I supposed to be this thing I was fast becoming?

When I look at photographs of myself as a teenager now, it's not obvious what all the fuss was about. There I am: a girl in a peasant blouse and embroidered jeans and those Frye boots; or maybe a beaded sweater from the '50s, wide-leg sailor pants, and a pair of flat Mao slippers—or maybe I'm dressed like Annie Hall, trying to mine the narrow fissure between androgyny and allure. But I know that all those choices represented a balancing act between my burgeoning sense of my body's possibilities and the vexing conundrum of all that potential.

And what of the feminist in the silk shirt? I think about her often as I stand in front of my closet, still trying to locate the ever-shifting sweet spot where ideology meets desire. And the funny or sad or vexing or just plain true thing is that dressing is still a loaded act for me. I did become a film director, and then a novelist. To the extent that I am taken seriously, it is definitely for my brains and my wits and not the way I look in a tight skirt. Plenty of serious and strong women don't feel compromised by overtly sexy clothes and believe, as they should, that it is their right to wear whatever they please. I couldn't agree more. It is, after all, our bodies, ourselves, just like the book said. Clothes that are overtly sexy are not my taste, but I wonder how much my taste is shaped by those years when I believed that the cut of a dress or the snugness of an inseam was a political statement. Who we were at 14 still lives inside us decades later, and the girl that lives inside me says: Don't wear the little black dress to the book reading. Stick with the jeans. ●

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HEAVY METTLE

Michael Fassbender is the essential actor's actor, mining dark characters in their depths and their redeeming. In this month's *Steve Jobs,* he becomes a star. By Holly Millea



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLA KUDACKI STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

Michael Fassbender wears: Vintage leather jacket, $850, vintage cotton T-shirt, $58, both, from What Goes Around Comes Around. For details, see Shopping Guide. (Grooming by Kumi Craig at the Wall Group for Tom Ford for Men; set design by Lauren Bohr for Anne Koch Studios)

Just as a small gust of wind kicks up the dead leaves in the gutter, sending them dancing across the cobblestone street, Michael Fassbender breezes into the Crosby Bar, tightly dressed in black jeans, a black V-neck tee, and the deepest blue suede jacket, moving pantherlike through the preserve of oblivious SoHo hipsters, texting, talking, teething on their iPhones. Placing a light hand on your shoulder, smiling widely, sorry to be late, the actor settles at the back-corner table, easy and understated, so wildly attractive and absurdly appealing, you just know he gets away with everything all the time. Late or not, this cat gets the cream.

"You're already up on me—I was the tardy one," Fassbender says in a smooth Irish brogue, his platinum-



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gray eyes shimmering across a raised glass of white Bordeaux. "Cheers! Cheers!" There will never be a day when anyone has anything up on him.

"He is a-dor-able—that's broken up into those three separate syllables. I *adore* this man," says Kate Winslet, Fassbender's costar in this month's *Steve Jobs*. "My first impression of him was very different to what I was expecting. He's truly bright eyed and bushy tailed and ready to go. There's a boyish quality. I did say to him, 'I thought you'd be intense and brooding and off on your own in a corner with the metaphorical dark cloud hanging over you.' Quite the opposite."

It's hard to imagine Fassbender, 38, being buoyant after watching him descend into so many dark personae: a brave, battle-happy Spartan in *300* (2006); a seductive sexual predator in *Fish Tank* (2009); the morally vacillating mutant Magneto in the latest installments of *X-Men*; the Byronic Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre* (2011); and the eerily human android David 8 in *Prometheus* (2012). Darkest of all is the trifecta of damaged, desperate characters directed by the British artist–turned–filmmaker Steve McQueen: IRA hunger striker Bobby Sands (2008's *Hunger*); Brandon, the taut, tormented, affluent sex addict (2011's *Shame*); and the brutal, obsessed slave owner Edwin Epps (2013's Oscar-winning *12 Years a Slave*)—a performance that earned Fassbender an Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor.

"Michael said something to me on the last *X-Men* movie—he said it to all of us, actually," says James McAvoy, Fassbender's close friend, who plays Professor Charles Xavier, Magneto's frenemy. "We were talking about a choice the director wanted to make, and Michael said, 'Look, people want to see extreme people do extreme shit.' As a performer, he has the capacity to be extreme and to show humanity at its limits. It's about putting yourself on the ledge and existing in that place where you take risks."

The great lengths to which Fassbender is willing to go are most apparent in McQueen's films, which also illustrate an escalation of collaborative trust. In *Hunger*, the six-foot star dropped to a haunting 125 pounds; he laid himself out emotionally and full frontally for *Shame*; and in *12 Years* he whipped Lupita Nyong'o's Patsey to the bone while psychotically projecting his love for her. "Michael's not at all precious. Great artists are not precious," McQueen says. "They throw themselves in. He doesn't care about making himself look stupid or foolish, because you know he's living *now*, he's living *right now*. Tomorrow one could be dead."

McQueen has witnessed firsthand the allure of the life-grabber in his natural habitat. He recalls coming out of Fassbender's second audition for *Hunger,* having given him the job, "and immediately as we walked out the door—Michael had his [motorcycle] helmet on—he was walking down the street and this woman just looked at him, and he looked at her, and it was almost like...it was public sex, and then they passed each other! It was like, Oh my God, we just came out.... He has *that*. He's always had that. And that is an interesting thing to have."

Right now, he's tapping that to get something that doesn't belong to him. His roasted chicken and Brussels sprouts arrive with an unordered side of crispy herbed fries, causing the star's eyes to light up: "Excellent! A bonus!" The confused waiter glances at a nearby table—oops. "Don't take them away!" Fassbender's brows knit pleadingly, his irises spin hypnotically. "You can't put 'em down and then take them away! All right, bring those to the rightful owners, and we'll take another one." The fries stay. Fassbender smiles. "In gratitude, I'll eat them!"

All that easy charm was tabled for his latest project. In *Steve Jobs*, the actor becomes the icon behind the Apple, the man who, through brilliance and bullying, reinvented the personal computer and revolutionized the way we connect and disconnect. "It was intimidating for me, very intimidating," says Fassbender, who was cast after Leonardo DiCaprio and Christian Bale each stopped circling the role. "My knowledge of the man was minimal, if not, like, zero. I could have done definitely with a bit more time prepping."

Don't believe it. Fassbender is either being hard on himself or, more likely, self-deprecating. "I want to make sure you hear me loud and clear," says Winslet—who plays Joanna Hoffman, a Macintosh developer and Jobs's confidante—pulling on her bossy boots. "I have never, ever seen an actor work so hard. So whilst Michael's all of those things I said before, his work ethic is un-fucking-believable, to the point where I would worry about him. He had 182 pages of dialogue! He was on every single page! It was like learning *Hamlet* times two." (Fassbender describes the film's screenwriter, Aaron Sorkin, as a "modern-day Shakespeare—he even writes to a meter.")

Seth Rogen, who plays Apple cofounder Steve Wozniak, puts it another way: "The guy has more words in this one movie than in every movie I've ever done put together." Rogen chuckles. "The process was fascinating for me; this was a different group of people than I'm normally used to working with. One of the first things I asked Michael was, 'Are you going to be acting like Steve Jobs all day? Between takes, do I have to call you Steve?' He's like, 'Fuck no! Are you kidding me? That's crazy.' Between takes, we'd joke around, sing rap songs to each other."

The film is shot in three 40-minute acts, each capturing the behind-the-scenes mania of a paradigm-shifting tech launch—Macintosh in 1984, NeXT in 1988, and iMac 10 years later—and ends with Jobs stepping onstage. The cast would rehearse an act (60-plus pages) for two weeks, shoot it in two weeks, and move on to the next. By the time they gathered to rehearse act 3, "there was Michael, slung back on his chair, not cockily, but he rocks back on his chair like a kid in primary school, and he did not even put his script on the table," Winslet recalls. "Every single actor had their script in front of them. Michael did not even need to get his out of the bag. He sat there, and he read act 3 with nothing in front of him!"

Ask Fassbender what exactly he found attractive, or unattractive, in Jobs, a man variously described as charismatic, spiteful, controlling, brilliant, magical, assholic, a thrower of temper tantrums, and long a denier of his first child's paternity, and the star replies, "I didn't really find anything unattractive. Once I'm in that world and trying to live and represent this character, I don't look at it like, that's dislikable." Fassbender cocks his head. "I just think that's human and perhaps a failing, a shortcoming."

"Michael didn't worry about being liked in this role," says Sorkin, who cites a scene in the film where Jobs is emotionally cruel to his young daughter. "There are plenty of actors who would be unwilling to do that. Michael, who physically is a leading man, will do things other stars wouldn't be willing to do—what actor on the doorstep of stardom wants to play that role in *12 Years a Slave*? Michael is an actor. This is the year he becomes a movie star, but he'll be an actor forever."

The waiter drops by the table, clears the empty plates. Fassbender orders a double espresso. "Hey, would you like to go out to the patio to have a cigarette?" he asks. "Do you smoke?" You do now.

Outside in the cool air, Fassbender produces a tobacco pouch and hand-rolls a cigarette with the speed and skill of a truant, licking the seal, offering it up.

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born Irish, you're lucky enough. Fassbender is luckier still. He was born in Heidelberg, Germany, to a German father and a Northern Irish mother, but from the time he was two, he and his older sister, Catherine, were raised near the picturesque tourist town of Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland, where he had the distinct advantage of being both an insider and an outlier who could observe the world around him with a cooler eye. "Growing up, I can only imagine that having a name like Fassbender wasn't the norm," McQueen says. "That sort of being a part of something, but being in a way alien from something, is very fertile ground for great actors."

When he wasn't in school, young Michael was working in his parents' restaurant, West End House (his mother, Adele, managed the front of the house; his father, Josef, was the chef), or playing guitar (heavy metal), or at Prince of Peace Church in Fossa, just across the field from their home.

Though his parents weren't very religious, Michael was. He attended St. Brendan's College, a secondary school, and as a head altar boy, he was required to be present at masses, baptisms, and weddings—lots of those in Ireland. "I would allocate the jobs," Fassbender says, pointing: "You're on bell duty; you light the candles; you're on communion duty...." Must have been gross seeing all those tongues. "It was one of the best jobs you could get, to be honest! People wanted it because girls you might like would be coming up"—he presses his hands in prayer, rolls his eyes skyward, sticks his tongue out, and starts laughing. "You're close to the action!"

And yet Fassbender, who has dated costars Zoë Kravitz, Nicole Beharie, and currently Alicia Vikander, was a ripe old age when he lost his virginity. "All my girlfriends have lost their virginity before me!" he says. "Guys are sort of trying since they were 13, but I was like, 18. I don't want to say anything more because I don't want to embarrass the other person, but it was as good as it can be, you know? It was what I thought it would be. And I really cared about the person I was with, so it was kinda perfect."

While his parents pressed their son to go to college (his sister is a neuroscientist), Fassbender was bent on acting from the age of 17, when he took a local acting workshop and, inspired, convinced a friend to help him stage a teen version of Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* at a nightclub, casting himself in the Steve Buscemi role of Mr. Pink. (Thirteen years later, Tarantino would hire Fassbender to play a British spy posing as a Nazi in *Inglourious Basterds*.)

At the Drama Centre London, where the illustrious alumni list includes superhotties Colin Firth, Tom Hardy, Russell Brand, and Paul Bettany, Fassbender studied the Laban technique, based on the psychological theories of Carl Jung. It could seriously drive you crazy trying to explain the gist, so we'll leave it to Fassbender, who, though he left the school without a degree, did play Jung in David Cronenberg's *A Dangerous Method* (2011).

"There's sort of sensing/feeling personalities, if you like; and then there's feeling/sensing," he begins. "The way to describe that perhaps is [Marlon] Brando was sensing/feeling—so the sense comes first, the emotion comes after. So you explore life through your senses first and the emotional comes after." Got it. "Whereas James Dean—the emotion was riding first, the senses secondary, so feeling/sensing. There's the difference, you know?"

As Fassbender goes on, patiently putting it all in understandable terms, you think of how sensing/feeling his performances have been—you can see his characters taking everything in, as if smelling the air, measuring, weighing, calculating, before reacting either rationally or irrationally, but always intensely. More Brando than Dean. More Macbeth than Romeo. "In drama school, I remember seeing Leonardo [DiCaprio] in *Romeo + Juliet* and saying to myself, "That's something I can't do—I could never play Romeo." (Seriously, "what light through yonder window breaks...." Not happening for him.) Fassbender is, however, perfectly equipped to handle "full of scorpions is my mind...," which he does in the upcoming *Macbeth*, costarring French actress Marion Cotillard.

In the modern psychological take on the Bard's classic, the battle-worn killer of a king is suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder. "The warfare of that time, what would it have taken to take a sword and drive it through someone's flesh, their muscle, their bone? And pull it back out!" Fassbender shakes his head. "That's very visceral stuff. How does that affect his mind? The hallucinations, the visions, the witches: Are they real or not? This is classic PTSD."

As for Lady Macbeth? She has her own emotional baggage spurring her to action—the loss of a child, a husband away at battle for a year, the pain of isolation. "Maybe through this terrible act of killing the king, and them becoming king and queen, they'll be forged together again," Fassbender reasons. "That is vastly more interesting. The idea of women dangerous with ambition—we don't want to feed that bullshit."

Ask Cotillard if she recalls first meeting him and she tells you everything you need to know. "I just remember...." She stops, laughs. "Mmm...no, no, I can't say that. Um...." Laughing again. Oh, come on! "He was a lot of fun right away. The grin—that's how you say? The smile. There's something so joyful about him."

But at the same time, again, always, he's steeped deep in the work, the words. "Every single line and word is memorized, and then Michael puts it away and he's completely open to catching butterflies—to be in the moment with another actor," says their director, Australian Justin Kurzel (2011's *Snowtown Murders*). "It's kind of like he's playing jazz in a way—he's in control, but he's also looking for those surprises that can only be created on the day, in the take."

Fassbender checks his pay-as-you-go phone—"I'm technologically inept, to be honest"—and jumps at the time. It's late in the day now, and he's meeting McQueen for dinner soon. Rumor has it the two are going to do a musical together. Yes, a musical. "I'm an excellent singer! No, no, I'm not. I *enjoy* singing." Hey, even Brando did *Guys and Dolls*.

Strolling back through the bar, Fassbender finds himself face-to-lens with a pack of paparazzi ready to shoot. But they don't. Suddenly they run around him to blast socialite Olivia Palermo, exiting a few steps behind the actor. He turns his head to witness the commotion, catching the eye of a beautiful woman who is staring at him. It's a moment. Yes, he has *that*. ●

FASSBENDER'S TAKE ON HIS UPCOMING *MACBETH*, WITH MARION COTILLARD? "THE IDEA OF WOMEN DANGEROUS WITH AMBITION—WE DON'T WANT TO FEED THAT BULLSHIT."

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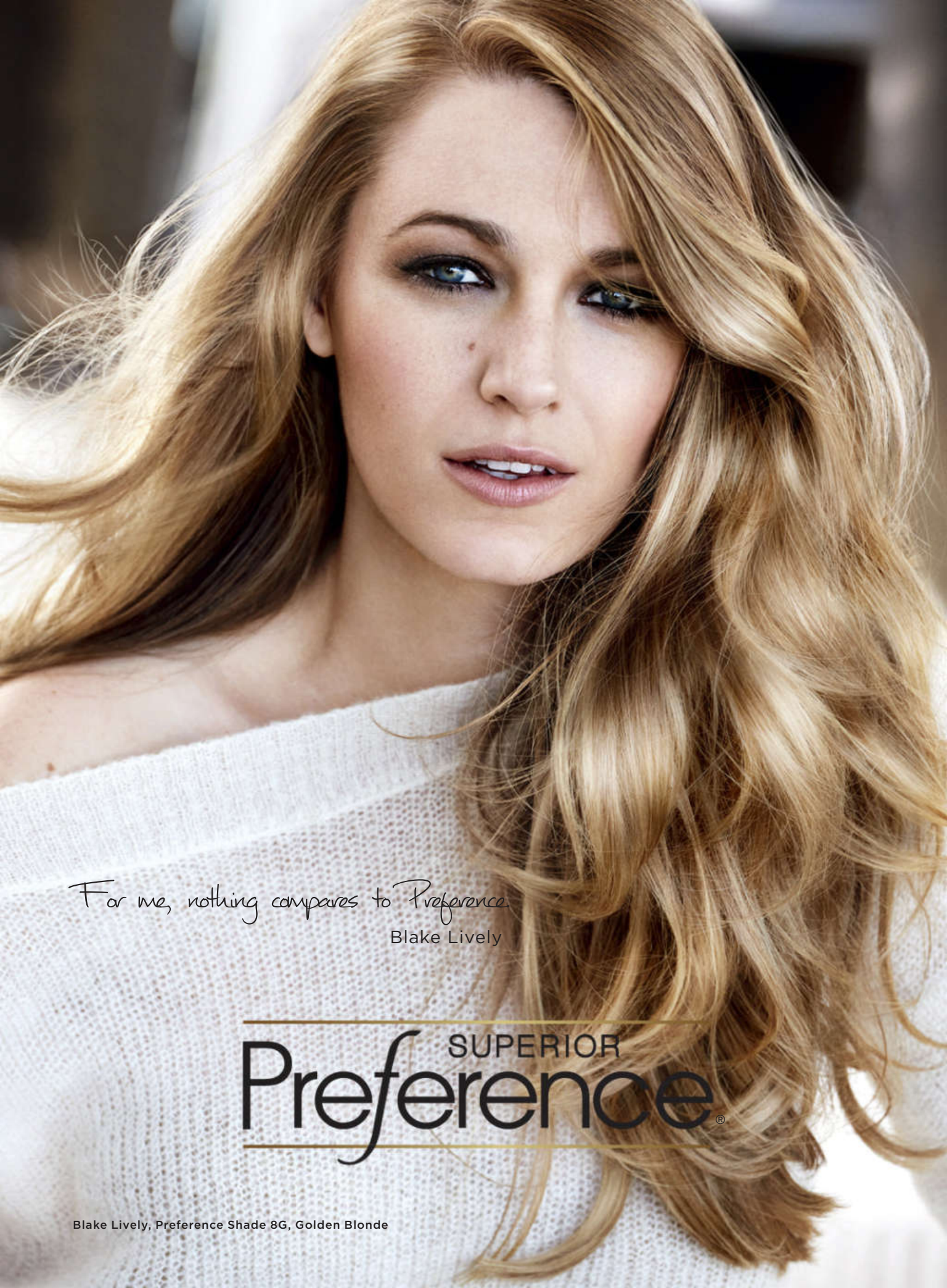
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WINNER'S CIRCLE

THE 2015 PERSONAL STYLE AWARDS!

From Hollywood starlets to fashion luminaries to the best-dressed chef on the planet, we honor 24 women who lead the pack with forward-thinking, Internet-breaking style. By Naomi Rougeau and Noah Silverstein

MODERN MINIMALISTS

Forget the glitz but not the glamour: This year, **Olivia Munn** and **Zoe Saldana** have stood out as two of Hollywood's most polished stars. Saldana keeps it modern in Tanya Taylor colorblocking, while Munn reaches for high-waisted, wide-leg trousers—a far cooler way to accentuate her killer curves than standard skinny jeans.



Munn

Saldana

FOREVER NEW

Twenty years ago, baby-faced **Chloë Sevigny** became the embodiment of youthful rebellion in *Kids*, and lanky **Liv Tyler** captured our hearts in *Stealing Beauty*. These days, the duo who redefined what it was to be a downtown It Girl can still work a '90s crop top or silk pajama suit with far more authenticity than newbies half their age.



Sevigny



Tyler



Depp

Waterhouse

NEXT GEN

With the combined genetics of Johnny Depp and Vanessa Paradis, how could **Lily-Rose Depp** be anything other than broodingly chic? After a front-row appearance at Chanel couture, the 16-year-old actress announced her role as the newest face for the French house (following in Mom's footsteps). Meanwhile, 21-year-old **Imogen "Immy" Waterhouse** has been coordinating outfits with big sis and Burberry face Suki Waterhouse of late and looking every bit the English rose.



Ciara

FKA twigs

HIT MAKERS

British pop singer **FKA twigs**, the fashion world's biggest obsession since Lady Gaga, is our favorite experimentalist, in outré looks from Alexander McQueen and Christopher Kane. R&B mainstay **Ciara** may have over a decade in the biz under her belt, but she recently re-cemented her status as a streetwear queen—in all-black and leather for days—and was tapped as Topshop's U.S. brand ambassador.

Clockwise from top left: David Krieger/Bauer-Griffin/GC Images; MPI99/Bauer-Griffin/GC Images; Jemal Countess/Getty Images; Alo Ceballos/GC Images; Benjamin Lozovsky/BFAnyc.com; Karwai Tang/WireImage/Getty Images; Mike Marsland/WireImage/Getty Images; Andrew H. Walker/WireImage/Getty Images


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THE 2015 **PERSONAL STYLE** AWARDS!

CHARM SCHOOL

Sorry, paparazzi: No wardrobe malfunctions here! When **Kate Mara** and **Rose Byrne** step onto the red carpet, it's prim and polished all the way. Mara favors full-skirted, knee-length frocks—frequently by Dior—while Byrne sticks to simple columns and sheaths with the occasional ruffle or lace accent, with a proclivity for pink that is true to her name.



Mara

Byrne

FAMILY TIES

On-the-rise model **Asia Chow**—the 21-year-old half sister of model China and daughter of famed restaurateur Michael—inherited a posh sensibility from her forebears but has a penchant for Givenchy that's all her own. The latest in another hallowed lineage, illustrator/model **Langley Fox Hemingway** (as in: Ernest, Mariel, Dree), has a certain Western-boho slouch down pat—wide-brim hat included.



Fox Hemingway

Chow



de la Fressange

SWEET AND LOW

Talk about a show of style solidarity: In Cannes, when the wife of *Amy* director Asif Kapadia was nearly denied entry to a premiere for wearing flats, perennial fashion muse **Inès de la Fressange** and model **Aymeline Valade** defiantly hit the step-and-repeat in metallic flat sandals. It didn't hurt their cause that they both looked the picture of black-tie cool in the process.

Valade



Richards

Paget

BRIGHT BRITS

Two new Anglos to watch (cheers, Burberry!): 18-year-old **Ella Richards**, granddaughter of Keith and daughter of model Lucie de la Falaise, who opts for prim, skirted silhouettes when she's not slinking down international runways. British model–turned–actress **Clara Paget** (catch her on Starz's buzzy pirate spectacular, *Black Sails*) takes an edgier, skin-baring stance in minidresses and cutouts.

Clockwise from top left: Kirstin Sinclair/Getty Images; Neil Rasmus/BFANYC.com; Foc Kan/WireImage/Getty Images; David X Prutting/BFA.com; David M. Benett/Dave Benett/Getty Images for Warner Music; Mark Robert Milan/GC Images; Tony Barson/FilmMagic/Getty Images; George Pimentel/WireImage/Getty Images

THE 2015 PERSONAL STYLE AWARDS!

NEW BOHEMIANS

Whoever said you shouldn't trust a skinny chef never laid eyes on **Athena Calderone**. The multihyphenate (chef/interior designer/founder of buzzy lifestyle website Eye Swoon) boasts a wardrobe as varied as her CV, from Giambattista Valli to Ulla Johnson. Fellow Brooklynite **Francesca Amfitheatrof**—now breathing new life into 178-year-old Tiffany & Co. as its first female design director—arrived in the Big Apple by way of Tokyo, Rome, Moscow, and London, and brings a distinctive style that marries classic good taste and well-traveled bohemianism.



Amfitheatrof

Calderone

INSTA-MODELS

Bella Hadid, Gigi's little sister, has killer curves reminiscent of a young Cindy Crawford, but her style is an eclectic mix of menswear-meets-femme-fatale. When not posting seductive poolside selfies on Instagram, she's the face of Balmain. The versatile appeal of fellow model and avid girl-gang 'grammer **Lexi Boling** has helped her score campaigns for Mugler, Sacai, Alexander Wang, Coach, and Versace; off duty, her tomboy-chic ensembles are always on point.



Boling

Hadid

NETWORK NEWS

Girls star **Jemima Kirke** is the embodiment of hippie luxe, turning heads on the red carpet in gal-pal Rosie Assoulin's architectural volumes. Though the small screen isn't big enough for Cookie, the shade-throwing, fur coat–slinging diva **Taraji P. Henson** plays on *Empire*, the actress's own aesthetic has evolved into a mix of timeless classics that runs the gamut from jeans and white tees to elegant evening gowns.



Kirke

Henson

GIRLS GONE GRUNGE

Like her parents Lenny Kravitz and Lisa Bonet, **Zoë Kravitz** epitomizes the mood and style of her time, channeling grunge-revival cool with modern flair, whether onscreen or onstage with her electro-pop band, Lolawolf. *Orange Is the New Black* breakout **Ruby Rose** (see her version of garden-party gorgeous on page 347) subscribes to a similar style mantra, rocking plaids and killer sneakers way harder than the boys.



Kravitz

Rose

Clockwise from top left: Neil Rasmus/BFAnyc.com; Billy Farrell/BFAnyc.com; Carly Erickson/BFAnyc.com; David X Prutting/BFAnyc.com; Rachel Murray/Getty Images for Marc by Marc Jacobs/Safilo; Bauer-Griffin/GC Images; George Pimentel/WireImage/Getty Images; Randy Brooke/WireImage/Getty Images



The designer (left) with models, all wearing looks from the Gabriela Hearst resort 2016 collection

QUALITY CONTROL

With her unique brand of pared-down elegance, Gabriela Hearst is out to redefine modern luxury. By Naomi Rougeau

Dashing into SoHo's Sant Ambroeus café with shower-wet hair and not a trace of makeup, Gabriela Hearst looks, well, pretty damn chic. It's the sort of fuss-free aesthetic that the 38-year-old designer comes by naturally, having grown up on a cattle ranch in remote northern Uruguay. "It was a very strict, organized environment that preached duty and responsibility, but at the same time you're surrounded by a very Latin culture that's all *mañana*, *mañana,* relax," she says of her upbringing, the philosophies of which permeate her luxurious yet practical designs.

Growing up the child of fifth-generation gauchos, Hearst couldn't fathom a career in fashion, despite filling notebook upon notebook—volumes her mother still has—with detailed sketches of clothing and footwear inspired by the meticulous, couture-quality work of the local seamstresses that the family would often visit. Fifteen years ago, following a modeling stint in Europe, Hearst (née Perezutti) moved to New York City and began working at a designer showroom. Quickly realizing that she'd rather be designing, she teamed up with a business partner and launched Candela in 2004, with only $700 in seed money. Aware that she either had to make the collection work or go back to ranching, Hearst started carefully, beginning with T-shirts and gradually expanding the line to include attractively priced footwear, then womenswear, and finally childrenswear, all with a bohemian slant. "With New York, you have a two- to three-year test period," she says, explaining her theory of life in the Big Apple. "It either spits you out by that point, or begins to open up, if you pass the test. Now I can't imagine being anywhere else." Within a decade, Candela became a fixture in Neiman's and Saks, with fans such as Diane Kruger and Alessandra Ambrosio, and Hearst herself was itching to branch out.

"The last thing the world needs right now is another fashion brand," the designer admits. "But there is a passion from the younger generation to return to things that are well crafted." The idea behind her namesake line, launched for fall 2015, was to design luxurious clothing with an old-world charm, each piece built to last while being exceedingly straightforward, so as to save its wearer time (that ultimate luxury)—something surprisingly few designers are doing and even fewer are doing well. Though she still oversees the creative direction of Candela,

Sloan Laurits (styled by Courtney Kryston; hair by Sirsa Ponciano; makeup by Asami Matsuda at Artist for Chanel; manicures by Tatyana Molot at ABTP for Dior le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; models: Anushka Stupakoff at Next Models; Sterling Jensen at the Society Management; Samantha Bondurant at the Society Management)


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Looks from Hearst's resort 2016 collection (available exclusively at Barneys New York)



Hearst felt it was time to design a line for the woman she's become: a wife—of TV and film producer Austin Hearst, the grandson of newspaper mogul (and founder of ELLE's parent company) William Randolph Hearst—and mother to seven-year-old twin girls Mia and Olivia and a four-month-old baby boy, Jack.

True to its designer's roots, the collection mixes masculine practicality (stiff twill capes, structured melton cloth coats) and feminine romance (floral-print chiffon dresses, chunky fisherman knits softened by delicate Swiss lace paneling). "A friend of mine said it was 'honest luxury,'" Hearst says, a tagline of which she approves. The designer is detail-oriented, to be sure: Discreet, custom rose gold hardware, in the form of miniature stirrups and fishing tackle, is a nod to her heritage and to one of her husband's favorite hobbies. More homespun looks include a black-and-white wrap skirt inspired by two quilts—one that a member of Hearst's design team made for her son's nursery, and one an antique sewn by Austin's great-grandmother, which hangs on a wall of the couple's West Village home. To ground the looks: spectator oxfords with double-welt leather soles (a superdurable feature usually only seen in men's footwear) and stack-heeled, knee-high boots for which "sturdy" is an understatement. Italian cashmere knits run the spectrum from the gauziest of shells to a cloudlike scarf so generously proportioned one might mistake it for a blanket. These are the kinds of perfectly hewn "staples" that, despite their luxe fabrications (and price point: $695 to $1,395 for footwear; $695 to $2,795 for ready-to-wear), leave you feeling that your wardrobe might not be complete without them. "I've yet to find a woman who doesn't relate to the line," she says.

For her first resort collection, Hearst mused upon women fictional and real, from Tilda Swinton's impossibly chic, minimalist Milanese matriarch in Luca Guadagnino's *I Am Love* to the tough-as-nails Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci. "There's a masculine side to them, but also a vulnerability," says Hearst. "When a woman is that tough, they're protecting something. What are they hiding? I'm always intrigued by those types of characters, their psyches and their strengths." In fact, the brand's entire NYC-based team, which includes cobbler Valentina Carrano (who, bizarrely, the designer eventually discovered, actually lives in Fallaci's old apartment), is female. "I work with women, for women," she says. (On the new male head of production who will soon join them: "I wish him luck!" she says, laughing.)

During a recent deep-sea fishing trip with her husband off the Massachusetts coast, Hearst was intrigued by the sight of scallop fishermen mending their gear with needle and thread, which led her to further ponder the gray area where men's and women's fashion collide, particularly with tailoring. "After all, the Arts and Crafts movement was started by men," she says. "Why must such a utilitarian skill—or garment—be associated with a particular gender?" The designer's own sartorial solution to the demands of working motherhood is often a uniform of suit and T-shirt. In the collection, she offers up a pristine white wool tuxedo for resort, but that's just the beginning: Her goal is a stand-alone boutique specializing in bespoke women's suiting. "It's the simplest, chicest thing when your life is hectic, but not everyone has a great tailor on speed dial," she says. Most of the time, custom work "takes months for delivery. I want to make it convenient." Also in the pipeline: incorporating the merino wool produced on the Uruguay ranch Hearst inherited upon her father's death in 2011, and to which she makes regular trips to oversee the 10,000 head of sheep. Turns out you can't take the girl off the ranch after all. ●

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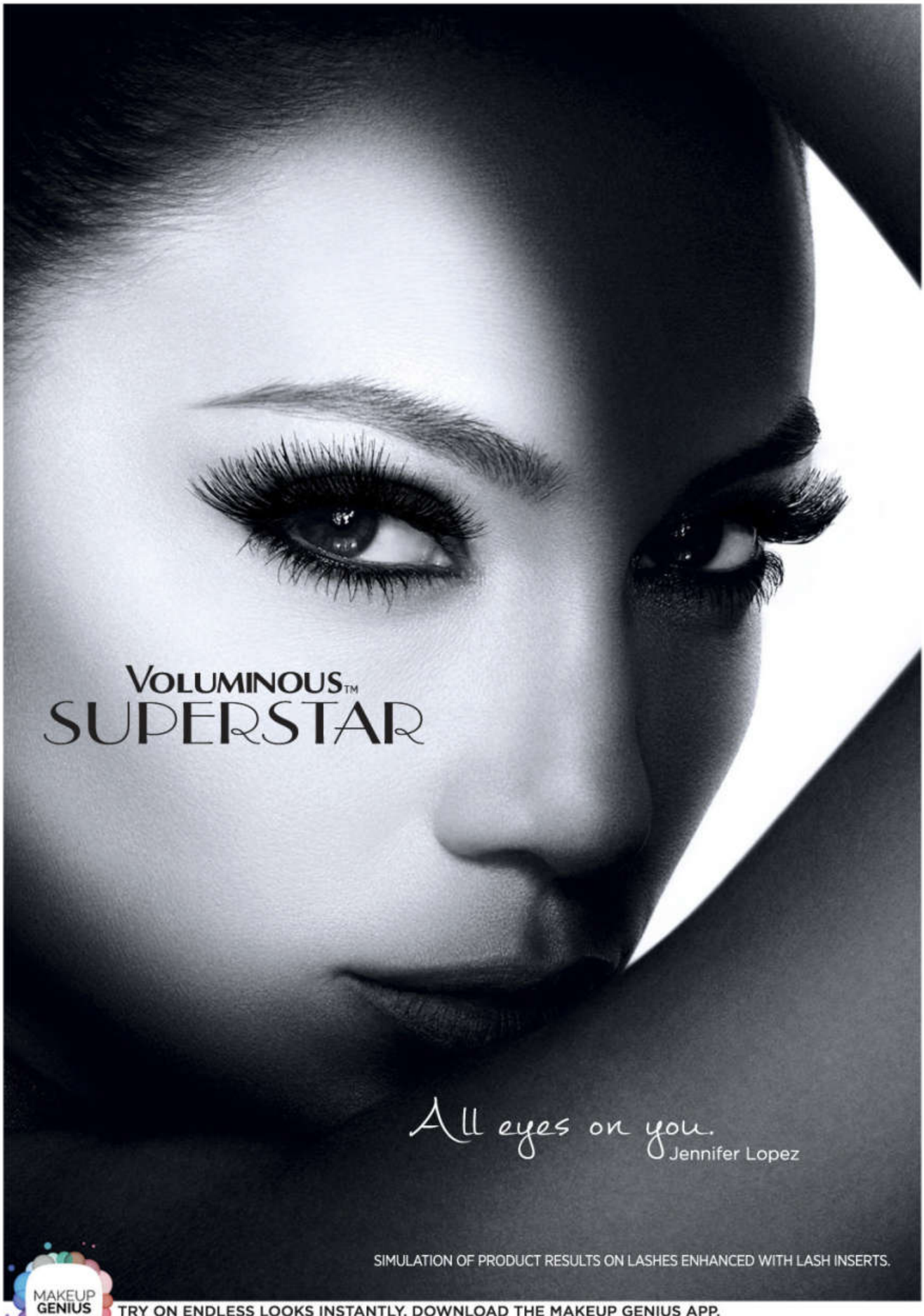
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Samburu warriors hiking with Google Earth's Street View Trekker

PROOF OF LIFE

The plight of elephants is at the forefront of a worldwide campaign to stop the slaughter of wildlife. Anne Slowey travels to Africa to witness how Google may help save this endangered species

I've always possessed an explorer's wanderlust, with childhood fantasies of following in the footsteps of Jane Goodall or Joy Adamson (who, along with her husband, George, nursed the orphaned lioness Elsa and then released her into the wild), but I didn't have the opportunity to visit Kenya until the summer of 1989, when I was invited to go on a safari with my cousin after her first husband died of leukemia. It was a cathartic journey. The majesty of the wildlife, the elephants in particular, soothed our wounds, calmed our nerves, and served to put everything in perspective.

Our guide introduced us not only to conservationists, but also to many individual elephants. I no longer remember their names, but I will never forget the playful and delicate interactions we had with a variety of matriarchs and infants, often getting out of our Land Rovers to walk alongside a small herd for hours at a time. I still remember the day that an adolescent male elephant we'd spent time with came up and canoodled my face with his trunk. Clichéd as it seems, I've never felt quite as alive as I did during those long, peaceful days. There is nothing like the incredible intensity of gazing into an animal's eyes and feeling the exact moment when he is looking back and really seeing you, and not necessarily as a tasty treat.

Several months after our trip, an essay in the *New York Times Magazine* tried to address the enigmatic feeling a Westerner has upon visiting Africa, especially Kenya. As I recall, after interviewing several writers, artists, and scientists, the writer landed upon the notion of cell memory—that, in evolutionary terms, our actual skin and bones recognize the region as our birthplace. Our mother ship, if you will.

Whatever the reason, my experience there has haunted me for most of my adult life, as if I'd missed some calling, abandoning those beautiful creatures when I could have been working to protect their lives and habitat. So when Google invited me to visit the Samburu National Reserve and the Lewa Wildlife Conservancy, both in central Kenya, this past February, I jumped at the chance. Their proposal: I'd join a group of engineers and wear one of the company's custom devices to collect data for Google Street View—er, Savanna View?—and witness firsthand how the tech giant is working with organizations like Save the Elephants (STE) to preserve these great mammals from poaching and human encroachment. Over the past eight years, the Google Earth Outreach program has given an estimated $9 million worth of its mapping tools to more than 8,000 NGOs around the world. "We want to tell the story of these elephants and show people why they are worth protecting," says Google Earth Outreach program manager Tanya Birch, who led our team for the Samburu collect. "By taking people on a virtual safari in the open savanna, we can make this beautiful place come alive for people who can't ever go there."

The goal, aside from allowing frontline conservationists to show Google Earth users (the program has been downloaded 2 billion times) what they're fighting for in real time, is to use Google technology to collect hard

Courtesy of Google Maps





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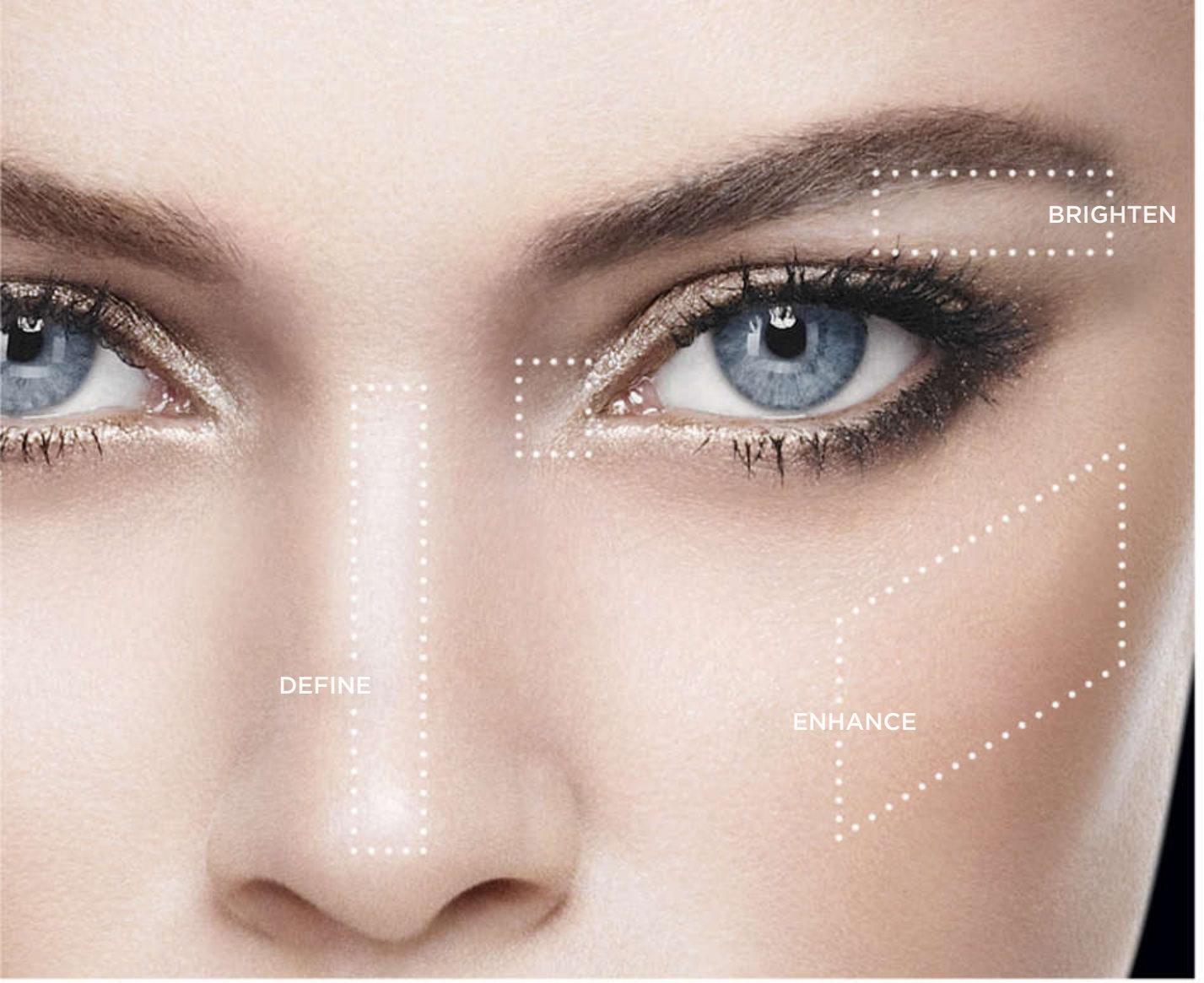
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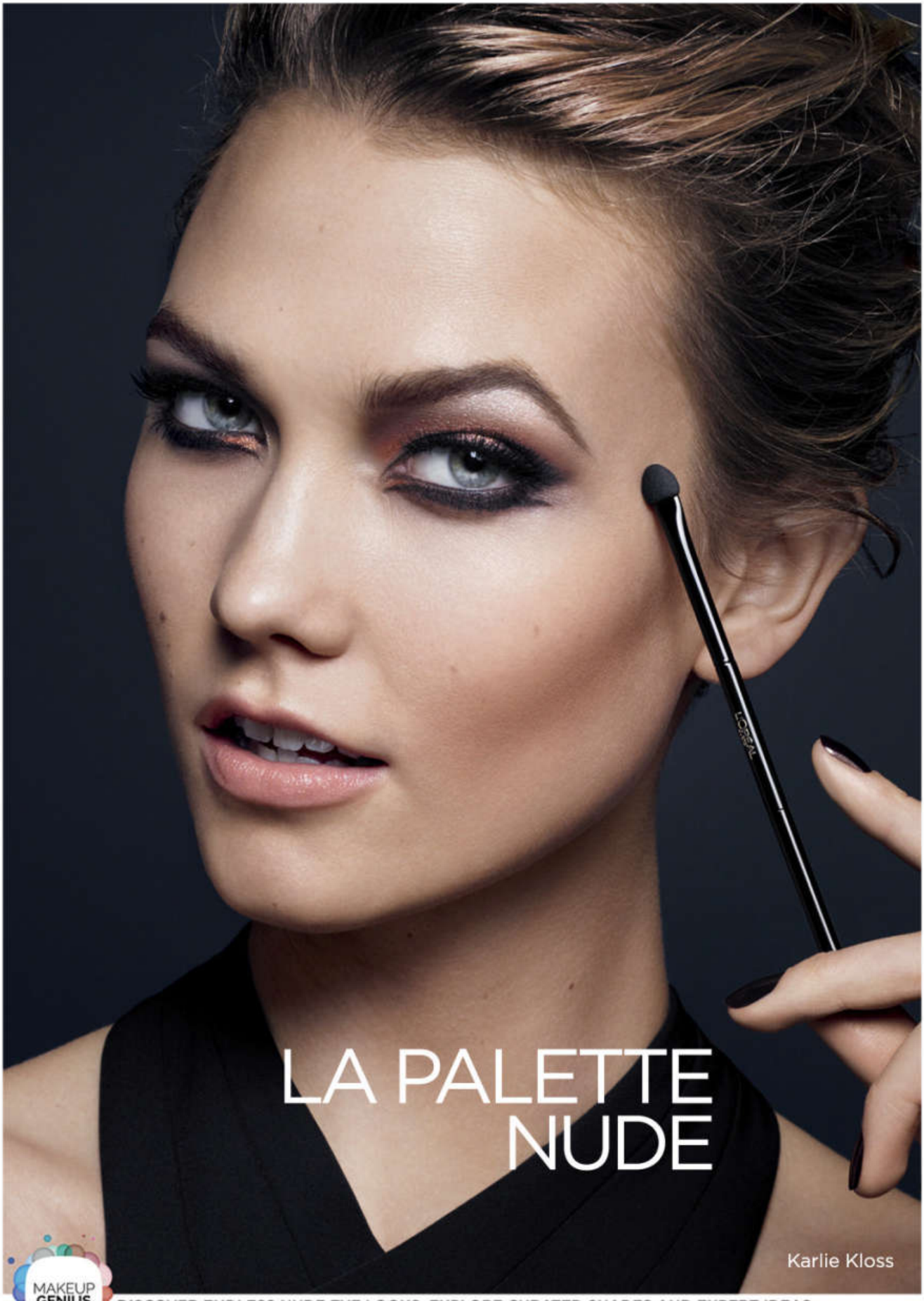
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Left: Google Earth Street View image of Samburu National Reserve. Below, from left, the STE team: research scientist Jake Wall, research and community outreach officer Jerenimo Lepirei, COO Frank Pope, and head of field operations for Samburu camp David Daballen; Google Earth Street View vehicle





science—among other things, vector data about elephants' locations collected from GPS collars—to enable activists and scientists to change public opinion, and ultimately government policy, in places such as China, where the ivory trade is thriving. In the years between 2010 and 2012, the quest for ivory led to the slaughter of around 100,000 elephants, according to a study led by George Wittemyer of Colorado State University.

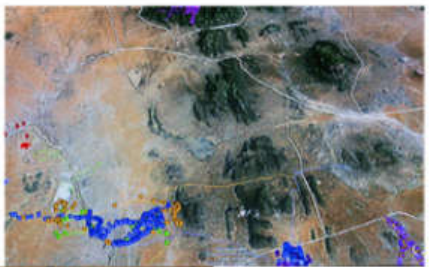
While most of us initially toyed with Google Earth to zoom in on, say, our childhood backyards, STE founder Iain Douglas-Hamilton, PhD, immediately seized it as an opportunity to save individual elephants' lives. "It's always been a dream of mine to have moving maps," Douglas-Hamilton says. "When I saw Google Earth, it was a revelation." Today, GPS tracking and advanced-mapping technology algorithms can detect oddities in a single elephant's movements, possibly signifying poaching or injury, in which case rapid response teams can swoop in, *Minority Report* style, to prevent disaster before it happens.

Another important piece of the conservation puzzle is the corridors that have been built to allow elephants to maintain their migratory paths without wreaking havoc on neighboring farms. On the last day of our trip, it was my turn to carry Google's Trekker through a section of the Mount Kenya corridor. The route had been inspired by Mountain Bull, an elephant who for years had unlocked gates and smashed fences, outwitting farmers' attempts to protect their crops. Since the goal was to create a virtual safari, my job was to walk the corridor at the pace of, say, a marriage procession, by myself, so there wouldn't be any other humans in the images. The Trekker, which captures 360-degree views, looks a bit like a backpack topped with a circular ball with 15 lenses, and it weighs around 40 pounds. I strapped it on and tuned out thoughts of what to do should I encounter an elephant (back away slooooowly...), concentrating instead on the fact that this would be possibly the only time I'd ever wander the wilds of Africa solo.

Though my journey was no longer than five minutes, I couldn't help but think how thrilling it must have been for people like Douglas-Hamilton, who, along with his wife, Oria, raised two daughters in the savanna. My own daughter, Afton, then four, had accompanied me on the safari and spent every hour of every day (except on that walk) by my side, even touching the foot of a female elephant named Stratus while she lay sedated at a decollaring. Since then, every time she sees a plane in the sky—because we flew to Africa, of course—Afton talks about lions, cheetahs, leopards, giraffes, and elephants.

Despite the fact that Douglas-Hamilton describes this as a holocaust for elephants, the tide may be turning in their favor. Peter Knights's WildAid states that 95 percent of all people surveyed in China's three largest cities now support a ban on ivory trading, perhaps prompting China's forestry authority to destroy nearly 1,500 pounds of tusks and ivory carving in a public ceremony earlier this year. In 2013, the Clinton Global Initiative brokered an $80 million commitment from a group of governments and NGOs dedicated to conservation, and this past May, former President and Chelsea Clinton visited STE, where Chelsea officiated the opening of the STE visitor center, which is named in her honor for her leadership on helping end the ivory poaching crisis. "We have a lot of work to do," Clinton said, when interviewed about her trip and outlook on the future of elephants. "But it can be done and we have no time to waste."

"I think people tend to do the right thing when they have the right information," says Jake Wall, PhD, the research scientist who developed the real-time monitoring system for STE. "But we need to reframe the way we look at wildlife. It is not a commodity for us to use and abuse. I would like my kid to be able to see an elephant one day. Not everyone is lucky enough to go on safari, but with Google Street View bringing that into people's living rooms and connecting them to the magnificence of these animals, well, it's not the same as being there, but I hope it's the next best thing." ●







From top: Tracking Samburu elephants on Google Earth; skulls collected from poached elephants; Douglas-Hamilton

Courtesy of Google Maps



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FASHION

FIRST LOOK

Brave the elements this fall with bohemian verve in Burberry's blanket ponchos



Cotton and suede fringe poncho, $3,295, suede bucket bag, $2,795, boots, $2,295, all, BURBERRY, *visit burberry.com. Lapis and gold-plated brass earring,* VITA FEDE, *$900 (for pair). Gold and turquoise pendant necklace,* ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO., *$4,000. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Emily Barnes (hair by Yoichi Tomizawa at Art Department for Oribe; makeup by Tsipporah Liebman for M.A.C Cosmetics; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco at Zan Casting; model: Alecia Morais at The Society Management)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OWEN BRUCE

VICTORIAN SECRET

Nineteenth-century *froideur* gets a sexy-glam twist



Lace-detail dress, GUESS, *$108, collection at macys.com*



Black-rhodium-plated gold earrings, FERNANDO JORGE, *price on request, visit fernandojorge.co.uk*



Embellished silk, viscose, and calfskin minaudière, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$4,590, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (6); Guess dress: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grandé); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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premium fuel is not used, performance will decrease. 3. Performance figures are for comparison only and were obtained with prototype vehicles by professional drivers using special safety equipment and for the 2016 Lexus IS 300 AWD vs. 204 horsepower for the 2015 Lexus IS 250 AWD. ©2015 Lexus.

PLUSH LIFE

Unexpected fur accents punch up pockets, sleeves, and even heels



Wool-blend and fox-fur coat, price on request, leather belt, $590, both, MARNI, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide



Wool-blend and faux-fur coat, TOPSHOP, *$300, at Topshop, NYC*



Jacquard and mink-detail pump, BALENCIAGA, *$1,185, similar styles at Balenciaga, NYC*



BALENCIAGA



GIAMBATTISTA VALLI



PRADA



FENDI



MARNI

Runway: Imaxtree.com (5); Marni coat and belt: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Topshop coat: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining image: courtesy of the designer; for details, see Shopping Guide



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FINE CHINA

Chinoiserie elements and Eastern-inspired silhouettes paint a colorful, of-the-moment mosaic



GIAMBATTISTA VALLI



Printed dress, BURBERRY, *$3,295, visit burberry.com*



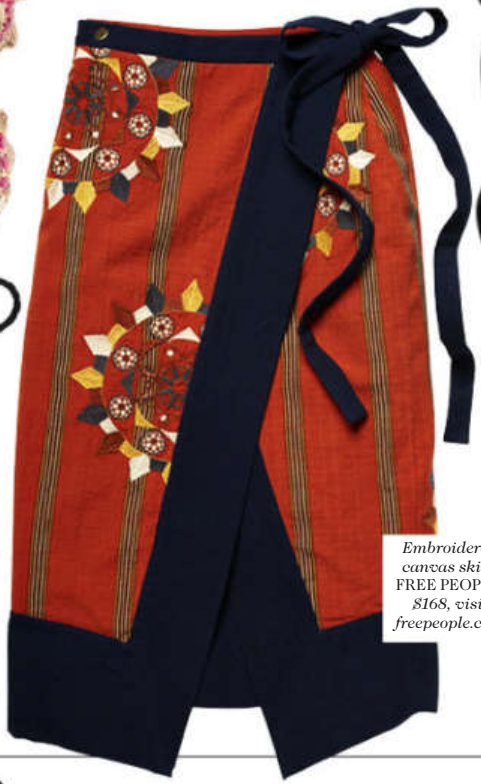
Rose gold, tsavorite, ruby, diamond, and pearl ring, STEPHEN WEBSTER, *price on request, at Stephen Webster, Beverly Hills*



Velvet and silk jacquard sandal, PAUL ANDREW, *$795, visit paulandrew.com*



DRIES VAN NOTEN



Embroidered canvas skirt, FREE PEOPLE, *$168, visit freepeople.com*



VALENTINO

Runway: imaxtree.com (3); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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DARK ARTS

The goth look comes alive in spiked boots, mourning lace, and head-to-toe noir



VALENTINO

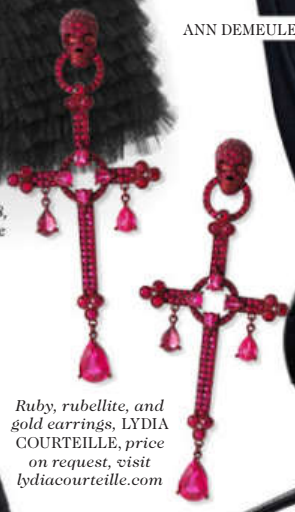


Lace dress, MARC BY MARC JACOBS, *$898, at Marc by Marc Jacobs stores nationwide*



ANN DEMEULEMEESTER

ALEXANDER WANG



Ruby, rubellite, and gold earrings, LYDIA COURTEILLE, *price on request, visit lydiacourteille.com*



Lambskin jacket, ALEXANDER WANG, *$3,495, at Alexander Wang, NYC*

Studded leather handbag, HERMÈS, *price on request, at Hermès stores nationwide*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Marc by Marc Jacobs dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Alexander Wang jacket: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Gabriel Rivera for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Velvet dress, HOUSE OF HOLLAND, *$465, visit houseofholland.co.uk*



Velvet dress, JILL STUART, *$358, at Jill Stuart, NYC*



CHRISTOPHER KANE



Velvet sandal, GIANVITO ROSSI, *$790, collection at net-a-porter.com*



CHLOÉ



SONIA RYKIEL

Velvet clutch, BALMAIN, *$2,130, visit balmain.com*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Jill Stuart dress and House of Holland dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Calfskin ankle boots, BALLY, *$1,095, call 844-44-BALLY*



Wool skirt, SONIA RYKIEL, *$800, collection at Sloan/Hall, Houston*





Brass and plexiglass necklace, LOUIS VUITTON, *price on request, visit louisvuitton.com*



Lurex blouse, BROCK COLLECTION, *$990, collection at A'Maree's, Newport Beach, CA*



GIAMBATTISTA VALLI



LOUIS VUITTON

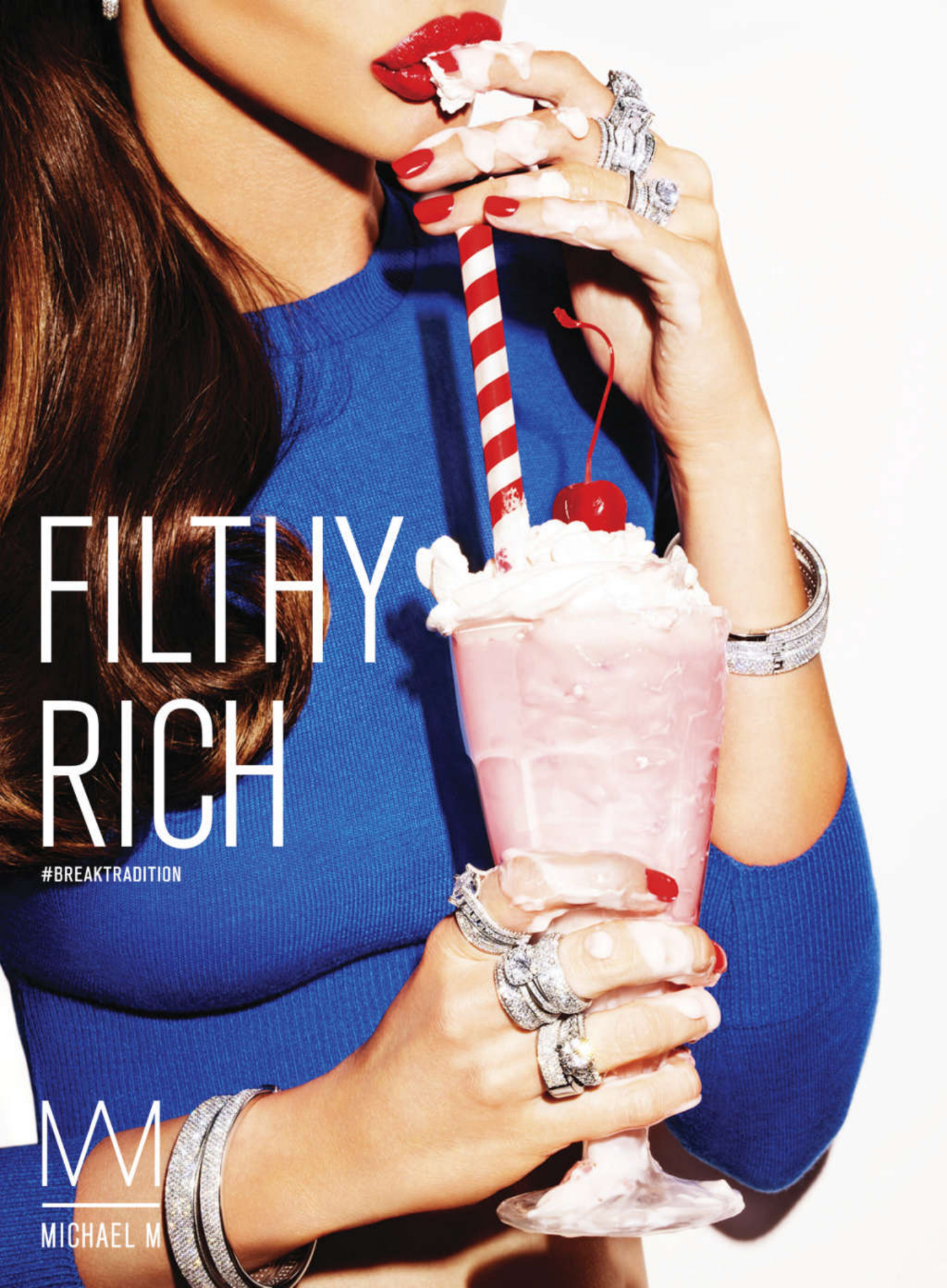
CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION

PACO RABANNE



DIOR

Runway: Imaxtree.com (5); Sonia Rykiel skirt: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Brock Collection blouse: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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MICHAEL M

LET'S JET

Patent leather crosses over to the dark side in vampy accessories and *Matrix*-style coats



EMILIA WICKSTEAD



Vinyl miniskirt, VERA WANG COLLECTION, *$795, at Vera Wang, L.A.*





MAISON MARGIELA

Vinyl jacket, SUNO, *price on request, visit sunony.com*



DIOR



Patent leather handbag, MIU MIU, *$1,780, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide*



Patent leather pump, PIERRE HARDY, *$835, collection at bergdorfgoodman.com*



CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION

Runway: Imaxtree.com (4); Vera Wang Collection miniskirt: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salemo for RJ Bennett Represents); Suno jacket: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Katie Holmes

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FALL 2015

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ACCESSORIES

GRAPHIC CONTENT

High-contrast totes, platforms, and timepieces prove that opposites attract



Alligator and calfskin bucket bag, BALENCIAGA, *price on request, at Balenciaga, NYC*

Stainless steel, diamond, and mother-of-pearl watch, price on request; alligator strap, $400, FENDI TIMEPIECES, *to special order at Fendi boutiques nationwide*

Patent leather sandal, VALENTINO GARAVANI, *$1,145, at Valentino boutiques nationwide*

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

COMIC RELIEF

Illustrated details make bags and boots pop



Embroidered-leather handbag, LOUIS VUITTON, *price on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide*

Calfskin boot, BALENCIAGA, *$1,485, at Balenciaga, NYC*

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

BLOCK-BUSTER

Whether stack-heeled or stiletto, patchwork suede lends a '70s vibe to the season's best boots



Suede ankle boot, GIANVITO ROSSI, *$1,195, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC*

Suede boot, FENDI, *$1,150, visit fendi.com*

Suede boot, LANVIN, *$1,785, at Lanvin, NYC*

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

HAMMER TIME

Nail the tough-girl look with heavy-metal-studded accessories



Studded-leather bucket bag, ROGER VIVIER, *$2,650, at Roger Vivier, NYC*

Studded-leather sandal, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$1,495, at Saint Laurent, NYC*

Silver chain necklace, JOHN HARDY, *$830, visit johnhardy.com. Silver chain and diamond necklace,* DAVID YURMAN, *$1,750, at David Yurman, NYC*

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide



Patent leather ankle boot, GIANVITO ROSSI, *$1,095, collection at mytheresa.com*

Patent leather boot, VALENTINO GARAVANI, *$1,795, at Valentino boutiques nationwide*

HEY, SLICK

Glossy patent bucket bags and boots are a sleek way to play up fall's '60s mania

Patent leather bucket bag, MAX MARA, *$940, at Max Mara, NYC*

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide


ANNEKLEIN.COM/EYEWEAR
ANNE KLEIN



RADICAL TRANSPARENCY

So much handiwork goes into the creation of a watch that it seems downright criminal to cover it all up. Brilliantly, the creators of Vacheron Constantin's Traditionnelle, Omega's Skeleton Central Tourbillon Co-Axial Platinum Limited Edition, and Piaget's Altiplano (left to right) have each given a facelift to their respective classics with special "skeleton" editions. The process of creating such a timepiece, known as "openworking" in the watch world, is painstakingly intricate; it involves starting with a fully formed model and slowly carving away at its existing face and movement caliber so as not to cause damage to the thousands of delicate, borderline microscopic mechanisms beneath. (Work on a single caliber can take up to a week.) And iPhone-is-enough types, let's be honest: A microchip wouldn't be much to look at.

From left: White gold and diamond bezel watch on leather strap, VACHERON CONSTANTIN, *price on request, call 877-862-7555. Gold, titanium, platinum, and sapphire crystal watch on leather strap,* OMEGA, *price on request, at Omega boutiques nationwide. White gold watch on alligator strap,* PIAGET, *price on request, visit piaget.com. Lacquered-tweed coat,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$4,890, at Saint Laurent, NYC. Studded-leather belt,* IRO, *$340, visit iroparis.com.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARLTON DAVIS

Styled by Yashua Simmons; makeup by Miguel Lledo at Artist NY; manicure by Holly Falcone at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; model: Barbara Vavrova at MC2; for details, see Shopping Guide

THAT'S A WRAP

Bulgari's one-of-a-kind serpent would make even Cleopatra green with envy

Bulgari introduced its first serpent-inspired collection of watches in the 1940s. Over the years, the storied Italian jewelry house has applied the seductive, ancient symbol of wisdom and vitality to everything from belts to sunglasses. But its latest addition, this pink gold, pavé diamond, and turquoise High Jewelry Serpenti necklace, with an estimated price tag of €204,000, deserves a closer look.—*Naomi Rougeau*

TO SCALE

A true work of art, the Serpenti is also a feat of engineering. Hundreds of rose gold "scales" are joined via cleverly hidden hinges, endowing the piece with the fluid motility of a real snake and ensuring it's as comfortable to wear as it is elegant. Intricate filigree patterns on the reverse of each segment both lighten the load and add extra shimmer, allowing light to filter through the 52.18 carats of pavé diamonds.



TIME IS MONEY

Each of Bulgari's High Jewelry pieces is created by a single dedicated craftsperson in the firm's workshop on the outskirts of Rome. The initial sketch-to-wax-model and stone-selection phase averages six months, while the actual construction of each piece can take up to another four.

DESERT BLUES

Although not considered a precious stone, turquoise is increasingly hard to come by. A shortage of the blue-green mineral in America, arguably the source of the highest-quality stones, coupled with a greater global demand, has led to a dramatic increase in price. In the 1970s, there were around 100 mines in the U.S. producing the stone. Today, less than 30 remain.

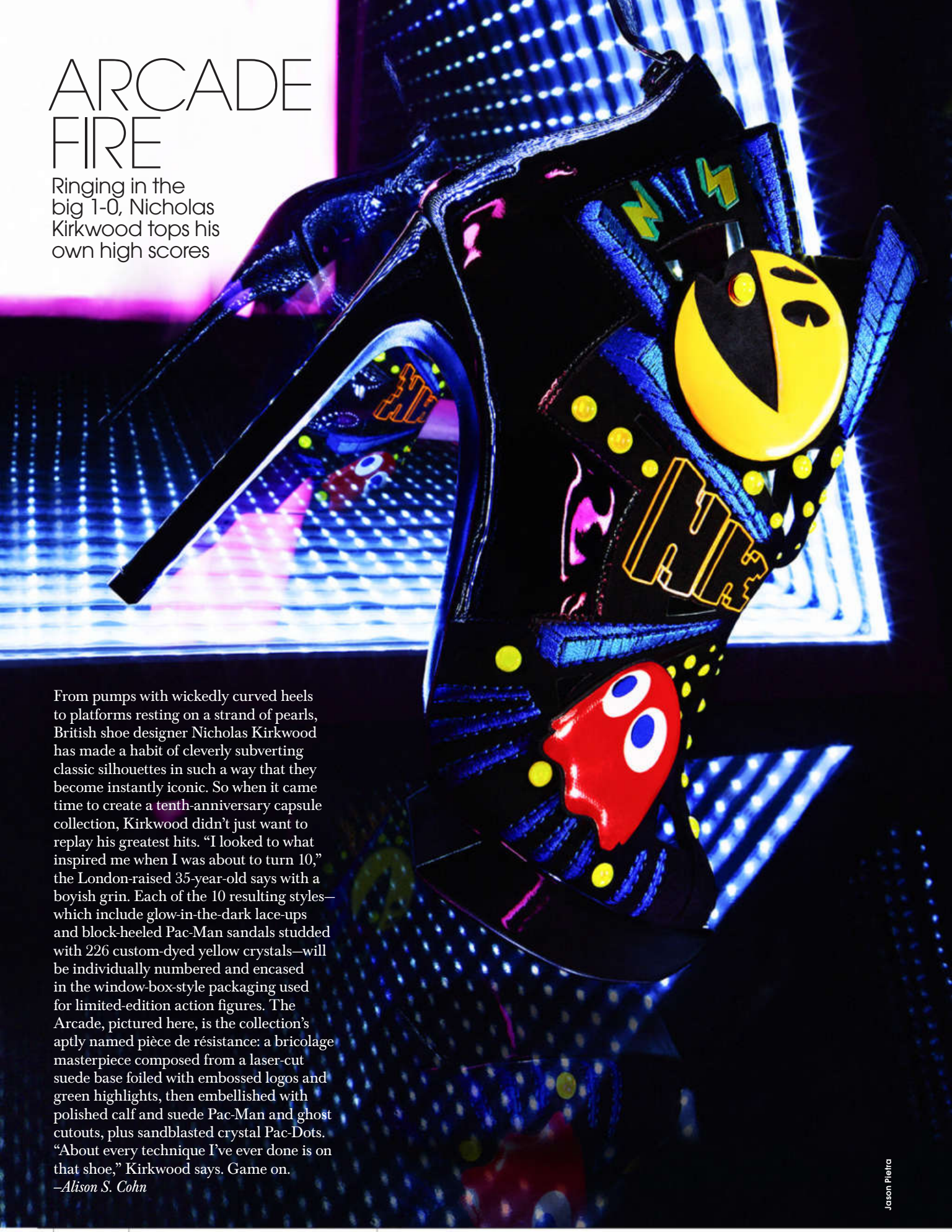
COME SLITHER

The Serpenti style had its first pop-culture breakthrough in 1963, when Bulgari loyalist Elizabeth Taylor was photographed on the set of *Cleopatra* wearing one of the house's first serpentine watches. And the motif's stock has only gone up: In 2011, a sinuous yellow gold, emerald, and diamond watch owned by Taylor sold for $974,500—nearly 65 times its presale estimate—at a Christie's auction.

Courtesy of Bulgari (3); Taylor: Associated Press

ARCADE FIRE

Ringing in the big 1-0, Nicholas Kirkwood tops his own high scores



From pumps with wickedly curved heels to platforms resting on a strand of pearls, British shoe designer Nicholas Kirkwood has made a habit of cleverly subverting classic silhouettes in such a way that they become instantly iconic. So when it came time to create a tenth-anniversary capsule collection, Kirkwood didn't just want to replay his greatest hits. "I looked to what inspired me when I was about to turn 10," the London-raised 35-year-old says with a boyish grin. Each of the 10 resulting styles—which include glow-in-the-dark lace-ups and block-heeled Pac-Man sandals studded with 226 custom-dyed yellow crystals—will be individually numbered and encased in the window-box-style packaging used for limited-edition action figures. The Arcade, pictured here, is the collection's aptly named pièce de résistance: a bricolage masterpiece composed from a laser-cut suede base foiled with embossed logos and green highlights, then embellished with polished calf and suede Pac-Man and ghost cutouts, plus sandblasted crystal Pac-Dots. "About every technique I've ever done is on that shoe," Kirkwood says. Game on.
–Alison S. Cohn

Jason Pietra


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1 SILVER BOOTIES



Metallic leather ankle boot, ROGER VIVIER, *$1,750, at Roger Vivier, NYC*



Embossed kangaroo ankle boot, PAULA CADEMARTORI, *$1,075, visit paulacademartori.com*



Mirrored leather boot, JIMMY CHOO, *$950, visit jimmychoo.com*



Metallic leather ankle boot, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$1,095, at Saint Laurent, NYC*

2 GRAPHIC STUDS



Embellished leather handbag, LOUIS VUITTON, *price on request, call 866-VUITTON*



Studded leather handbag, FENDI, *$3,750, visit fendi.com*



Embellished suede and elaphe handbag, JIMMY CHOO, *$1,295, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide*



Embellished leather handbag, TOD'S, *$2,095, at Tod's boutiques nationwide*

3 NEW SPECTATORS



Calfskin mule, CARVEN, *$790, at Carven, NYC*



Leather pump, MAISON MARGIELA, *price on request, at Maison Margiela boutiques nationwide*



Leather pump, COACH, *$295, at select Coach stores nationwide*



Calfskin pump, BALLY, *$695, visit bally.com*

Louis Vuitton handbag: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Jimmy Choo handbag and Tod's handbag: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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FLOWER POWER

In one of the hottest silhouettes of the season, Tod's petite Flower bucket bag (seen exclusively in ELLE) draws on the brand's Italian heritage while remaining perfectly on trend. The graphic pattern of inlaid leather was inspired by the *millefiori* glassmaking technique, which has its origins in eighth-century Rome. In this practice, translated to "a thousand flowers," artisans fuse together multicolored glass beads with kaleidoscopic results. Not only beautiful, the Flower is practical, too: Its interior is equally colorful, so finding your iPhone just got a lot easier.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OWEN BRUCE

Printed-leather handbag, TOD'S, *$1,545, at Tod's boutiques nationwide. Silk shirt,* EQUIPMENT, *$248. Jersey and lace bra,* HANRO OF SWITZERLAND, *$98. Jeans,* 7 FOR ALL MANKIND, *$225. Gold and diamond necklace,* DANA REBECCA DESIGNS, *$660. Amethyst and gold pendant, $650, gold chain, $950, both,* MARIE-HÉLÈNE DE TAILLAC. *Gold-plated brass and pavé crystal bangle,* PAIGE NOVICK, *$225. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Yashua Simmons (hair by Ted Gibson at Jed Root Inc.; makeup by Linda Gradin for Giorgio Armani Beauty; manicure by Rieko Okusa for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Zan Casting; model: Nur Hellmann at DNA Model Management)



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photo: Haley Ballard • AD: Jeanne Arnold


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NOTHING BUT NET

Meet Alexandra Hoffnung and Sarah Watson, the fashionable duo behind Net Set, a new app from Net-a-Porter that lets you get your style icon's look in a snap (literally). By Naomi Rougeau

Watson (left) and Hoffnung relax at their after-work hangout, The Ivy. *Watson wears: Silk shirt,* THEORY, *$245, visit net-a-porter.com. Wool twill skirt,* JONATHAN SAUNDERS, *$1,030, visit net-a-porter.com. Gold and pavé diamond earrings (worn throughout),* SYDNEY EVAN, *$1,190, visit sydneyevan.com. Gold choker,* JENNIFER FISHER, *$2,200, visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Leather pumps,* CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, *$675, at Christian Louboutin, NYC. Hoffnung wears: Macramé lace dress,* SELF-PORTRAIT, *$625, visit net-a-porter.com. Brass choker,* JENNIFER FISHER, *$300, call 888-255-0640. Suede pumps,* RUPERT SANDERSON, *$795, visit rupertsanderson.com. Her own watch, worn throughout.*

Philip Sinden (styled by Carmen Borgonovo; hair by Maggie Cousland at Carol Hayes Management for Bumble and bumble; makeup by Carol Morley at Carol Hayes Management for Aveda)



Watson (left) and Hoffnung at Net-a-Porter's London office. *Watson wears: Tweed dress,* STELLA McCARTNEY, *$1,865, visit net-a-porter.com. Gold bangle,* MICHELLE FANTACI, *$4,660, collection at stoneandstrand.com. Patent leather pumps,* BALENCIAGA, *price on request, at Balenciaga, NYC. Hoffnung wears: Organza top,* ISABEL MARANT, *$725, at Isabel Marant, L.A. Cotton-blend denim skirt,* FRAME DENIM, *$189, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide. White-gold-plated brass bangle,* ALEXIS BITTAR, *$70, at Alexis Bittar boutiques nationwide.*



Hoffnung wears: Cotton jacket with shearling collar, $3,595, cotton dress, $2,995, both, BURBERRY, *visit burberry.com. Knit turtleneck,* ROLAND MOURET, *$1,020, at Roland Mouret, NYC.*



Watson wears: Printed silk dress, PREEN BY THORTON BREGAZZI, *$2,815, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Brass cuffs, both,* JENNIFER FISHER, *$250–$260 each, visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Calfskin handbag,* MOYNAT, *$3,385, collection at Dover Street Market, NYC. Suede and patent leather pumps,* JIMMY CHOO, *$695, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide.*

It should come as no surprise that employees at Net-a-Porter's London headquarters needn't look far for fashion inspiration. "We were seeing culottes around the office before they were on anyone's radar," says 30-year-old creative director of social commerce Alexandra Hoffnung of the workplace fashion parade. "Seeing trends like that is a sort of validation that it's a good look—or at least gives you more confidence to try it," adds 34-year-old vice president of social commerce Sarah Watson.

With that idea in mind—that some of the best style suggestions come from those around you—Hoffnung and Watson conceived of the Net Set, the latest offering from the brand launched by Natalie Massenet in 2000. The app, which debuted in May and boasts more than 80,000 downloads to date, aims to enhance shoppers' experience by letting users rely on the wardrobes of actual individuals, not clothing racks or search fields, to drive their browsing. You can, for example, track the Net-a-Porter purchases of tastemakers like Poppy Delevingne and Laura Bailey, or use your own history to chat with customers who have similar tastes (in Net Set–speak, members of the same "Style Tribe"). Should you find yourself, say, in Central Park admiring the camel coat of a passerby, simply snap a pic, and photo recognition software will reveal the closest matches (from Net-a-Porter's inventory, of course) in seconds. "It takes you down this amazing path of inspiration you wouldn't go otherwise," says Watson.

The same could be said of the duo's respective career trajectories. Hoffnung worked as a graphic designer in the music industry before joining Net-a-Porter in 2010 as a designer for TheOutnet.com, Net-a-Porter's discount site. Watson earned a degree in biology and did a stint in marketing for a publishing company before joining the company in 2008. Luckily, they both can use their own technology to dress the part. "It sounds clichéd, but we're always on the hunt for a perfect day-to-evening outfit," says Hoffnung. "It's so useful because you can chuck on some heels or red lipstick without a total overhaul." For their own evenings out, the two women often head to the Ivy, the recently renovated iconic watering hole in London's Covent Garden. "We think [the Ivy's] like a physical version of the Net Set because it's always full of really interesting people in the industry," says Watson.

Tracking style muses IRL: How analog. ●

FASHION NEWS



SYDNEY

Australian designer Dion Lee makes women feel feminine yet sexy and cool—and where better to feel all of the above than at the beach? Expect to see Lee's penchant for fabric engineering in his new graphic maillots and bikinis, launching for resort just in time for winter getaways. dionlee.com



Looks from Peter Pilotto's resort 2016 collection



ATHENS: WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU PAIR OLD-SCHOOL TRAD WITH NEW-SCHOOL COOL? IN THE CASE OF ANCIENT GREEK SANDALS' COLLABORATION WITH PRINT-HAPPY, IRREVERENTLY CHIC BRIT PETER PILOTTO: PAINTERLY, ARTISANAL PATTERNS THAT BRING POP TO A FOOTWEAR STANDBY. ancient-greek-sandals.com



SEOUL

Dior adds another jewel to its crown with the opening of the brand's newest outpost in South Korea. With interiors by LVMH starchitect Peter Marino, the six-floor store, located in Seoul shopping nabe Cheongdam, is Dior's largest Asian flagship to date and even boasts an in-house French bakery. dior.com





NEW YORK

Fashion multihyphenate Coco Rocha can claim another title: handbag designer. This month, she teams with the purse professionals at Botkier to design six styles, ranging from totes to clutches. Don't be surprised to see these hardware-heavy bags hanging from the arms of front-row regulars at Paris Fashion Week. botkier.com

PARIS

To help mend the disconnect between form and function in the purse sphere, former Goyard designer Jeanne Signoles introduces L/Uniform, a collection of structured, utilitarian bags—crafted only in canvas and leather—launching at Dover Street Market New York. luniform.com







MILAN; NEW YORK

Two top designers chronicle their ascents to legend status: the ever-elusive Giorgio Armani in a self-titled tome (Rizzoli) and the recently decamped Donna Karan in *My Journey* (Ballantine)—both sure to inspire a new generation of creative minds. rizzoliusa.com; penguinrandomhouse.com

Clockwise from top right: courtesy of Ancient Greek Sandals (2); courtesy of Armani; courtesy of Ballantine Books; courtesy of L/Uniform; courtesy of Botkier; Neil Rasmus/BFA.com; Kyungsub Shin/courtesy of Dior; courtesy of Dion Lee (2)

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SUIT YOURSELF

Pallas Paris offers a new day-to-play uniform. By Alison S. Cohn

NAMES: Daniel Pallas and Véronique Bousquet
AGES: 55 and 56
PROVENANCE: Toulouse, France, and Montpellier, France
CURRICULA VITAE: Daniel Pallas, heir to Pallas—a women's suiting atelier founded in 1961 that is the go-to for Parisian luxury labels such as Balenciaga and Céline for specialty tailoring—and his wife and business partner, Véronique Bousquet, both studied at the French fashion school ESMOD in the '80s. He concentrated in fashion design and she, patternmaking. "We met on the catwalk at our end-of-year show," Pallas says.
WEARING THE PANTS: "The challenge when you follow in your father's footsteps is to show you are able to do as well as he did," Pallas says. "But it came time for Véronique and me to do something of our own." In 2013, the couple added a new wing to their atelier: Pallas Paris, a ready-to-wear line built around the garment they had honed to precision for other houses—the tuxedo. "I don't like things that are *flou,*" Bousquet says of the collection, which includes a wealth of high-waist cigarette pants and fitted jackets. "Why should I put on a gown and transform into somebody else if I want to go to a party?"
TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE: Since the line's inception, Pallas's designs have been conceived in concert with an inimitably chic roster of seasonal collaborators, including model Hannelore Knuts, Yves Saint Laurent muse Violeta Sanchez, and, beginning last season, the power duo of Anglo-French designer Allegria Torassa and Polish-born stylist Niki Pauls, both 33. Torassa cut her teeth on Nicolas Ghesquière's team at Balenciaga, while Pauls regularly works with the indie style bibles *L'Officiel* and *Purple*; the two also run the coolest underground party on the Paris circuit, Cicciolina.
9 TO 5: Torassa and Pauls—both girls who burn the midnight oil—pushed Pallas and Bousquet to think about all the ways tuxedo dressing might be relevant to women's lives beyond the full *le smoking* for evening. "We said, 'Let's try to break it down so that everyone wants to wear Pallas,'" Torassa says. "It's so modern to wear tuxedo pants with a leather jacket," Pauls adds. "Or trainers." To that end, for fall 2015 there are side-striped flared trousers, satin-lapel coats, and a safari topper with the sharp shoulders of a dinner jacket for day. Also: a backless jumpsuit with the telltale tuxedo-satin piping on its back pockets, and even—yes—a tuxedo dress for evening. Bousquet, for one, is sold: "It has the shape of a dress but the structure of a jacket."
PRICES: From $350 for a wool crepe waistcoat to $2,500 for a long cashmere coat
WHERE TO BUY: Barneys and the Apartment in New York City, and Just One Eye in Los Angeles ●



Clockwise from top: Sofia Sanchez and Mauro Mongiello (4); Noel Manalili (all courtesy of Pallas)





Clockwise from top: Looks from the Pallas Paris fall 2015 collection; this season's collaborators, Torassa and Pauls; founders Pallas and Bousquet



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WOOL & THE GANG

International Woolmark Prize winner Marcia Patmos designs the perfect wardrobe for global travelers. By Alison S. Cohn



Looks from the M.Patmos International Woolmark Prize–winning collection; (top) Patmos



In 1954, two unknowns stepped onstage in Paris as winners of the International Woolmark Prize: 18-year-old Yves Saint Laurent and 21-year-old Karl Lagerfeld. It's a long way from the City of Light to the teak-paneled JE Mansion in Beijing, this year's venue for the womenswear finals of the historic design competition that the Woolmark Company—an association representing wool growers in Australia, where 90 percent of fine-apparel wool is produced—revived three years ago to encourage textile innovation and support rising talents. But for Woolmark managing director Stuart McCullough, it was an obvious decision. "With globalization, the fashion capitals stand among a new world order, and China is now the biggest importer of merino wool," he says. "Plus, with this being the Year of the Sheep in the Chinese zodiac, the synergy felt right."

Five regional finalists, selected from a pool of more than 60 designers representing 21 countries, drew inspiration from the far corners of the earth for a shot at $100,000 (Australian) and the opportunity to have their collection stocked this fall at retailers like mytheresa.com and Saks Fifth Avenue. Vmajor, a Chinese brand designed by Victor Zhu and Nicole Lin, fused Tibetan landscapes with streetwear silhouettes, while Australia's Peter Strateas and Mario-Luca Carlucci of Strateas.Carlucci made nubby knits referencing the work of Aboriginal contemporary artist Emily Kame Kngwarreye. The competition was stiff, but the judges, including Victoria Beckham and a number of retail heavyweights, gave American label M.Patmos the win. "I had this idea of an architect," the designer Marcia Patmos says of her muse. "She's traveling from Detroit to Reykjavík by way of Tangier to check out the sites she's working on." The globe-trotter's wardrobe is built from multitasking pieces, such as a reversible double-faced coat with passport pockets and a fringed travel blanket/poncho made at the Textile Arts Center in Brooklyn using a vegetable dye-warp painting technique that looks like ikat. "She could lose her luggage in transit, so what she's wearing right then might have to last her a few days," the 46-year-old says of the perils of the frequent-flyer lifestyle. "Fortunately, merino wool is lightweight, wrinkle resistant, and moisture wicking, and it can be worn for up to two weeks without washing." ●

Clockwise from top left: Zachary Bako/courtesy of Woolmark (2); courtesy of Orley; Frazer Harrison/Getty Images for Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week (2)



FAMILY AFFAIR

Orley's sweater girls borrow from the boys

Three years ago, brothers Matthew and Alex Orley and their childhood friend (and Matthew's then girlfriend) Samantha Florence sold a collection of eight sweaters designed in an East Village walk-up to Bergdorf Goodman. The retro ski silhouettes in yummy cashmere-blend jacquards were intended as menswear, but women kept e-mailing to ask if they could special-order smaller sizes. Since then, the knitwear trio—all of whom are 30 or under—have hit major milestones: They became members of the current CFDA Fashion Incubator class, were short-listed for this year's LVMH Prize—and along the way, Samantha and Matthew got married in Aspen. Now that Samantha's officially an Orley, girls are finally able to shop Orley off the racks. At the fall 2015 presentation during New York Fashion Week, twinsets, cropped trousers, and chunky cable-knit sweaters (handcrafted in the same factory used by The Row) were shown on both genders.—*A.S.C.*



Matthew, Samantha, and Alex Orley; (left) looks from the Orley fall 2015 collection



The designer enlisted Ronald Stoops (who shot her 1998 collection) to photograph the models for resort 2016 in the forest that borders her suburban Antwerp home.

NATURAL SELECTION

Beloved Belgian designer Veronique Branquinho reclaims her creative freedom with a collection laser-focused on what she does best.

By Naomi Rougeau

Finding one's place in an industry now dominated by megabrands and large houses can pose quite the challenge to an independent designer. Veronique Branquinho's answer? A tightly edited resort collection of 15 floor-sweeping dresses that's a poetic nod to her 1998 debut. "I felt it was time to give freedom back to the designer, instead of being dictated to by the industry," Branquinho says.

Bold move? Perhaps, but the 42-year-old hails from Belgium, a country that boasts a history of designers with fiercely independent streaks. From Dries Van Noten (who has proclaimed that there are "too many shows, too many collections, and, simply, too many clothes") to Ann Demeulemeester (who once said "fashion in general is silly"), the Belgians form a tight-knit group that has seldom been swayed by trends or industry whims. Their designs may rule Parisian runways and captivate critics and customers alike, but the distinctive somber tinge that marks much of their work is somehow always reminiscent of their gray, drizzly Antwerp. Branquinho credits the city's Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the least commercial of the major design schools and the alma mater also of Van Noten and Demeulemeester, as well as Dirk Bikkembergs, Walter Van Beirendonck, Dirk Van Saene, and Marina Yee. This beloved '90s band of outsiders was known as the Antwerp Six. "It's a very individual approach, certainly, and I think the academy has a lot to do with that. You're really given a lot of liberty to find your own voice," Branquinho says. "The focus is on selling your creative story."

For Branquinho, growing up in a suburb of Brussels, "the glamour and glitter of Paris fashion was so far away from my world," she says, recalling the moment as a teenager when she picked up a copy of a local magazine called *BAM!* ("Belgian Avant-Garde Fashion") created by the Six and featuring the young designers' then experimental ideas. "I was completely taken by it," she says. "It was a language I understood, and it was clear from that moment that it would be mine as well."

When she debuted on the Paris runway with her spring 1998 collection, the parade of ethereal black-and-white maxidresses proved a hit—one that Branquinho didn't anticipate revisiting until a 2008 retrospective, *Moi, VERONIQUE BRANQUINHO TOuTe NUe*, at Antwerp's fashion museum, MoMu, and a three-year (postrecession) break from designing her own label led to a reflection on the state of the industry and her career. "I'm not the only one who feels that there is an overload of everything. I don't even have the pressure of a big house. But we know there are precedents of unhappy people and stories ending fatally, so it's important to find a balance," Branquinho says.

Never one to limit herself to a single muse, the designer instead prefers to focus on a mood or idea. Her fluid dresses were inspired by the freedom that can only be found in nature. Available in either black or white and in a variety of silks and cottons, they include three styles that feature "impossible landscape" prints (cacti emerging from an ocean, a Milky Way sunrise) and solid looks distinguished by delicate details, such as chevron pleating and French-lace panels that spell out messages dear to the designer, like "Wild at Heart." ●



Branquinho

From top: © Ronald Stoops; © Serge Leblon

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SHOPS

WARM FRONT

This fall, don't get stuck in dullsville with outerwear that keeps you warm but leaves you cold on style. The first crisp days of October serve as a reminder—now's the time to invest in a topper that reflects your personality. From classic to quirky, and fur to suede to blanket-print wool, the ones we've rounded up on these pages (including Dior's shamrock-green tweed beauty, seen here) offer the best insurance against seasonal affective disorder we can think of. Plus, in honor of our annual Personal Style issue, we've quizzed three ELLE editors on their fall dressing must-haves: foolproof T-shirts, wear-anywhere bags, and—yes—truly happy-making coats.

Wool tweed coat, $3,900, palladium-finished metal earrings, $440, printed python handbag, price on request, stretch-calfskin boots, $2,650, all, DIOR, *at Dior boutiques nationwide. White gold and diamond ring,* MAISON MARGIELA LINE 12 FINE JEWELLERY COLLECTION, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OWEN BRUCE

Styled by Emily [illegible]; hair by Yoichi Tomizawa at Art Department for Oribe; makeup by Tasporah Liebman for M.A.C Cosmetics; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco at Zan Casting; model: Agata Dariilova at Elite Model Management

WINTER'S TALE

The cold war starts here: Presenting fall's strongest outerwear trends, from flamboyant furs (faux and real) to color-wheel-spinning prints and ponchos

1 WINTER WHITE



Reversible shearling and lambskin coat, ANNE VEST, *$2,000, collection at openingceremony.us*



Faux-fur coat, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, *$560, visit zadig-et-voltaire.com*



Faux-fur coat, HILFIGER COLLECTION, *$1,990, at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC*



LOUIS VUITTON



Leather skirt, MARCIANO, *$298, visit marciano.com. Leather ankle boot,* NINE WEST, *$139, visit ninewest.com*

2 BOHEMIAN



Rayon-blend coat, BCBGMAXAZRIA, *$2,998, visit bcbg.com*



Brocade coat, ETRO, *$2,711, at Etro, Beverly Hills*



DRIES VAN NOTEN



Quilted-cotton coat, BURBERRY, *$4,495, visit burberry.com*



Silk-blend blouse, H&M STUDIO, *$70, visit hm.com. Silk and brass necklace,* DRIES VAN NOTEN, *$1,775, collection at Barneys New York*

3 FAUX FUR



Faux-fur coat, REISS, *$660, visit reiss.com*



Faux-fur coat, A BY ADRIENNE LANDAU, *$295, collection at hsn.com*



Faux-fur coat, KATE SPADE NEW YORK, *$798, visit katespade.com*

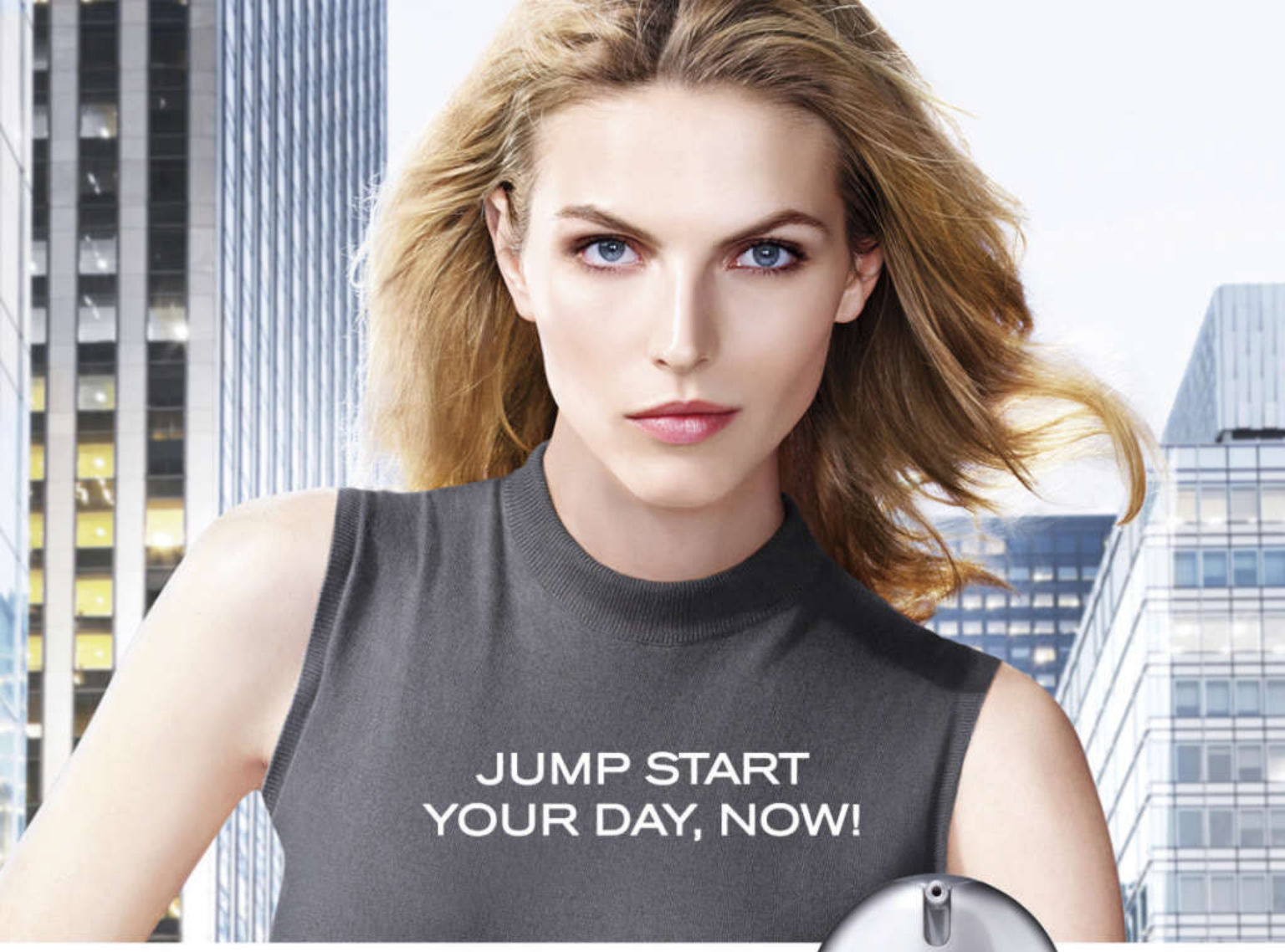


WHISTLES



Viscose-blend pants, SANDRO, *$410, visit sandro-paris.com. Cowhide handbag,* LONGCHAMP, *$855, at Longchamp boutiques nationwide*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (2); Anne Vest coat and Zadig & Voltaire coat: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Hilfiger Collection coat, BCBGMaxAzria coat, Dries Van Noten necklace, Reiss coat, and A by Adrienne Landau coat: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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4 SUEDE TRENCH



Suede trench coat, ZARA, *$399, visit zara.com*

Suede trench coat, FREE PEOPLE, *$1,000, visit freepeople.com*

Suede trench coat, FRAME DENIM, *$1,398, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*



Printed-ponyhair clutch, MARC JACOBS, *$2,600, similar styles at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide*



Suede sandal, GUESS, *$129, visit guess.com*

5 FUR CAPE



Faux-fur coat, MARCIANO, *$248, visit marciano.com*



Fox fur coat, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, *price on request, at Zadig & Voltaire boutiques nationwide*



MARC JACOBS



Go '40s chic: Throw a strong-shouldered cape over a tailored jumpsuit.

Lyocell jumpsuit, MICHAEL STARS, *$228, visit michaelstars.com. Gold-plated brass belt,* RAINA BELTS, *$195, visit rainabelts.com*



Sunglasses, WILDFOX SUN, *$189, visit wildfox.com*

6 PONCHO



Wool-blend poncho, INC INTERNATIONAL CONCEPTS, *$120, collection at Macy's stores nationwide*



DSQUARED2



Wool and cotton poncho, PENDLETON, *$299, visit pendleton-usa.com*





Crystal earrings, MIU MIU, *$500, at select Miu Miu stores nationwide*



Cotton-blend jeans, GUESS, *$89, visit guess.com*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Free People coat, Frame Denim coat, Pendleton poncho, ASOS coat, Yves Salomon cape and belt, Michael Michael Kors cape, and Express poncho: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for R.J Bennett Represents); Michael Stars jumpsuit and Guess jeans: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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▼ FELT FEDORA, *$79.50*

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Suede trench coat, ASOS, *$272, visit asos.com*



Lynx fur cape, leather belt, both, YVES SALOMON, *prices on request, at Yves Salomon, NYC*

Faux-fur cape, MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS, *$350, visit michaelkors.com*



Acrylic poncho, EXPRESS, *$60, at Express stores nationwide*

Wool poncho, MIH JEANS, *$485, visit mih-jeans.com*




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INSIDE JOB

Ever wonder what really lives in a fashion editor's wardrobe? A trio of ELLE editors open the doors to our favorite fall finds



JOANN PAILEY
MARKET DIRECTOR

"Your closet is a personal collection—I like to mix seasonal statement pieces with my perennial go-tos."



"I buy Madewell scarves in every print each fall. They layer easily over everything—and look way more expensive than they really are." *Wool scarf,* MADEWELL, *$62, visit madewell.com*

"I collect collegiate-style blazers: This one is from Seward's inaugural collection." *Wool jacket,* VANESSA SEWARD, *$720, collection at Ludivine, NYC*



"Anytime a bow blouse comes into season, I'm in heaven." *Silk cady blouse,* ERDEM, *price on request, visit erdem.com*





"This cerulean is so saturated—I was obsessed at first sight." *Silk pleated dress,* GUCCI, *price on request, visit gucci.com*



"I'm into tall '70s-era boots all over again. Ankle booties will have to move to the back of the closet." *Calfskin boots,* LOEWE, *$1,550, visit loewe.com*



"Every season, I buy the new color combos of this pouch. They're so simple and less of an investment than a bag." *Lambskin clutches, both,* CÉLINE, *$520–$530 each, at Céline, NYC*



DIOR



"I fell for this Dries Van Noten faux-fur coat when it was in the office for our July Amber Heard cover shoot. The next time I was in Paris, I bought it!"



"I love a tassel earring: These feel dressed up without being ornate." *Cotton thread earrings,* LANVIN, *$4,870, at Lanvin, NYC*

Runway: Imaxtree.com; Pailey: courtesy of the subject; Vanessa Seward jacket, Gucci dress, magazine, Céline clutches, and Madewell scarf: Richard Maichrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Erdem blouse: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Claire Tedaldi for Hailey Resources); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

INSIDE YOUR CLOSET

EVERY MUST-HAVE HAS A STORY

In New Orleans for a music festival, I decided my look needed some jazz. Found an armful of gilded bracelets while strolling Magazine Street. While admiring my new find, I literally walked into a handsome stranger. The beat stopped. It was love at first sight. Now that I have found The One, I decided it was time to share my good fortune with another.

Who will **wear it next?**



Visit **ebay.com/fashion** to shop fall style. ***#WearItNext***

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ebay



MARIA DUEÑAS JACOBS
ACCESSORIES DIRECTOR
"This season, I'm investing in updated staples that are comfortable, with cleanly tailored lines."

"Every woman should own a pair of standout earrings—an instant confidence boost." *Pink gold, boulder opal, and pink diamond earrings,* NINA RUNSDORF, *price on request, collection at select Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*





"Finding the perfect black coat is an ongoing hunt. Gold buttons make this one feel of-the-moment." *Wool coat,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$4,590, at Saint Laurent, NYC*





ISABEL MARANT

"An easy slipdress is day-to-night versatile. For contrast, I pair it with a masculine blazer." *Silk slipdress,* OLIVIA VON HALLE, *$440, visit oliviavonhalle.com*



"Striped shirts are my go-to top." *Cotton top,* SOLID & STRIPED, *$118, visit solidandstriped.com*



"These cropped flares pair well with tall sandal heels, and they're totally easy with slides." *Cotton jeans,* MOTHER, *$218, visit motherdenim.com*



Gold and diamond ring, LOGAN HOLLOWELL, *$1,320, visit loganhollowell.com*



Gold and ruby ring, ALISON LOU, *$950, visit alisonlou.com.*

Left, on pinkie: Red spinel, multicolor stone, and gold ring, MARIE-HÉLÈNE DE TAILLAC, *price on request, visit mariehelenedetaillac.com*

Gold and diamond ring, MELISSA KAYE, *$4,620, visit melissakayejewelry.com*



"I mix and layer my rings every day and document them on my Instagram." (@mduenas jacobs)



"My runway pick: I love the practical stacked heel, which is how I rationalize the purchase." *Patent leather ankle boot,* DIOR, *$1,960, call 800-929-DIOR*

Runway: Imaxtree.com; Jacobs: Dustin Aksland; Solid & Striped top, Mother jeans, and Olivia Von Halle dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



Model is wearing **SHELLAC**® brand 14+ day nail color in Decadence.

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*When used as directed.



Runway: Imaxtree.com; Frampton: Dustin Aksland; Protagonist jeans, Carine Gilson bra and brief, Marc Jacobs jacket, Opening Ceremony skirt, and Gap T-shirts: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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THE NEW RULES

Gone are the days when getting party-ready meant navigating such dictums as "a fool would know that with tweeds or other daytime clothes one wears gold, and that with evening clothes one wears platinum." (Thank you, Wallis Simpson!) While we relish our modern sartorial freedoms, sometimes we can't help but wonder: Wouldn't it be nice to have *some* kind of rule book in this anything-goes era? This fall, French contemporary fave Sandro makes after-dark dressing easy with this play on *le smoking* crossed with a tracksuit, in evening-appropriate black velvet. In this hot little number (seen here exclusively, and sold at Bloomingdale's), you can sip champagne and dance the night away in total athleisure comfort. Whether to pair it with platinum or gold? We'll leave that up to you.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PULMANNS



Velvet jacket, $530, skirt, $250, both, SANDRO, *at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Stainless steel and crystal watch on patent leather strap,* MOVADO, *$450. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Yashua Simmons (hair by Shinya Nakagawa for Kérastase; makeup by Carolina Dali at the Wall Group for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Holly Falcone at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Zan Ludlum at Zan Casting; model: Kate King at IMG)

INDIGO GIRLS

Denim goes deep in a crisp, dark wash



Cotton-blend dress, ELIZABETH AND JAMES, *$365, collection at nordstrom.com*



Denim jacket, CO, *$425, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC*



Cotton-blend crop top, 3X1, *$195, at 3x1, NYC*



Cotton-blend jeans, GUESS, *$98, visit guess.com*



Denim skirt, CITIZENS OF HUMANITY, *$158, visit citizensofhumanity.com*



Denim jeans, A.P.C., *$185, at A.P.C., NYC*

Head-to-toe denim in workwear-inspired shapes: a new (cool) office alternative.



Denim jacket, CITIZENS OF HUMANITY, *$298, visit citizensofhumanity.com*



Denim pump, MANOLO BLAHNIK, *$695, collection at saksfifth avenue.com*



J.W.ANDERSON

Elizabeth and James dress, 3x1 top, Co jacket, Citizens of Humanity skirt, A.P.C. jeans, and Citizens of Humanity jacket: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Anita Solerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

VARIETY PACK

Our fashion director, **Samira Nasr,** muses on the finds, fixes, and flowers sparking her creativity now



Nasr wearing her signature denim during New York Fashion Week





JEAN THERAPY

There's basically a piece of denim on me at all times. But never a torn piece. So when I ripped my favorite vintage Levi's, I took them to my go-to guy, Zip Stevenson at Hollywood Trading Co. and Denim Doctors (323-964-0080) in L.A. Behold, at left, his powers at work.

BEST IN BLOOM

I received these pesticide-free flowers from New York's Gardenia Organic (646-688-5753) and fell in love with the arrangement, which, to my surprise, included mint!





Leather ankle boot, GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,150, visit giuseppezanotti design.com*

MS. CLEAN

As a white-shoe devotee, I'm often asked how I keep my shoes so clean. In fact, I think they should have a few signs of wear. But for any major scuffs on white leather, the Mr. Clean Magic Eraser works wonders (on suede, try a simple white eraser).

ON MY WISH LIST

Gucci's update to the two-button suit, and Pierre Hardy's simple shoulder bag with a new 3-D-effect buckle.



GUCCI



Calfskin handbag, PIERRE HARDY, *$1,595, collection at Just One Eye, L.A.*

BAGGAGE CLAIM

As I start to pack for another season of shows, I fantasize about luggage. Specifically, the classic, functional set from Globe-Trotter, which has been around since 1897. If it's good enough for Kate....



Kate Moss and husband Jamie Hince with their Globe-Trotters at Heathrow



Azurmalachite, diamond, gold, and platinum earrings, DAVID WEBB, *price on request, at David Webb, NYC*



Vulcan fiber and leather suitcases, all, GLOBE-TROTTER, *$1,850–$2,175 each, visit globe-trotter.com*

STONE AGE

These beautiful danglers by David Webb are made in New York—and this pair features a special hybrid of azurite and malachite, two of my favorite stones.

Nasr (top): Billy Farrell/BFANYC.com; Magic Eraser: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (2); Moss and Hince: Bauer-Griffin/GC Images/Getty Images; runway: Daniele Oberrauch/Imaxtree.com; denim, flowers, Nasr (bottom): courtesy of the subject; remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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WELCOME BACK, JOJO

Ten years after her breakout, the pop powerhouse is ready for her breakthrough. By Seth Plattner

It was 2004 when singer-songwriter Jojo first snarled "Get out!/Leave!/Right now/It's the end of you and me" over an R&B beat and that small but memorable guitar lick on her first Billboard hit, the you-done-me-wrong anthem "Leave (Get Out)." She was 13. Her vocals—textured, riff-ready, and seriously powerful—were shockingly mature for her age. And for a moment, the pop-music world felt primed for its next takeover, from a kid who wasn't even in high school yet.

Despite another platinum chart-topper, "Too Little Too Late," two years later (and a few sporadic acting stints, most notably in the Robin Williams–led family comedy *RV*), Jojo all but vanished from radio. "Of course, it hurts you as a human being to hear people say things like, 'Did she die?'" says Jojo, 24, reflecting on an artistically aggravating period that found her gridlocked over creative differences with her label, Blackground Records, handcuffed to a contract and unable to release any

Mike Ohrangutang (styled by Karen Levitt; Jojo wears: Blouse, Derek Lam, $249; collection at Barneys New York, Beverly Hills)

new music. "I wanted to work," she continues. "I wanted to accomplish things. So it was devastating for me. I'd known these people since I was 12. I thought they were my family. There's a lot of misunderstanding about what happened—in fact, I don't think I'll ever fully understand. But I'm free now and moving forward and ready to do business."

That business, a new full-length album, is with Jojo's new label, Atlantic Records, which signed her in 2014 after she was released from her contract with Blackground. Jojo then dropped a mixtape of covers called *#LoveJo* that included a soaring rendition of Phil Collins's "Take Me Home," and now, having built on the buzz around her comeback—"It's insane to use that word at 24 years old, by the way," she says—she is finally ready to put out a record of R&B/pop songs she calls "resilient, excited, hopeful, and renewed."

Which isn't to say that they're all bubbly radio charmers. Jojo, a Massachusetts native born Joanna Levesque and raised by a single mother, drew from personal ups and downs as readily as she did from the experiences of her close cadre of girlfriends (with whom she consistently engages in a high/low group text dialogue they call "Wits and Tits"). "We send each other articles," Jojo says. "We encourage each other. We talk about heartbreak. I love waking up to 100 messages from them." Her already-released "tringle" of tracks radiates such inspiration: the lively, disco-inflected "When Love Hurts"; "Say Love," a choral, harmony-heavy outpouring about unreciprocated feelings; and "Save My Soul," on which Jojo's shattering range, at peak performance, rips through you as she dissects the pain, pleasure, and power of addiction. "That's something I grew up knowing a lot about," Jojo says. "With ['Save My Soul'] I was definitely thinking about my father. But ultimately I want people to interpret my songs to their own lives."

As for what the young, fiery Jojo we once knew has in common with who Jojo is today: "Some days I still feel like that little girl," she says. "And some days I feel like a grown-ass woman with a lot of responsibilities and obligations. But I just want to create. I want to perform. I want to tour. I want the opportunities I haven't had in a while. I'm just longing to do what I have always loved since I was that little girl." ●


Metcalf

CRAZY GOOD

Laurie Metcalf, back on Broadway this fall in *Misery*, talks stage life, her sitcom days, and taking on Kathy Bates. By Lauren Waterman

Though more widely known for her role as Roseanne's prickly sister, Jackie, on the long-running sitcom *Roseanne*, actress Laurie Metcalf has found equal success—and respect—onstage. An original member of Chicago's storied Steppenwolf Theatre Company, the 60-year-old has appeared in works by everyone from Eugene O'Neill to Neil Simon, and is a two-time Tony nominee (for Sharr White's *The Other Place* and David Mamet's *November*). This October, she returns to Broadway opposite Bruce Willis in *Misery*, adapted for the stage from the big-screen version of Stephen King's novel about a woman who rescues her favorite author from a car crash, only to end up holding him hostage.

ELLE: What drew you to *Misery*?
LAURIE METCALF: Well, first of all, I love doing theater. So I'm terribly interested in *any* part that comes my way. But the fact that it's a thriller—that's something that used to be done more often in the theater. So it's not something that I've done, necessarily, onstage. I was anxious to see what the ride was going to be like.
ELLE: Is it difficult to bring something new to Annie Wilkes, so memorably portrayed by Kathy Bates in the 1990 film?
LM: I saw the movie long enough ago that I don't remember the nuances, and I didn't go back and watch it again. I couldn't have her performance in my head if I wanted to have the bravery to do something different. I'd rather be working *alongside* her than *after* her, but she created a wonderful role, so I just tried to follow.
ELLE: The story was informed by the author's fame, and you've been recognizable, at the very least, since your time on *Roseanne*. Have you ever had an odd interaction with a fan?
LM: I've never had the kind of celebrity that Roseanne or Bruce has, and I'm not on social media, so I don't see that side of things. But I think it's interesting that the play is set in a time when that hadn't happened yet either, when it wasn't so easy to be in the presence of someone famous. So I'm not sure that the play is about an obsession with celebrity, necessarily. Annie doesn't stalk Paul; she's purer than that, more naïve. She's obsessed with a character he created and thinks of him almost as a god.
ELLE: Next month, HBO will begin airing the third and final season of your hospital-set black comedy *Getting On*. Is it hard to say good-bye to a series, given that you've appeared in something like half a dozen during your career?
LM: It's bittersweet. *Getting On* was one of my favorite projects ever—it has spoiled me rotten. I've been so freaking lucky to be able to bounce around a bit between theater, movies, and TV, because it stops me from burning out on any one of them. Theater, especially, can be very demanding, mentally and physically, but I still love it. I never feel as alive, as creative, and as energized as I do when I'm working on a play.

Maarten de Boer/Getty Images





Damon on Mars (left); Mara and Stan (right)

From left: Aidan Monaghan; Giles Keyte

MOVIES

MAN ALIVE!

Matt Damon shines as one astronaut who refuses to go gentle into the Martian night. By Ben Dickinson

Okay, maybe you've heard this one before, but here goes: *The Martian* is just the movie America needs right now. A marvelously constructed, flawlessly paced drama about a NASA mission to Mars that goes disastrously awry, the film's animating spirit is a mix of can-do-ism and stick-to-itiveness that carries familiar echoes from sunnier times in our national narrative—albeit leavened with a fashionable frisson of mutinous, antibureaucratic irreverence.

When the explorers are engulfed in a dust storm and must evacuate from Mars, one astronaut becomes separated from the rest as they make their way to the launch module. The group's commander (Jessica Chastain, looking magnificently haunted) opts to save her crew (played by Michael Peña, Kate Mara, and Sebastian Stan) and blast off instead of trying to retrieve their presumably dead compatriot amid the hellish hail of gravel that threatens to topple their escape vehicle on the launchpad. But astronaut Mark Watney is of course alive and kicking. As he picks himself up off the Martian ground and takes stock of what's been left behind at the mission base on which he might maintain himself in that condition, he quickly realizes he faces daunting odds at an outpost whose travel time from Earth is measured not in days but in months.

Perfectly cast as Watney is Matt Damon, who exudes a sharp and knowing but unflashy authenticity similar to that of Tom Hanks, but who also authoritatively embodies the man of action à la Jason Bourne. Both qualities serve Damon admirably here, as Watney is called both to draw upon his dogged psychic resources to stay alive in situ and to calculate which arduous risks he must take to escape his dire predicament. Doing so requires a whole string of work-arounds and some arduous travel around a masterfully depicted martian landscape. (It should ruin no one's admiration or appreciation of this bravura filmmaking to learn that these sequences were filmed in a surreally sere desert in the south of Jordan.)

As NASA and the world become aware that Watney is making his stand on Mars even as his mission mates hurtle back toward Earth, *The Martian* broadens away from the kind of solitary struggle depicted by Hanks in *Castaway* and Robert Redford in *All Is Lost*. Even similarities to *Apollo 13* and *Gravity* are shed as an international cast of characters apply themselves to the long-odds cause of trying to save Watney. Jeff Daniels good-naturedly plays the risk-averse, expectations-lowering bureaucrat who heads NASA; Kristen Wiig serves as his bemused PR sidekick; Chiwetel Ejiofor makes for a spirited and rebellious Mars program chief; and Donald Glover fairly steals the show at mission control as the iconoclastic young geek who hatches a brilliant plan B.

The Martian marks a wonderful return to grand filmmaking for the prodigious producer and director Ridley Scott after his humorless and joyless recent outings with *The Counselor* and *Exodus: Gods and Kings*; it's an achievement fully worthy of the man who has brought us everything from *Alien* and *Blade Runner* to *Thelma and Louise*. And, finally and fittingly, this screen adaptation marks a special triumph for *The Martian*'s creator, Andy Weir, who sold the novel himself on Amazon for 99 cents a pop until its success persuaded Crown to publish it, to universal sci-fi acclaim. How perfectly *Martian*. ●

DIRECTOR'S SPOTLIGHT

KILLER ROLE

Exciting young director Scott Cooper helps Johnny Depp get back in touch with his missing gravitas

"Johnny Depp is one of the bravest, most talented, and diverse actors we have. He takes risks that a lot are afraid to because they like to stay within a certain range. He's a remarkable performer, and it's a mesmerizing performance." Director Scott Cooper (*Crazy Heart*) isn't gilding the lily in describing Depp's portrayal in Cooper's third feature, *Black Mass,* of the legendary Whitey Bulger—a gangster who both terrorized South Boston in the '70s and '80s and collaborated with the FBI in taking down the local mafia, then disappeared into thin air. It's a stone-cold tour de force that will radically rejuvenate the artistic reputation of Depp, whose stock has plunged perilously in recent years as his career choices have led him to don piratical attire, zany headgear, wigs, fake noses, and other camp accoutrements (his last critically acclaimed turn was as John Dillinger in 2009's *Public Enemies*). One of the most recognizable performers in the world, Depp utterly disappears into the almost Nosferatu-like visage of the palpably menacing Bulger, with his luminous gray-blue eyes and balding hair combed back straight and severe. Bulger's longtime attorney stopped by the set a couple of times. "Then he asked to watch some scenes," Cooper says, "and he said to me, 'Scott, this is chilling. I can't even believe it. He sounds like him. He walks just like him. I believe!'"

One of the strengths of this ensemble drama is how vividly some of the women in Bulger's life are portrayed: Dakota Johnson plays Bulger's steady girlfriend, and when an unforeseen tragedy destroys their relationship and she stands up to his bullying, Johnson impressively matches Depp's intensity. And Julianne Nicholson (*Boardwalk Empire*, *Masters of Sex*) has a scene with Depp that will be a lasting standout on any neo-noir clip reel. As the wife of Bulger's childhood pal and main FBI liaison, John Connelly, she telegraphs a bone-deep contempt for Bulger. "I wanted the audience to understand," Cooper says, "that she under no circumstances condoned what her husband was doing. She knew from the outset that this was an ember that was going to glow too hot." This antipathy gives rise to a confrontation when Connelly has Bulger and some other associates over for barbecue, and his wife retreats to their bedroom to avoid socializing. How Bulger responds to this slight is almost all subtext—and entirely unforgettable.—*B.D.*



Cooper on set



Depp and Johnson in Black Mass

MOVIES

TRUST US



THE INTERN

Anne Hathaway gives her lively, luminous all as a frazzled alpha-mom entrepreneur running a dot-com start-up in a Brooklyn warehouse, and Robert De Niro has a ball playing a retired businessman out of his element as a "senior intern" who's been recruited to assist her in ***The Intern***, director Nancy Meyers's typically sparkling, well-crafted comedy of manners.



VOTING WITH THEIR LIVES

"The law means nothing to me. I've had no say in making the law," Carey Mulligan, playing a militant feminist in Edwardian England, hisses at her policeman nemesis with trademark passion. The patriarchy's brutal repressions are made freshly shocking in ***Suffragette***, based on events in the historic struggle led by Emmeline Pankhurst (Meryl Streep, in a cameo).



CLUELESS IN KABUL

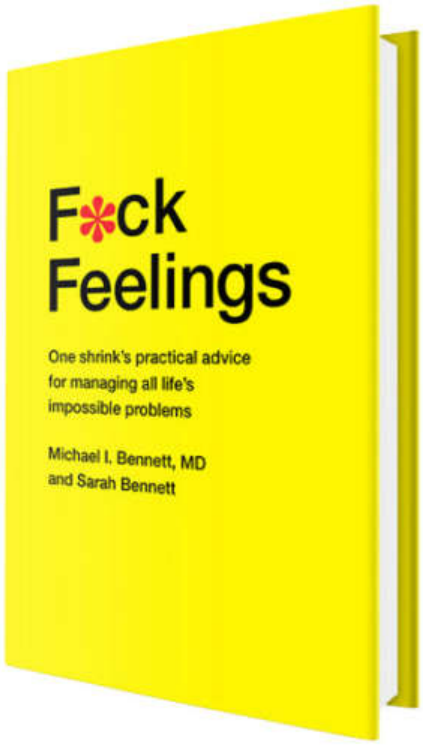
Bill Murray turns his frowzy-lounge-lizard act up to 11 in director Barry Levinson's woozy but often sharply hilarious comedy ***Rock the Kasbah***. Over-the-top turns by the likes of Zooey Deschanel, Bruce Willis, and Kate Hudson leaven this based-on-a-true-story romp about a washed-up rock manager's discovery of an Afghan girl with a golden voice.—*B.D.*

Clockwise from top right: courtesy of Warner Bros. Pictures; Steffan Hill/Focus Features; Kerry Brown; courtesy of Warner Bros. Pictures; Claire Folger


IT'S THE STOPS
THAT INSPIRE
US TO GO.
Toyota Camry | toyota.com/camry
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Let's Go Places

A SHRINK AND A COMEDIAN WALK INTO A BAR...

...well, not exactly. But that's roughly the setup for *F*ck Feelings*, a self-help book by psychiatrist Michael Bennett and his comedy-writer daughter, Sarah. Their advice? Stop being so %$&! emotional! *By Amanda FitzSimons*



It's a funny thing to be called "extra-sensitive" (an accusation leveled at me at least once by everyone close to me). After all, feelings are, by definition, sensations unique to one's personal experience—I can't feel someone else's feelings to know if mine are more intense. I'll admit this, though: I see the irony in telling a hypersensitive person she's too sensitive. Like many weaknesses, however, this capacity is the flip side of one of my strengths: I can be deeply attuned to the needs of others (when I'm not smarting from perceived slights).

There may be a way to manage my "tenderheartedness" (my editor's artful term for my disposition) without having to numb out, at least according to Sarah and Michael Bennett, MD, the authors of *F*ck Feelings*, just out from Simon & Schuster. (The authors have a made-in-publishing-heaven relationship: He's a Harvard-trained psychiatrist; she's his 37-year-old daughter and a comedian who trained at New York's esteemed Upright Citizens Brigade.)

Despite its title, the book has less to do with our feelings and more to do with our thoughts. In fact, its thesis hinges on recognizing a distinction between the two: Feelings typically can be expressed in one word (mad, sad, glad). Thoughts, on the other hand, require a minimum of two words to articulate, and include everything from "I am useless" to "I look hot in this dress" to "Fuck feelings."

The point is that thoughts tend to be reactions to feelings. While our inclination is to get to the root of a problem and change our feelings (trying to be happy when we feel sad, for example), not only is this counterproductive, it can make the situation worse. (Indeed, some have attributed the recent uptick in suicide among college undergraduates to the pressure to appear happy all the time on Instagram.) Instead, the authors suggest we learn to examine and perhaps alter our *thoughts*—questioning their veracity in the manner of a trustworthy friend who gives it to you straight. To wit, when you feel angry at a coworker's dis, you can think, She's such a bitch, or you can think, She was bitchy just now, but she's stressed, and I shouldn't take it personally. This, the authors contend, fosters a sense of agency, an ability to steer the ship of one's own life, and lays the groundwork for creative problem-solving. "The book is basically a guide to managing your shit," says the younger Bennett, whose mom is also a psychiatrist. "My parents raised me to think there's no situation that can't be endured if you keep your sense of humor and adjust your wishes to fit reality. That's the whole point of the book. Be realistic; life sucks sometimes."

If this sounds familiar, that's because it's basically a repackaging of cognitive behavioral therapy, which has exploded in popularity since being developed in the 1960s; today CBT is among the top five most popular schools of therapy in the U.S., and there is a pile of research attesting to its effectiveness for treating anxiety, depression, obsessive-compulsive disorder, even insomnia. It's also pretty much conventional wisdom these days that the cathartic model of mental health has been a bust; simply "venting" or "letting out" feelings doesn't mean you'll get rid of them. A 1999 University of Iowa study found, in fact, that the '70s recommendation to punch a pillow actually increases aggression and anger.

But what the Bennetts lack in originality, they make up for with engaging prose (thanks to Sarah's comedy chops). For the most part, it's hard to argue with the book's advice: The duo offer practical ways to deal with emotionally charged situations, such as finding oneself stuck speaking to an annoying relative (the solution: "Prepare to live with pent-up irritation, regardless of the number of people who tell you it isn't good for you.... You won't be out of the woods, but you'll be out of the depths of the emotional waterboarding you're in now") or failing at an attempt to curb one's drinking habits (the solution: Reframe thoughts to "Never stop working hard to resist delicious alcohol").

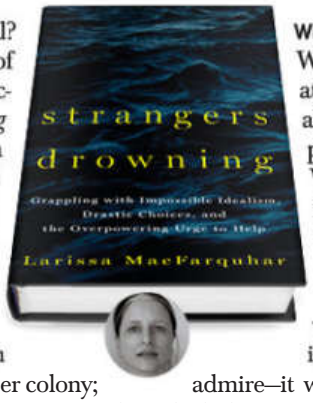
And yet, a fair number of the book's examples seem a little too neat. At one point, the authors offer an internal script for someone who's just received news that she lost her dream job to a less-qualified candidate who happens to be best friends with the boss's son: "The reason you didn't get the job had nothing to do with your skills, which are still kick-ass. You'll go on to work somewhere less exciting but with fewer dickheads." Not only are few situations in life so cut-and-dried, but aren't there other times when you lose the job to someone else who has the same qualifications you do, and you have no idea why *she* was chosen? The Bennetts' advice in such situations would be much appreciated.

It's also hard not to keep seeing limits to the change-your-thoughts approach. In a chapter called "F*ck Love," the father-daughter team warn us not to allow "attraction [to] trump common sense." Okay, but try it yourself. As has been observed a gazillion times, neuroscientists liken the brain in love to the brain on cocaine. The state is deleterious in perpetuity, but it usually doesn't last that long—and, regardless, isn't one of the biggest joys of life falling in love, madness and all? To the idea that we should tread carefully around that, all I can say is, Fuck it. ●

(NONFICTION)

TOO GOOD

What extreme altruists teach us about being better *By Molly Langmuir*



Is it possible to be too moral? That's the question at the center of *New Yorker* staff writer Larissa MacFarquhar's book *Strangers Drowning* (Penguin Press), which focuses on those who could be described as extreme do-gooders. MacFarquhar writes about a couple who've adopted 20 children, many of them troubled or disabled; a midwife who moves to Nicaragua to open a women's health clinic; a man who establishes a leper colony; and others—and intersperses their stories with chapters that put our perceptions about "moral extremists" into historical and philosophical context. Just a few pages in, we're wondering what drives these people and why we don't grapple with our own morality more often.

Why did you pick extreme altruists and not just people who help the elderly across intersections? Everybody already knows somebody who is particularly generous. Those people don't present a challenge; we just admire them. The people I wrote about force us to think more about what can morally be demanded of us, and partly because of this, they face extraordinary skepticism. They tend to prompt uneasiness or even hostility.

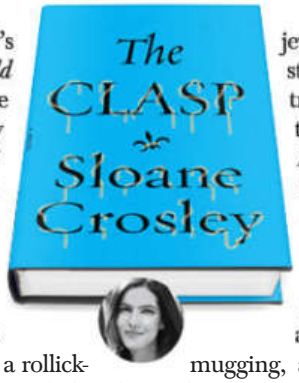
What do you think that's about? While I was working on the book, at least half the people I talked to about it would say, "Those people are mentally ill, aren't they?" While I came into this thinking it was a shame people assume that in order to be extremely principled, you must be mentally ill—and I certainly don't want to pathologize the people in my book, whom I hugely admire—it was striking how many had an alcoholic or mentally ill parent. There does seem to be something to one theory I read, which is that kids with a dysfunctional parent often grow up with a stronger-than-usual sense of responsibility.

Has writing the book made you any more altruistic? I definitely feel guiltier. I read a study that looked at non-Jews who didn't save any Jews during World War II and compared them to those who did. It found that people who saved no one had been raised strictly and with the sense that they had very little power over their circumstances. Whereas those who did save people had been raised more leniently. It's important to believe you can do something, even though you're just one person. ●

(FICTION)

THE BLING MYSTERY

Oh, to be young in this witty, wacky debut novel *By Keziah Weir*



Upon the advent of Sloane Crosley's debut essay collection, *I Was Told There'd Be Cake,* ELLE's Carlene Bauer praised her "sharp, fizzily old-fashioned sense of the madcap" and wondered, "now that she's updated the role of ingénue by concocting a bracing cocktail of credulity and crankiness, what she might be able to do with a novel."

Seven years later, Crosley allays our curiosity with *The Clasp* (FSG), a rollicking story of three friends—Kezia, the right-hand woman to a mercurial Manhattan jewelry-design mogul; the recently fired, soon-to-be-robbed Victor; and L.A.-based Nathaniel, the group's resident Casanova—hurtling to the end of their twenties with all the grace of charging baby elephants under the influence of Everclear.

Crosley's a pundit of the absurd, and in a delicious concatenation of events (a faulty jewelry clasp, a dying woman's strange confession, multiple trips to France), the three find themselves embroiled in a *Pink Panther*–esque mystery centered around a priceless missing necklace, the key to the puzzle buried somehow in the classic Guy de Maupassant short story, "The Necklace." There are star-crossed lusts, a botched mugging, a model drunkenly attempting seduction via a cellphone ill-advisedly inserted in her nether regions, and a photograph of a Frenchified *American Gothic*—"instead of a pitchfork, the man is holding a fistful of radishes."

Those who love Crosley's essays for the way they straddle the line between slapstick humor and essential truths will love her fiction too. Each sentence builds upon the last, toward one big wink: Isn't life weird? And isn't that great? ●

(NONFICTION)

THE ELLE'S LETTRES 2015 READERS' PRIZE

15 ELLE readers choose their favorite among three promising new books—this month, memoirs by women who've been through darkness and back

1 *GIRL IN THE WOODS*
ASPEN MATIS
(WILLIAM MORROW)



In Aspen Matis's raw and complicated memoir, she recounts her five-month, 2,650-mile trek along the Pacific Crest Trail—a journey prompted by her devastation in the wake of being raped on her second night at college. When neither her school nor her family offered her the support that she needed, Matis, then 19, made her way into the wilderness in a triumphant journey that ELLE readers found "beautifully written," "gripping," and "brave."

2 *FURIOUSLY HAPPY*
JENNY LAWSON
(FLATIRON BOOKS)



Readers likened this dark comedy to "a long phone call with your most hilarious, twisted friend." Lawson's over-the-top humor saturates her series of vignettes, which includes what her father taught her ("you can't leave a donkey in the car"; "always shoot first"; "normal is boring"), the toll her deep bouts of depression take on her marriage, and an exploration of her loathing of airports. Never one to shy away from the more brutal aspects of human existence, Lawson, for all her crippling anxieties, still "enjoys the heck out of life," wrote one reader. And we enjoyed the heck out of this book.

3 *THE LOST LANDSCAPE*
JOYCE CAROL OATES
(ECCO)



Oates perfectly captures the unique confusion of childhood, brought on by the unsatisfying explanations of adults. While some readers found the writing more opaque than they'd like, most reveled in her "honest account of her family's struggles with her much younger sister's autism, to the blissful early years of her marriage," which, as one reader writes, "kept me turning each page eagerly until the end."—*K.W.*

MacFarquhar: Philip Gourevitch; Crosley: Caitlin Mitchell



(BOOKS)

TRUST US

MODERN FAMILY

Marian Thurm's ***Today Is Not Your Day*** (SixOneSeven Books) is an urbane collection from this close observer of domestic arrangements and derangements. "Not to pat myself on the back or anything," confides the wry narrator of "What Went On," "but the fact is that when my ex-husband's hot young wife fell ill recently, I went over there the day Miranda was released from the hospital and cooked them an excellent dinner."

WILL 2.0

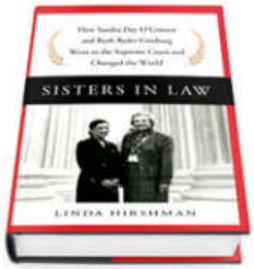
Powered by jealousy, abandonment, forgiveness, and time's elusiveness, ***The Gap of Time*** is Jeanette Winterson's electrifying version of *The Winter's Tale*—the first in a series of Shakespearean reworkings to be issued by Hogarth. The foundling Perdita is discovered in storm-tossed New Bohemia, Louisiana, and nothing is lost on her except for her family of origin.



Topsy-turvy events bedevil her and animate her mischievous young friends, propelling the story to its astonishing outcome. Defiant and loving, Perdita declares, "I am a carrier of history."

SORORITY GIRLS

In ***Sisters in Law: How Sandra Day O'Connor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg Went to the Supreme Court and Changed the World*** (Harper), Linda Hirshman, the provocative feminist scholar, lawyer, and writer, lays out the friendship, personal and professional, between these two "unambiguous heroines."—*L.S.*

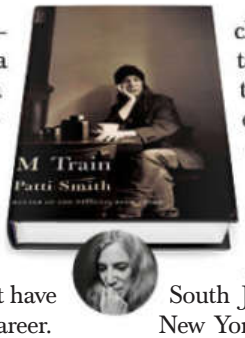


(NONFICTION)

NOT KIDDING AROUND

A sequel of sorts to one of the great memoirs of our time

By Lisa Shea



Patti Smith's National Book Award–winning memoir *Just Kids* created a juggernaut of interest in her life as a writer, musician, performer, and photographer. Her new memoir, *M Train* (Knopf), has a different tone and agenda—that of wise earth mother, literary shaman...and television crime-show junkie, imparting the rituals, routines, loves, and losses that have guided her long, productive artistic career.

Now 68, she finds that "Life is at the bottom of things and belief at the top, while the creative impulse, dwelling in the center, informs all." For the past decade or so, when not traveling to lecture, perform, or visit far-flung friends (or tend to the gravesites of writers she reveres), she writes, "I slid on my boots, fed the cats, grabbed my watch cap and old black coat" and walked to Bedford Street in the West Village to sit at the same table in the tiny Café 'Ino. After ordering black coffee, toast, and a small dish of olive oil, she would scribble notes on napkins as she compulsively pored over the books of—among select others—her beloved Beat poets, surrealists, and French symbolist writers, whose political and mystical reaches have long inspired and sustained her. When the café later closes down, the owner gives her the table and chair. Possessions become talismans that take on lives of their own, coming into her hands and often disappearing, seemingly by their own volition. As if by some cosmic magic or mischief, some items even return.

A bookish girl in a working-class South Jersey family, Smith first came to New York City in 1965 to "roam around" and write poetry. In 1976 she met her future husband, musician Fred "Sonic" Smith: "My yearning for him permeated everything—my poems, my songs, my heart." They settled in Detroit, where they had two children before his untimely death. She eventually moved back to New York and resumed her role as priestess-poet-musician, her confidants the aristocratic creative outliers Sam Shepard, William Burroughs, and Allen Ginsberg.

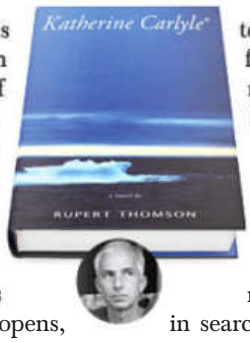
M Train's nonlinear narrative serves the book's deeper agenda, which is beautifully in thrall to Smith's restless imagination and hyperactive dream life. She is "an optimistic zombie propped up by pillows, producing pages of somnambulistic fruit—not quite ripe or overripe." Just pure Patti. ●

(FICTION)

GIRL, INTERRUPTED

A 19-year-old heroine on a postmodern odyssey

By Kate Christensen



Rupert Thomson has said of his novels that they have "an interest in damage and recovery...almost as if the last page of a novel of mine will be the first page of the rest of that character's life."

Katherine Carlyle (Other Press), his slim, evocative tenth novel, is in keeping with his literary theme and will not disappoint his devoted following. When the book opens, the 19-year-old eponymous narrator describes her origins as an IVF baby whose embryo was frozen for eight years, during which other sibling embryos were selected and implanted in her mother's womb—but failed to come to term. Finally hers has its turn, and she is the only child to be born to her parents.

After her beloved mother's early death, Kit, as she's called, is haunted by her beginnings. Her father is a journalist who's distant both geographically and emotionally. Living a life of glamorous decadence in Rome, and headed to Oxford in the fall, Kit searches for signs and signals from small, random occurrences and objects. She cashes in her inheritance and flies to Berlin in search of an unknown man she's heard discussed by strangers in passing, a sign she takes as destiny.

Her endearingly adolescent need for meaning takes her literally in search of the total cold, isolation, and darkness that marked her embryonic life in stasis. In a place called Ugolgrad, a Russian mining settlement, she finds at last the sign she's been waiting for. It is brutal and shocking, but afterward, the rest of her life can begin.

Thomson is a hypnotic writer. His prose is precise and controlled, his images intriguingly dreamlike. *Katherine Carlyle* leaves a sharp, visceral afterimage in its wake; much of its staying power lies in Thomson's ability to send the reader's imagination beyond its final page. ●

Smith: Jesse Dittmar; Thomson: Alan Pyrke

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BEAUTY



Backstage at Dior Haute Couture, fall 2015

OUR **ULTIMATE** ANTIAGING GUIDE

FOREVER 21

Who says skin can't get smoother and clearer—and hair healthier—with age? In ELLE's blockbuster roundup of the most cutting-edge head-to-toe rejuvenators, the future looks better than ever. By Katherine Kluznik

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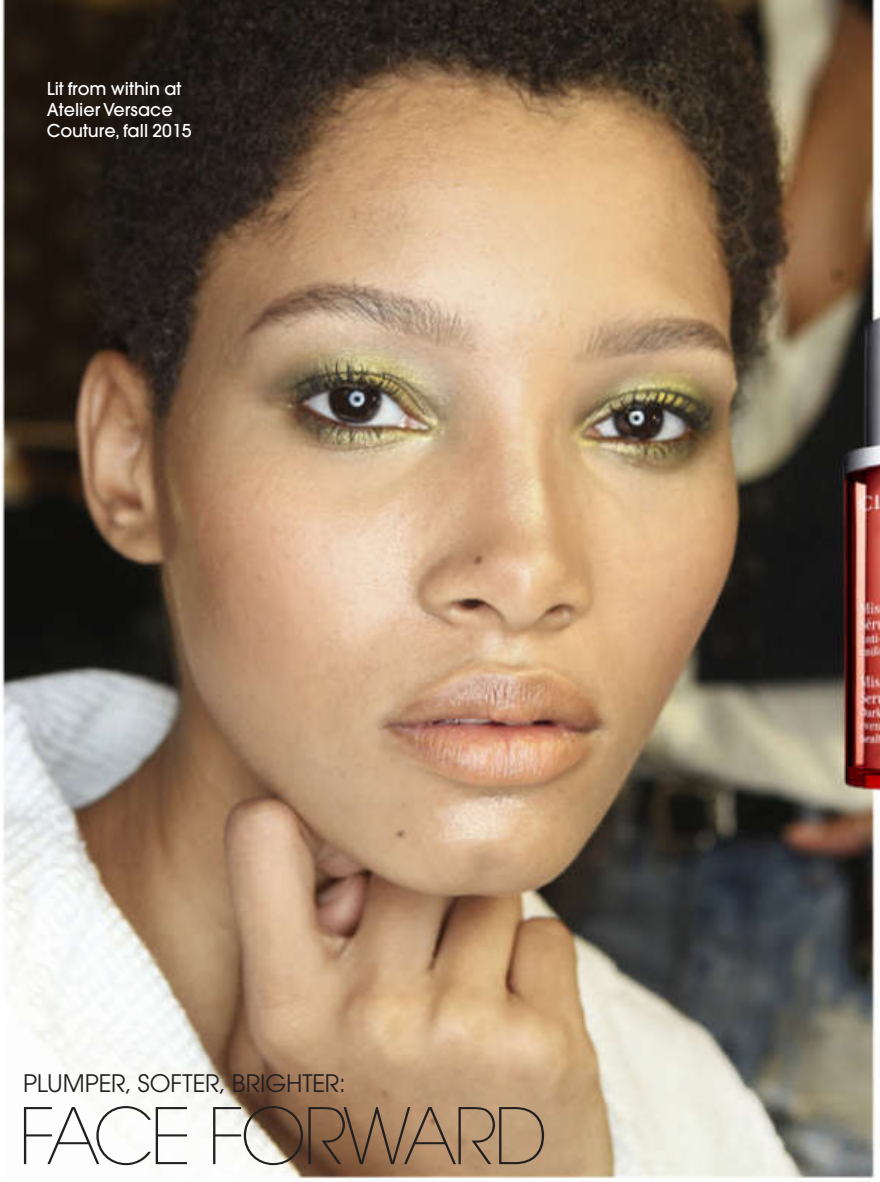


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Lit from within at Atelier Versace Couture, fall 2015

PLUMPER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER:

FACE FORWARD



Clockwise from top left: DR. BRANDT *Do Not Age Beauty Sleep Serum doubled the rate of skin-cell renewal in in-house clinical trials;* NATURA BISSÉ *Essential Shock Intense Retinol Fluid rejuvenates with vitamin A and amino acids; one shake of* LA MER *The Renewal Oil activates a superconcentrated dose of the brand's signature Miracle Broth;* LANCÔME *Absolue White Aura delivers brightening and antiaging benefits with a vitamin C complex; the acerola extract in* CLARINS *Mission Perfection Serum combats hyperpigmentation; the* NUFACE *Limited Edition White Rose face toner sculpts features with microcurrent technology.*

BONE UP

While slumping cheeks and deepening nasolabial folds may be among the most obvious spots for an injectable plumper, "an area that's neglected in terms of filling is around the chin," says Manhattan dermatologist Arielle Kauvar, MD, who sees "dimpling and furrowing from volume and structural loss" along the jawlines of women as young as 40. But don't blame shrinkage entirely on the age-related fat loss that causes trouble elsewhere in the face. "Women in particular tend to lose bone mass in their jaw, below the mouth, and around the chin," says Kauvar, who rounds out this neglected zone with deep injections of fillers such as Radiesse, Restylane Lyft, or Voluma into two target areas: in the indentions just below the corners of the mouth and in a very thin strip along the edge of the jawbone. "You end up with a nice, tighter, and more youthful contour." And, according to New York dermatologist Paul Jarrod Frank, MD, because fillers in the jaw are subject to significantly less facial movement than those placed in the cheeks or forehead, they tend to last 25 to 40 percent longer.

TWO-TIMER

The antiaging ultrasound device Ulthera, which utilizes heat to tighten tissue, has revealed a surprising off-label benefit: It reduces adult acne, which affects up to 50 percent of women. In a study conducted by Nashville dermatologist Michael Gold, MD, 22 patients with moderate to severe acne saw 80 to 90 percent improvement two weeks after a single treatment. "As we age, our hormones can turn on the sebaceous glands," Gold says. "Ulthera does what we call 'bulk heating,'" so while it's tightening skin, "you also get thermal damage that then shrinks and destroys the sebaceous glands." (This, he says, will not result in increased skin dryness.) Plus, three months later, patients will start seeing the skin-lifting effect that Ulthera was FDA-approved to deliver.

PATCH JOB

Beloved by Euro socialites, MesoGlow facials—in which small amounts of non-crosslinked hyaluronic acid (a less viscous type than what's in FDA-approved fillers such as Restylane and Juvéderm) are injected all over the face with a mesotherapy gun—aren't available here in the States. However, an at-home sheet mask, currently in development in Singapore, could create similar fresh-faced plumping, no gun required. Researchers at the National University of Singapore are in the early stages of testing microneedle patches, each embedded with hundreds of tiny pinpoints made of lidocaine combined with water-soluble hyaluronic acid in a hardened state. When pressed against the skin, each little point penetrates about .3 mm deep, equivalent to the thickness of three standard pieces of paper. According to the project's lead scientist, Kang Lifeng, PhD, "Upon contact with the skin's interstitial fluids, the

Antonio de Moraes Barros Filho/WireImage/Getty Images; still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (4)


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microneedles absorb water and soften to become hydrogels," which act as shallow "fillers" that uniformly smooth and plump the skin. This effect, he says, lasts up to four months; he anticipates that a version of the product might come to market "at any time."

VEIN LINE

With age, skin thins, subcutaneous fat decreases, and blood vessels dilate—a triple threat that can sometimes result in a network of blue veins showing through on temples and foreheads. By targeting the hemoglobin that flows through veins with a YAG laser, small- to medium-size vessels can be safely erased in one or two zero-downtime sessions, similar to those used to treat spider veins on legs. (Concealer is still the only option for larger facial veins.) "We usually have many more veins than we need," says Kauvar, who says that trained dermatologists can identify which veins are small enough to be removed without posing any health risks. Years after doing the procedure on dozens of early test subjects, "I actually haven't seen any [veins] come back," she says.

LIP SERVICE

A new hyaluronic acid injectable, Restylane Silk, offers "a different kind of fill" than other FDA-approved higher-viscosity fillers, according to Miami-based derm Joely Kaufman, MD. "It doesn't look like you've had your lips done. It looks natural." Silk's tiny molecules, which are a fifth of the size of those in standard Restylane, allow it to be injected superficially, in small droplets spaced closely together across the lips, to restore texture and fill fine lines. "It's super, super smooth," says dermatologist Marina Peredo, MD, of Manhattan and Smithtown, New York, who explains that because Silk subtly restores surface layers, the lips look more hydrated than inflated, "almost as if you're wearing a lip gloss." An added bonus over off-label use of other low-viscosity HAs for this region: "While the lips are generally the most sensitive area for injections," says Kaufman, Silk contains lidocaine, which "makes it comfortable." Results last at least six months.



From left: A Harvard Medical School study found that the micro hyaluronic acid and resveratrol in CAUDALÍE *Resveratrol Eye Lifting Balm boost the skin's production of hyaluronic acid; rich in DNA-repairing peptides,* OMOROVICZA *Blue Diamond cream smooths lids;* STRIVECTIN *Clinical Corrector lip tint minimizes lines with repair-hormone-stimulating nicotinic acid;* KAPLAN MD *Lip 20 Mask resurfaces with papaya enzymes; in in-house trials, 85 percent of participants who used the* TRIA *Age-Defying Eye Wrinkle laser daily saw fewer lines around the eyes in eight weeks.*



Tousled waves at Alexandre Vauthier Couture, fall 2015

Clockwise from top: SACHAJUAN *Hair Control Treatment revs follicles with microcirculation-boosting apigenin; panthenol, biotin, and niacinamide in* REGENESIS *Spot Serum target thinning areas with a user-friendly roller ball;* ALTERNA *Caviar Clinical Weekly treatment blocks the production of DHT, a hormone linked to hair loss;* KIEHL'S *Magic Elixir balances the scalp with botanicals;* ROGAINE *Foam, designed for women, delivers a daily dose of minoxidil.*

STRONGER, THICKER, HEALTHIER:

HAIR RAISERS

GROWTH POTENTIAL

Due to "trauma, stress, and hormonal changes," says New York derm Erin Gilbert, MD, PhD, "up to 40 percent of women experience hair loss by age 50." But an upgrade to an old favorite, minoxidil, could provide some relief. In in-house clinical studies, 81 percent of female test subjects using the new, high-dosage Women's Rogaine with 5 percent minoxidil experienced a 48 percent increase in hair volume in six months. By increasing blood flow to follicles that shrink with age, "minoxidil stimulates resting follicles to begin to produce hair," says hair-restoration specialist Alan J. Bauman, MD, of Boca Raton, Florida. And according to Gilbert, Rogaine's new foam formulation also reduces one very unwanted side effect: "the risk of causing unwanted hair growth if it drips onto the forehead." The new version has also dropped the solvent propylene glycol, resulting in less flaking and itching than with past formulas.

A LOT OF PLUCK

Counterintuitive as it may sound, plucking hairs might actually encourage a six-fold growth in new hair, according to a study out of the University of Southern California's Keck School of Medicine. When researchers selectively pulled 200 hairs, spaced up to 1 mm apart, from the backs of lab mice, the microinjury prompted an immune system response,

Gorunway.com; still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (1)


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sparking 1,200 neighboring follicles to kick into gear. Study author Cheng-Ming Chuong, MD, PhD, likens the effect to quorum-sensing behavior in nature: If, say, a small group within a herd of wildebeests gets skittish, "the whole group will make a collective decision, and will trigger a stampede of all 1,000 wildebeests. In a way, we are triggering a hair-follicle-regeneration stampede." But don't pick up your tweezers just yet. Chuong, who plans to begin testing the developing theory on human scalps, hopes to replace the action of plucking with a topical molecule that could induce the same immune response.

FIRMER, TIGHTER, MORE DEFINED:

CHIN UP

DOUBLE DOWN

Surgical neck lifts are facing some serious competition from two new radio-frequency devices that are far less invasive. ThermiTight, which both melts fat and tightens skin, delivers double-chin-eliminating radio-wave energy via a 2-mm-thick probe, which is inserted beneath the skin through a tiny incision and then slowly fanned back and forth. According to New York–based dermatologist Francesca Fusco, MD, the machine's heat-sensing monitors allow for "a great deal of control over the temperature," which translates to ultraprecise sculpting. Local anesthetic is required during the treatment; afterward, patients can expect three days of bandages, along with bruising, swelling, and tenderness. Improvements in wattles are apparent in the first few days, with full results seen after three months. To tackle another hallmark of neck aging, crepiness, derms are using a handset that channels RF waves through hair-thin microneedles to resurface the skin. EndyMed Intensif "delivers focal dermal radio-frequency heating with minimal disruption of the overlying skin" on all parts of the neck, Gilbert says. "This results in tightening and also collagen and elastin synthesis in the dermis." Even after one treatment, most patients experience significant smoothing of tissue-paper-like texture. The device can be used on a full range of skin tones, and is "reliable and predictable in its results," says New York dermatologist Doris Day, MD.

SVELTER, SMOOTHER, SLEEKER:

BODY SHOP

BLADE RUNNER

No amount of spinning classes will diminish cellulite, which affects more than 80 percent of women, but Cellfina, a new, rather low-tech option, eliminates even the deepest dimples in one sweep. During a one-hour session, a doctor isolates each dimple by suctioning up a three-inch-wide circle of skin into the Cellfina handpiece, injecting the area with a numbing solution, and inserting a thin blade 6 mm beneath the skin's surface, quickly and evenly severing the bands of septae that create the divot. Up to 50 dimples can be erased in an office visit. The insertion wound heals without stitches, bruising lasts only a few days, and, according to Washington, DC, dermatologist Tina Alster, MD, the solution appears to be permanent. "Once you release that band, the dimple literally pops back up," she says. Cellfina's precision is key: Unguided mechanical subcision, done by derms for



Neckline perfection at Dice Kayek Couture, fall 2015



From left: ESTÉE LAUDER *New Dimension Shape + Fill Expert Serum helps to contour from within, building skin density with a pro-collagen complex; TLC for thin neck skin:* DR. DENNIS GROSS *Ferulic + Retinol Fortifying Neck Emulsion smooths wrinkles and prevents sagging; a targeted five-peptide blend in lightweight* LANCER *Contour Décolleté helps diminish chest creases; the resilience-building rye extract and antioxidants in* SISLEY *Phytobuste + Décolleté Firming Bust Compound keep support fibers in the dermis intact over time.*

Steve Wood/Imaxtree.com; still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (2)







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Emily is wearing New Eye Studio® Brow Define + Fill Duo in Soft Brown. ©2015 Maybelline LLC.



Great gams (and sandals) at Alexandre Vauthier Couture, fall 2015

From left: TATA HARPER *Redefining Body Balm contains red algae and rich plant-derived butters to keep skin taut and prevent stretch marks;* SHISEIDO *Future Solution LX Replenishing Treatment Oil fortifies the skin barrier to protect it from age-accelerating environmental factors; the 17.5 percent glycolic acid in* GLYTONE *Body Lotion resurfaces rough spots, such as elbows and knees; antioxidant-rich* FRESH *Cocoa Body Exfoliant features crushed cocoa to slough off dead skin and cocoa butter to impart a healthy glow;* MURAD *Firming Peptide Body Treatment, which begins as a cream but melts into a light oil when applied, has been shown to make skin appear tighter with regular use.*

decades, also uses a blade to slice through the septae. But because it's done manually, the bands aren't cut at a uniform depth, which results in unevenness, Alster says. Cellulaze, a more recent invention, uses an internal laser probe to blast through the bands, but, like subcision, "it doesn't uniformly disrupt the bands," she says. Cellfina's "blade slices through bands all at the same plane, which makes all the difference."

BODY SHOTS

Kybella, the synthetic-bile-acid fat melter, has been used since its FDA approval earlier this year to safely, and permanently, shrink double chins over the course of three to four months with a series of injections spaced four weeks apart. Next, derms anticipate new applications farther south. When injected into fat, Kybella's active ingredient, deoxycholic acid (a lab-concocted version of the same acid used by our bodies to break up dietary lipids), dissolves adipose cells, which are then eliminated through the lymphatic system. According to Joshua Zeichner, MD, assistant professor of dermatology at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, Kybella "opens the door for localized fat melting in other areas," such as exercise-resistant armpit pooches that can make strapless dresses less than flattering. "Kybella's mechanism should work anywhere," Kaufman says, but derms are currently focusing on small areas; the larger the zone treated with the substance, the greater the inflammation and swelling.

HOLD TIGHT

"I can get an average of 40 to 50 percent tightening—and that's an enormous amount for a totally nonsurgical procedure," says Frank of Exilis Elite, a device that heats tissues using radio waves to spark collagen growth, thus shrinking loose skin resulting from weight loss, pregnancy, or aging. "Everybody wants to tighten skin without surgery, and this is a great tool for broad areas," Frank says. After four to six no-downtime treatments, "90 percent of patients come back asking to do other areas." But why not use the tried-and-true ultrasound-based Ulthera, the derm favorite for skin tightening since its launch in 2009? According to Frank, the current Ulthera device head is too small to use efficiently on large areas, such as the stomach. Another plus for the Exilis: Unlike the jaw-clenching intensity of an Ulthera session, an Exilis session tones with zero pain. ●

Gorunway.com; still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (3)


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SMART STARTS HERE!

What does it take to create a truly revolutionary product? Molly Langmuir investigates an idea that has the potential to change skin care as we know it

A century ago, the thought that a single cream could protect against burns, wrinkles, and cancer would have sounded absurd. But in the late 1920s, early prototypes of such a product began to appear at certain drugstores. It was neither magical potion nor snake oil. They called it sunscreen.

These days, as beauty products become ever more sophisticated—and as we become more and more accustomed to once-radical concepts, such as using wrinkle-blasting lasers in the comfort of our own homes—it takes unbridled creativity and serious technology for brands to keep up.

It also takes a big idea. Very big. Enter a new class of ultra-ambitious multitaskers—for example, the new 37 Actives High Performance Anti-Aging Treatment Foundation from dermatologist Macrene Alexiades, MD, PhD, which packs a full antiaging arsenal, including antioxidants and DNA repair enzymes, into a makeup product. Or Origins' Smarty Plants CC SPF 20 Skin Complexion Corrector, which releases encapsulated ingredients only when specific environmental aggressors are detected (UV exposure, for instance, triggers free-radical-fighting green and white tea; the presence of pollution and ozone kicks vitamins C and E into action).

Perhaps the most forward-thinking notion of all is skin care that understands your individual needs better than you do. Clinique's custom-repair Smart Eye Serum, out last month, promises to act like a supercomputer for the delicate area around your eyes, recognizing and repairing problems you might not even know you have. The eye product builds upon the original Smart face serum, which came out last year—both are complex all-in-ones that target wrinkles *or* increase firmness *or* improve radiance *or* do all three, as required. "So much of what's happening at the moment with our devices, our phones and watches, is that they're becoming intuitive and can do so many things," says Jane Lauder, global brand president of Clinique. "We expect the same from everything now, and that includes beauty."

Clinique feted the new serum at the 2015 TEDWomen conference in Monterey, California, where they gathered power-broker types from Google, Warner Bros., Coca-Cola, and Microsoft, among others, to kick off the Smart Idea contest: a program soliciting proposals for innovative concepts that could improve women's lives worldwide (the winner, to be announced in January, will receive $20,000 toward making his or her dream a reality).

One benefit of an "intuitive" product is that its ingredients are often only activated when required, making adverse reactions less likely, says molecular biologist Tom Mammone, PhD, Clinique's vice president of global scientific research. The Smart Eye Serum, for example, contains enzymes encapsulated in such a way that, like a lock and key, they're only released if the precise type of DNA damage they're able to resolve is present. (UV rays can cause what looks like bumps in part of the DNA's coil, which leads to problems when it's replicated—not to mention wrinkles and, sometimes, cancer.)

Besides signaling DNA corruption, wrinkles can also be a sign that cells are producing the collagen-degrading enzyme collagenase. For this, the Clinique serum contains an extract from the Chinese herb siegesbeckia, whose only known property is to decrease collagenase activity. Or say you have dark spots caused by hyperpigmentation: In that case, the product would deliver anti-inflammatories (including an algae extract that took scientists 20 years to purify) and an ingredient that slows melanin production. "It's like a good basketball team," Mammone says. "Every member does something different, but they all support each other."



The new serum also goes one better than the original, with pumped-up levels of soothing and anti-inflammatory ingredients. "Each component has detailed functionality, but together they produce something very sophisticated," Mammone says. "Products are becoming more and more like robots."

GAME CHANGERS

Five beauty innovators share their picks of the century's biggest breakthroughs



1931 The Eyelash Curler
The 1930s were a space race for lash curlers, but we can credit William McDonell with patenting the two-pronged crimper that we know today. "Curling lashes really opens eyes," says celeb makeup artist Fiona Stiles. "That brings more light to the irises and makes them look brighter."



1938 Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up
Foundation was a Hollywood exclusive until Max Factor took it to the masses. "When he launched the first-ever foundation to the public, it made every woman feel like a movie star," says Lipstick Queen founder Poppy King, who created her first lipstick line at the age of 18.



1965 La Mer
Aerospace scientist Max Huber set out to make an antidote for burns; 12 years and 6,000 formulations later, he perfected the nutrient-rich skin MVP. "La Mer turned a far-out story about a geek in a garage into skin magic—and it made millions," says Marcia Kilgore, founder of Bliss Spa, Remède, and Soap & Glory.



1989 The Pulsed-Dye Laser
This Massachusetts General Hospital discovery ushered in a generation of cosmetic laser therapy. "It all started with the removal of birthmarks," says dermatologist Tina Alster, MD. "From there, we went into the more cosmetic aspects of dermatology, like getting rid of wrinkles and tightening the skin."



2004 Clarisonic
This skin-polishing wonder "changed the game when it comes to face cleansing and the device category," says Nicky Kinnaird, the mastermind behind beauty boutiques Space NK. The brush is the work of a Seattle-based team of engineers and scientists, and has 40-plus patents for its ultrapowerful cleansing abilities.

Clinique: Devon Jarvis/Studio D; eyelash curler: U.S. Patent and Trademark Office; Max Factor: courtesy of the Hollywood Museum


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TIME ZONES

Great skin isn't just about which ingredients you apply—it's about when you apply them. Here, the best A.M. and P.M. routines, deconstructed. By Megan O'Neill

RISE AND SHINE

Morning skin care's mission: protection. Broad-spectrum SPF inhibits UV damage, but "an antioxidant along with sunscreen is the best defense," says New York derm Whitney Bowe, MD, who recommends vitamins C and E to scavenge free radicals and reduce inflammation. Another A.M. hero, salicylic acid, does more than fight acne. New York derm Patricia Wexler, MD, applies a salicylic acid lotion after cleansing (before moisturizer and sunscreen), as its exfoliating properties smooth pores and give skin a glow. L.A. derm Annie Chiu, MD, says sal acid "quiets the sebaceous glands," which, triggered by circadian rhythms, are most prolific during the day. Calming ingredients such as aloe and chamomile are also best used in the morning, before skin becomes irritated by pollution and sun exposure. "You want to prevent the issue," Chiu says. "Not chase it."

NIGHT WATCH

During sleep, cells are in repair mode, and "temperature and blood flow rise, which increases absorption of active ingredients," Chiu says. Cue retinoids: Because these derm-loved vitamin A derivatives can lose their efficacy in daylight, they do their best cell-renewing and collagen-replenishing work at night. Studies show that applying a pea-size amount of a prescription retinoid to the face, avoiding the delicate eye area, can still diminish crow's feet. "Through diffusion or another process—it's probably not a single pathway—a retinoid can travel to adjacent areas," Chiu says.

Nighttime is also the right time for antiaging powerhouses such as growth factors. These proteins "signal cells to behave like young, healthy cells to improve tone and elasticity," says New York dermatologist Joshua Zeichner, MD.

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

Some ingredients just don't play nice together. Here, five skin-care combos to avoid.

EXFOLIATING ACIDS + GROWTH FACTORS OR VITAMIN C

Alpha hydroxy acid, beta hydroxy acid, and retinoids can overpower many actives—especially difficult-to-stabilize vitamin C and easily-broken-down growth factors—putting them out of commission. "As a general rule, don't use acids with products that come in dark or opaque bottles," Zeichner says, packaging that indicates that "their ingredients are sensitive to light, temperature, or pH." For acid fans who want the benefits of those other key actives, he suggests spacing out products morning and night.

BENZOYL PEROXIDE + ANTIOXIDANTS

When good old-fashioned benzoyl peroxide—an oxidant that creates phenyl-free radicals that kill acne bacteria—is mixed with an antioxidant, both lose their effectiveness. One exception: A new UCLA study shows that resveratrol and benzoyl peroxide, when combined, can have a potent effect on acne. Because benzoyl peroxide's release of bacteria-killing free radicals is only partially hampered by resveratrol, its antibacterial effect remains, and resveratrol's anti-inflammatory, skin-protecting benefits stay active.

ANTIMICROBIALS + PROBIOTICS

Probiotics are microbes that reduce inflammation and balance the good and bad bacteria that live on skin. So, for obvious reasons, Zeichner cautions against using them with antimicrobials, such as sulfur, tea tree oil, and benzoyl peroxide.

ALPHA HYDROXY ACIDS + H_2O

When acid and water mix, the reaction "changes the structure of the acid, making it inactive," Zeichner says. At home, he suggests leaving a glycolic cleanser on for at least a minute before rinsing to allow time for effective chemical exfoliation to occur.

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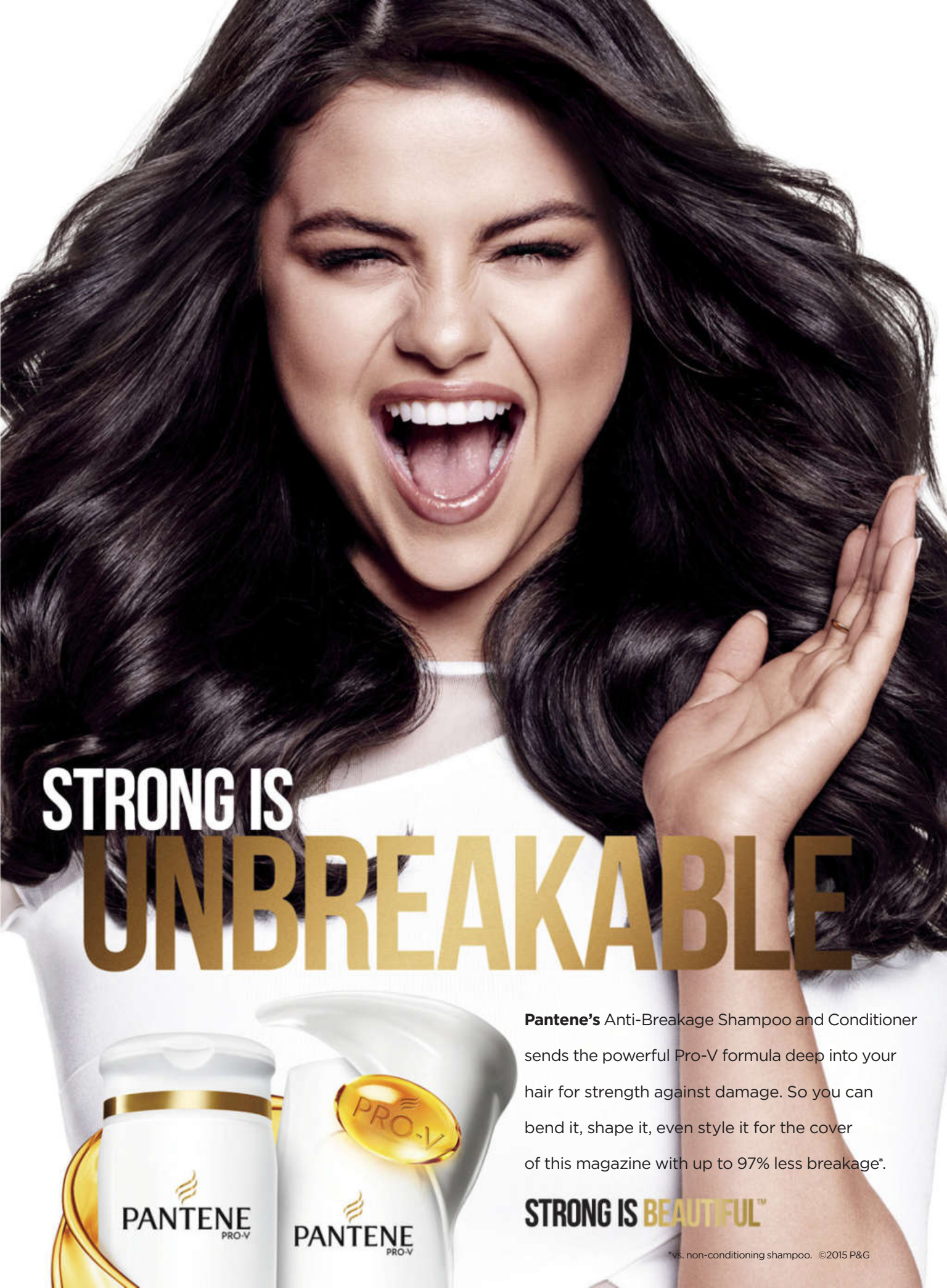
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A SIMPLE PLAN

If your skin, or mind, is overwhelmed by the abundance of state-of-the-art gizmos and souped-up supercreams promising complexion transformation, take comfort: A select few beauty brands are making it easy—and appealing—to get back to basics. By April Long

Leave it to Chanel to build the world's chicest skin-care lab. Everything about the company's research and technology facility, located in an otherwise nondescript suburb of Paris, telegraphs simplicity and efficiency, from its glass-walled rooms to the coats (crisp, white, cut just so) worn by its scientists. And though Kaiser Karl's runways proffer parades of embellishment, and the brand's star skin-care offerings tend to contain luxuriant recipes of high-tech antiagers, there is a certain degree of elegance-is-refusal at the heart of the house that Coco built. This airy space, then, couldn't be a more appropriate setting for the unveiling of Chanel's newest breakthrough: a cream created under a strict minimalist directive and containing only 10 ingredients.

The product, La Solution 10 de Chanel, is the brainchild of Amy Wechsler, MD, who has been Chanel's consulting dermatologist since 2011. Wechsler's vision was to concoct a soothing moisturizer for her especially delicate-skinned clients. "I have patients come in every day with sensitivity issues," she says. "Some have had it their whole lives, and others have temporarily sensitive skin, which is really common. It can be induced by all sorts of things: sleep deprivation, emotional or physical stress, travel, pollution, hormonal changes, sun exposure, overscrubbing, getting procedures done. Suddenly they can't use their regular products anymore, so they ask me, 'What can I use instead?' And I've never had anything perfect to offer them."

A bare-bones formulation was crucial to Wechsler's dream cream. "Sensitive skin has issues with all sorts of ingredients, so it was important to pare it down to the essentials," she says. "When something has, like, 60 or 70 ingredients and you have a reaction to it, it's hard to figure out what was causing the problem." This limitation proved to be a considerable challenge for Chanel's R&D team: While it might seem easier to whip up a product with zero bells and whistles than one with an ingredient list longer than *War and Peace*, the opposite is actually true. La Solution 10 took 117 trials, and four years, to finalize.

"Usually a cosmetic company needs at least 25 to 50 ingredients to create a formula," says Christian Mahé, senior vice president of Chanel Research and Technology. "The strategy is to use the active ingredient at the right concentration and then adjust the viscosity, the stability, and the sensorial feel with other ingredients. In this case, we didn't have that flexibility."

La Solution 10's key active is silver needle tea, a rare Chinese-grown variety of white tea that contains twice as many antioxidant polyphenols as green tea, and that has been proven to downregulate levels of a nerve growth factor that causes sensitivity in skin. The remaining nine ingredients—carefully assembled, Mahé says, "like a jewel box" around the tea extract—are ultrabasic and include no fragrance, colorants, or unnecessary fillers.

Such an extremely stripped-down formula is unheard of in prestige skin care. But even in the most eco, niche, artisan products, the number of elements it takes to make a satisfying, effective formula is more than you might expect. Adina Grigore, founder of the Brooklyn-based skin-care company S.W. Basics, limits the number of ingredients in the brand's all-natural wares to a strict maximum of five—but even her first (and now best-selling) product, a face cream containing only shea butter, coconut oil, and olive oil, formulated for her own "insanely

Xavi Gordo (styled by Inmaculada Jiménez)

sensitive" skin, took two years of tweaking before she felt it was ready to be sold. "Synthetics exist for a reason," she says. "They work really well. It's not like companies are trying to pull a fast one on anyone with long ingredient lists; they're trying to give you a really beautiful, luxurious product."

Nonetheless, Grigore believes that consumers respond to S.W. Basics, which is now sold at Target, because of the transparency of the messaging. "I think people want control, and they want to know what's in their products," she says. "They see five ingredients or less, and they're like, 'Got it. I know exactly what that promise is.'" As the ubiquity of KonMari closet purges and farm-to-table cuisine attest, an urge to streamline is in the Zeitgeist. But when it comes to skin care, is less really always more?

"There's nothing to say that a long ingredient list is inherently bad," says cosmetic chemist Randy Schueller, who also cofounded the science-explicating blog *The Beauty Brains*. Indeed, multiple components—whether natural or lab-concocted—are often crucial to a product's performance. "You can do a simple moisturizer with a minimal formula," Schueller says. "But if you want an antiwrinkle product or a skin-brightening product, then you're going to need something like niacinamide or retinol, or perhaps an AHA—and then those things bring along other chemicals. If I'm using an AHA, for example, it needs to be buffered to a certain pH with an acid or a base. And then because I'm adjusting the pH, I may need a thickener in order to get the right consistency." Even good old coconut oil, our era's most ballyhooed single-ingredient do-it-all, benefits from some extra help. "Coconut oil is a very good emollient, which means it spreads over skin well and gives you a soft feeling," Schueller says, "but it's not that great at locking in moisture. I would blend it with something else to get a balanced moisturizer."

Ultimately, according to Schueller, it's not the sheer quantity of ingredients that causes sensitivity in some people. "It's not like three chemicals will be fine on your skin, but if you use 30 good chemicals, it will be bad. It doesn't work that way. You have to look at the exact mechanism of what each ingredient is doing."



Silver needle tea extract—at the heart of the ultraminimalist but ultraeffective CHANEL La Solution 10 de Chanel—renders sensitive skin more resilient and less reactive.

Some ingredients have been proven to cause more sensitivity than others—chiefly fragrance, which, says dermatologist Mona Gohara, MD, is a mainstay on the American Contact Dermatitis Society's list of common skin allergens. Although the exact reason isn't known, "the chemicals that create those gorgeous smells trigger the skin's immune system to respond with rashes and inflammation." Other regular culprits, Gohara says, include alcohol, which "strips the skin of natural ceramides and free fatty acids"; phthalates and parabens, which can spark dermatitis in some individuals; and quaternium-15, an ammonium salt commonly used as a preservative.

Gohara is quick to point out, too, that a person can experience sensitivity to an organic ingredient just as readily as to a chemical one. Again, it just depends on the individual and the individual ingredient. "The crazy thing," Grigore says, "is that one ingredient can give you bad skin. It could just be from the lavender in your one serum and nothing else, but you're going to break out as if you're doing the worst thing ever to your skin."

Just as there are ingredients that should be avoided due to the likelihood of a flare-up, there are those, too, that can make skin less likely to get riled in the first place. Gohara suggests seeking out products that "hydrate and replace the skin barrier" with "ceramides, hyaluronic acid, and glycerin." La Solution 10, which counts soothing shea butter and glycerin in its essentials-only lineup, has proved to be as effective as Wechsler envisioned it would be: The cream, as silky and luxurious as anything you'll come across with paragraphs of ingredients, was tested around the globe in scenarios proven to cause sensitive skin—in Beijing, for example, where women are exposed to some of the highest levels of oxidative-stress-increasing pollution, 79 percent of subjects found their skin was less reactive after one month of use. When La Solution 10 was used on women after microdermabrasion—notorious for disrupting the skin barrier—100 percent of them showed minimal irritation and displayed higher hydration levels than had been measured preprocedure.

While frills-free formulations may not solve all problems all of the time, they may prove invaluable not only to those who are trying to determine what upsets their skin, but also to those who want to identify what it is that makes their complexion most happily bloom. Grigore, who encourages a "skin cleanse" program that involves abstaining from all lotions and potions for three days before beginning to reintroduce simple ingredients, believes that this does more than just help identify sensitizers. "After taking a break, you might put a lotion back on and be like, 'Oh my God, I got instantly red. I've never noticed before.' Which means it's not the right lotion for you. But on the flip side, what also happens is people come back to their products, and they're like, 'This serum that I didn't even realize was working is the best thing I've ever owned.' It helps to understand why you're using the products you're using, and know that you really, really love them." ●

10 ITEMS OR LESS

These indie brands take minimalist to the max



With only three all-organic ingredients (shea butter, coconut oil, and olive oil), S.W. BASICS Cream delivers major moisturization.



PRATIMA Red Sandalwood Cream calms uppity complexions with seven Ayurvedic goodies, including organic ghee.



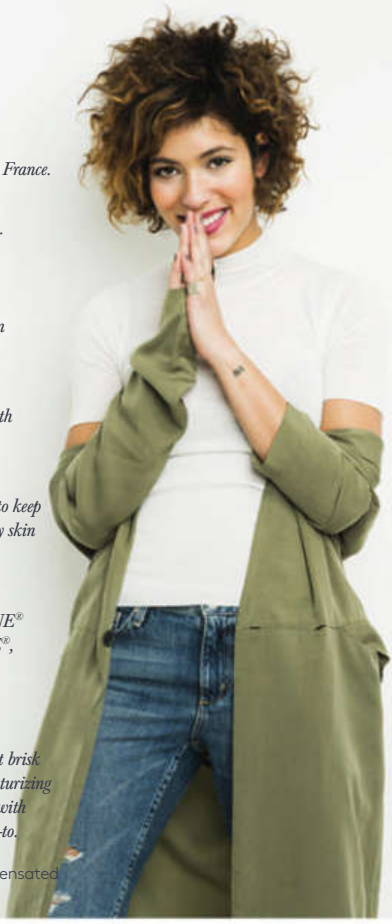
Salad days for skin: SHEATERRA Carrot Seed & Arugula contains vitamin-rich oils derived from crushed veggie seeds—and virtually nothing else.

Chanel: Devon Jarvis/Studio D

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Christina Caradona



COORDINATES:
New York City via Biarritz, France.

OCCUPATION:
Model, Fashion Blogger for TROPROUGE.com.

PERSONAL STYLE:
Eclectic – a direct reflection of my personality.

GO-TO BEAUTY LOOK:
Neutral, natural makeup with a standout eyeliner.

BEAUTY PHILOSOPHY:
It's all about the eyes! I like to keep my makeup minimal and my skin healthy.

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FALL BEAUTY TIPS:
The autumn air can get a bit brisk so I usually increase my moisturizing routine and cleanse my face with oils. Avocado oil is my #1 go-to.

Ms. Caradona was compensated for her participation.

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EYE ON BEAUTY

Christina Caradona, Founder and Creative Director of TROPROUGE.com, has never been afraid to step outside the lines. The model and blogger is all about trying new trends and styles, pairing a natural makeup look with a bold, playful liner to complement her big brown eyes. But she doesn't stop at makeup—she enhances her eyes' natural beauty with **1-DAY ACUVUE® DEFINE® Brand Contact Lenses NATURAL SHINE®**. They add depth and dimension to her chocolate-brown hue, while giving her a vibrant look that compliments her personality and style.



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KEYS TO PERFECTION

Keys relies on ACURE *Moroccan Argan Stem Cell + Argan Oil Conditioner: "My hair is very curly, so it needs a lot of moisture, and this stuff is so good," she says.*

"There's not a soul I've met who doesn't ask me, 'What are you wearing?'" Keys says of GIVENCHY *Dahlia Divin. "I love the earthiness of the sandalwood and vanilla, and the freshness of the peach and jasmine."*

NARS *Satin Lip Pencil in Luxembourg is always in her bag. "It's like a stain, so it really stays on forever."*

The singer's go-to for a black cat-eye: GIVENCHY *Liner Couture.*

When in need of a boost, Keys reaches for an SK-II *Facial Treatment Mask: "You look like a lunatic, but your skin feels amazing."*

Whether onstage or through headphones, Alicia Keys never fails to inspire—and when it comes to beauty, she always hits the right notes. By April Long

Alicia Keys, a woman with a long string of accomplishments—35 million albums sold, for a start—greets me in her Paris hotel room barefoot, with golden light streaming through the windows. Later at a dinner celebrating the new eau de toilette version of Givenchy's Dahlia Divin, of which Keys is the radiant face, the singer makes her way around a table of more than 100 guests, carving out time for every single one. "Humility is a beautiful beauty secret; so is kindness and personality," she says, clearly a living case in point. "When you meet people who are warm and engaging, they just draw you to them. What's on the inside comes out and shines in a way that far supersedes anything physical."

Do you remember the first fragrance you ever loved? I've always been big on oils. I do lavender aromatherapy before bed with my sons and I sometimes use cardamom oil, which is really beautiful. My grandmother always loved jasmine, which I think is why I'm attracted to Dahlia Divin. I'm a big scent person. It can be a gloomy day, and depending on what you smell like or wear, it can help turn everything around. It's the same with music. It will turn your mood around, too.

What are your makeup can't-live-withouts? Eyeliner is my favorite. I love a variety of colors—the deeper colors like dark blue and green and purple. It enhances your eye in a way that's a little softer than black, but it still has that sensuality and that power. And I'm big on a bright lip. It feels good! Especially when I don't want to put on makeup—I'll just do the eyes and a little blush, and the lipstick brings it all together.

Over the years, you've changed up your look so much. Do you have a favorite? The beginning was one of my favorite moments—with the hats and the braids—because it was me discovering who I am and what I like, and it was very much the natural me without trying too hard. I also felt really good, right around [2012's] *Girl on Fire*, when I cut my hair. I think that's a big moment for any woman. It's a liberation. You experience yourself in a new way and feel a freedom to let go of the past and move on to the future.

What's your daily routine with your hair? Lately I've been wearing it braided a lot, so fortunately I don't have to do much. I don't wash my hair every day—maybe every three days or so. And I like to use something to protect it and moisturize it. If I'm wearing it a little straighter, then I'll use a serum or something to help when I blow it out. But most of the time I'm throwing a hat on or I have my hair braided, and I'm happy.

As far as the things we celebrate as beautiful, what would you like to see more of? I would like to see women celebrated for their intelligence. It's very much where our beauty stems from, and that's really important. And I think in culture, on television, in music, in ads, there needs to be more variety in size. We're so beautiful in so many different ways, and a lot of us feel uncomfortable with ourselves if we're a little larger than a size 4 or 6—sizes I've never been, by the way! Also, we don't always have to be perfect. You know, sometimes you can be a little bit of a mess, and that's beautiful, too. ●

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SELF SERVICE

Turns out it doesn't take a village—or a glam squad booked through a snazzy app—to get hair that looks impossibly chic. Equipped with little more than basic tools and DIY savvy, these seven inspiring style stars have turned the hair they have into the hair everyone wants. By Faran Krentcil



Mega-moisturizing essentials top Brunson's list: SHEA MOISTURE *Jamaican Black Castor Oil leave-in conditioner and pure argan oil, such as* KAHINA *Organic 100% Argan Oil.*

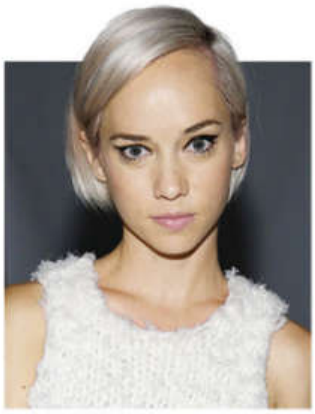
NIKISHA BRUNSON

This Texas-based cofounder of lifestyle blog *Pineapple.life* grew up hating the texture of her voluminous, tightly curled hair. "But today, people say, 'I wish I had hair like yours!' And that's wild."

MY GOOD HAIR DAY: "Honestly, the bigger the better! If your spirit is huge, your hair can be huge!"

WEEKEND ESSENTIAL: Every other week, Brunson uses Elucence clarifying shampoo, then smooths in Shea Moisture Jamaican Black Castor Oil leave-in conditioner. (She's also currently developing her own product line, Folie.) Then she air-dries: "No blow-dryers."

MORNING NEWS: "I'll fluff out my hair with my fingers to help the curls separate. Then I use a little bit of argan oil on ends. This seals the cuticle and prevents breakage. It's the most important thing I do with my hair: Afterward, it's good to go."



MARGOT

Born Caitlin Moe, this classically trained violinist just came off the Asian leg of Katy Perry's world tour.

TRUE LOVE: "I had long hair all my life," she says, "and I never felt comfortable with it. When I finally chopped it about four years ago, something clicked. This is the hair I'm supposed to have."

POWDER PUFF: "If I'm going out and I want a nice sleek look, I use Unite Texturiza spray on dry hair, and I use my hands and a few bobby pins to shape it down. But on tour, you never know where you'll be or how much time you'll have to do your hair. So I bring baby powder on every tour bus, sprinkle it on top of my head, and rub it into my scalp."

ASIA MAJOR: "Tokyo is my favorite place to buy hair accessories," she says. "They have ones with pandas, little flowers, velvet bows. I even found a pair that say 'New York'!"

BLONDE OR BUST: L.A.-based stylist Riawna Capri creates the platinum shade the musician calls Golden Moon. "It's metallic but not quite silver. Mod, but still rock 'n' roll."





Margot hydrates "daily" with DAVINES *Nounou Hair Mask and styles with* UNITE *Texturiza finishing spray.*



KARLI HENRIQUEZ

As a Beats By Dre ambassador and a former VJ for MTV Tr3s, Henriquez—who got her big Hollywood break as a cohost on Ryan Seacrest's radio show—now helms the mic at Dash Radio. "My day can start at 4 A.M.," says the 32-year-old, who prefers to keep her thick, frizz-prone waves sleek with regular blow-outs. "So when I'm working, I do my hair in the evenings, then I pull it up into a high bun to keep it smooth while I sleep."

SHE'S COVERED: "You have to get Drybar's shower cap," she says. "It has a special seam that doesn't let any humidity from the shower get inside."

QUICK FIX: "Sometimes if I've had a wild night, I'll wake up and half my hair is flat, the other half is kind of curly. So I mess up both sides with my hands until they have kinky waves. Luckily, I live in L.A., so it's still cool to look like a messy hipster."

PRIVATE ICONS: "Some Latina women in the media frame their face with honey-colored highlights to bring out their eyes and add dimension to their cuts," says Henriquez, who lightens her natural dark brown base. "J.Lo started it, but Sofia Vergara really mastered it. I take my cues from them."





Henriquez adds shine with BUMBLE AND BUMBLE *hair oil and fluffs with* R+CO *Death Valley Dry Shampoo.*

Brunson: Nicole Mlakar; Margot: Mireya Acierto/Getty Images; Henriquez: Steve Granitz/WireImage/Getty Images

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TK QUANN

This model/blogger/musician (also known as TK Wonder) keeps her hair routine simple. "The big rule is 'leave it alone,'" she says of her signature high-volume plaited cascade.

DIY FOREVER: After a few bad experiences with "impatient stylists" during her modeling days, Quann does her own cutting and styling, and doesn't color. "My hair requires patience. I am my own stylist."

SLOW WASH: Quann binge-watches Netflix during her lengthy regular braiding sessions: "I'll detangle my dry hair using my fingers, braid it into quite a few braids, then wash with only conditioner—my staple conditioner is Alberto VO5." Once her hair is 80 percent dry, she unbraids the sections and runs a blend of coconut, jojoba, olive, and castor oil throughout, then puts her hair back into 10 large braids "in order to cut down on shrinkage while drying. My sister calls me 'Forever Braid-Out.'"



Quann's co-wash costars: ALBERTO VO5 *Tea Therapy Clarifying Conditioner plus a home-blended oil cocktail.*



CHARLOTTE RONSON

Born in London and now based in Manhattan, this fashion designer, with her coveted beachy long layers, is also a minor celebrity in Japan, where—much to her dismay—paparazzi follow her into her 14 clothing stores.

THE BRUSH-OFF: Ronson is loyal to her longtime favorite, Herbal Essences Smooth Collection shampoo and conditioner. "I'm not that patient, so I use a Wet Brush in the shower. I just brush my hair out really quickly while it's still got conditioner in it." Postshower, surf spray (Ronson even created her own a few years ago, called A Perfect Mess Beach Hair spray) is her only other essential: After blow-drying, she spritzes it on to add texture and body.

PAGING JANE BIRKIN: Colorist Tracey Cunningham adds "babylights" to Ronson's natural ash blonde. "We call Charlotte 'Bambi' in the salon," says her regular stylist, Jen Atkin, "because she's such a lady, but she also gives off a vintage, '60s boho vibe."



HERBAL ESSENCES *Smooth Collection shampoo "reminds me of childhood," says Ronson, who detangles with a* WET BRUSH.



MAY KWOK

The former fashion publicist has become New York's busiest new DJ, spinning for clients such as Richard Chai and Dolce & Gabbana and appearing with Gisele in a Carolina Herrera commercial.

YOU'D BETTER WORK: "I go to the gym every morning, so I wash my hair—yes, with shampoo—daily. I don't feel clean unless it happens. Then I let it air-dry, use a plain plastic comb from the drugstore, spritz some Fekkai surf spray in it, and that's it!" Kwok says. When she's looking for more hold, she'll use Redken Mess Around paste. "Before events, I straighten my hair with a curling iron—I pull each piece in a downward motion so it frames my face, and I use the heat and the natural shape of the barrel to slick it down."

ON BEING NONBLONDE: "My hair was really bleached out last year," says Kwok, who was born in Hong Kong and raised in Queens, New York. "It was cool, but it never felt natural, and it was really damaging. As soon as I went back to black, I felt this relief, like, I'm finally myself again!"

To make styles stick, Kwok uses REDKEN *Mess Around paste and adds the "right amount of texture" with* FEKKAI *Soleil Beach Waves spray.*







NEELAM GILL

The first-ever model of Indian descent to star in a Burberry ad, Neelam Gill also walked next to Kylie Jenner in Kanye West's Adidas show and scored a candid with Harry Styles on Instagram. (It's @neelamkg, if you need a new obsession.) But even though her hair gets intense heat damage at fashion shows and shoots, she keeps her long, never-been-color-treated strands supershiny with regular conditioning.

NIGHT MOVES: "My hair is so thick, so I wash it two to three times a week at night, and more often if I'm on a photo shoot where they've put in lots of product. Then I lather in conditioner and use Moroccanoil after," says Gill, who admits to going to sleep regularly with wet hair. "I know you're not supposed to, but I've been doing it my whole life."

OFF-DUTY MODEL STYLE: "On a free day, I like to use Bumble and bumble Surf Spray to make my hair a little messier." She sprays it at the roots, then pulls it through the length of her hair with her bare hands.

THANKS, MOM: "I'm very lucky because I have good genes. All of the women in my family have superlong and healthy hair, which I'm so grateful for!"

Gill's off-duty model musts include MOROCCANOIL *Treatment oil and* BUMBLE AND BUMBLE *Surf Spray.*



Quann: Kelly Taub/BFAnyc.com; Ronson: Gregory Pace/BEImages/Rex USA; Kwok: Matteo Prandoni/BFA.com; Gill: © Suzanne Plunkett/Reuters/Corbis; Devon Jarvis/Studio D (1); Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (1)

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TWICE AS NICE

From a rich balm to a season-perfect scent, these products don't stop at feeling luxe—they raise money for breast cancer research and awareness.

By Ali Finney

Pinkie Promise
The powder-puff pink Deborah Lippmann Lacquer in Shape of My Heart drums up funds for the Southern California–based Hoag Breast Care Center, the facility that treated Lippmann's mother-in-law.

Dream Cream
Twenty percent of the retail price for October sales of the skin-plumping, antiaging superstar Estée Lauder Resilience Lift Night Firming/Sculpting Face and Neck Crème advances the Breast Cancer Research Foundation.

Hand Jive
The ultrahydrating Origins Limited-Edition Make A Difference Rejuvenating Hand Treatment is filled with botanicals such as rose of Jericho and sea haricot; $4 from each tube benefits the BCRF.

Fluff Piece
Bumble and bumble Prêt-à-Powder wicks away excess oil from hair while adding serious oomph. With this special edition, $5 of proceeds are donated to the BCRF.

Blanket Statement
Wrap yourself in oh-so-soft Donna Karan Liquid Cashmere Spray, with notes of patchouli, vanilla, sandalwood, and musk; 20 percent of the retail price aids the BCRF.

Royal Flush
This Bobbi Brown Peony Set mimics a rosy post-run glow on cheeks; $12 of the purchase price assists the BCRF.

Lip Service
While La Mer The Lip Balm is packed with megamoisturizing ingredients, like the brand's iconic Miracle Broth, we especially love the pink edition: BCRF gets $10 from each sale.

Devon Jarvis/Studio D

head & shoulders
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Head & Shoulders Instant Relief collection with **TEA TREE ESSENCE & PEPPERMINT OIL** cools on contact for instant scalp relief.

*Visible flakes; with regular use. ©2015 P&G



Goldsmith in Melbourne, Australia, August 2015

ENERGY HEALERS **MEDIUMS** YOGA CULTS **SPIRIT GUIDES** (YES, WE'RE REALLY GOING THERE!)

IS THIS THE FACE OF THE NEW NEW AGE?

Charlie Goldsmith says he can alleviate body pain and allergy symptoms, even cure infections, just by focusing his mind on what ails us. Now comes the hard part: using the scientific method to prove it to the medical mainstream. By Chip Brown

In the 17 years since the bewildering day that Charlie Goldsmith discovered what he calls his "gift," the 35-year-old energy healer from Melbourne, Australia, has been trying to get someone in the medical world to take him seriously. He has wanted to be of use, working with the formal sanction of doctors in hospitals. He has wanted to be recognized for what he knows he can do—not simply to justify the strange turn his life took when he was 18, but to shore up the credibility of a practice long plagued by fraud and religious superstition, and to make the experience of discovering and developing a healing gift like his less traumatic for other people. It's one thing to be teased by friends; it's another to be brushed off by the medical profession as a well-meaning but deluded screwball whose results probably have less to do with energy than with the placebo effects of his kind and empathetic manner, perhaps even his salubrious blue eyes and handsome surf-side looks. (When you Google Goldsmith, up pop Australian tabloid images of him and Miranda Kerr—let's get to that later.)

In Melbourne, Goldsmith brought a sheaf of testimonials to a hospital for integrated medicine; no one was interested. Knowing he possibly sounded crazy, he e-mailed specialists in infectious disease, emphasizing his desire to participate in research. One of the few replies he got was from a prominent doctor at the University of Adelaide, who told him: "Even if you can do what you say you can do, no one will ever fund a study." Goldsmith seldom drinks, but he tied one on that day.

"I wanted to be studied," he said. "I kept wondering, What is it going to take for people to stop and say, 'This is pretty compelling'? If you're good in tennis, if you're good in math, there's a path; there are people to talk to; you can prove yourself. If you're a healer, what's the path? You can work out of a second bedroom, but it's borderline illegal and you never have any real credibility."

It seemed not to matter that a former professional basketball player who'd had three knee surgeries and couldn't walk downstairs said that Goldsmith had gotten rid of his knee pain and that now he could play pickup games without anti-inflammatory medication. Or that a member of the Australian aerial ski team rehabbing a torn medial collateral liga-

ment was able to bend her elbow, pain-free, after a healing session. Or that a 35-year-old named Adrian Waugh, who couldn't eat an undercooked egg without his throat constricting in 20 seconds and his face looking as if he'd been in a bar fight, tried one after a treatment and had no allergic reaction. ("Everything is still all good with my allergy—I'm actually about to eat eggs this morning," he e-mailed me in July, more than a year after his treatment.) Dozens of grateful patients had credited Goldsmith with curing herpes and alleviating pain caused by migraines, car crashes, arthritis, and phantom limbs.

The history of medicine is littered with testimonials touting methods and remedies that ultimately proved ineffective (or worse, harmful) or that produced results for reasons having less to do with practitioners' claims than with natural healing processes or placebo effects. Goldsmith knew any traction he'd get would have to come from data, not anecdotes. He doesn't charge for healing work, but when patients wondered how they might repay him, he would ask them to put a word in the ear of doctors or researchers they might know. After 15 fruitless years, he realized he had to change his approach.

"I expected people would go, 'Wow, this is amazing!'" he said. "But instead what I got were blank stares. I realized I was like a black musician in the 1930s trying to get a record company to listen to my music, and all the executives were saying, 'No one wants to hear your songs.' It suddenly clicked that if people heard me singing on the corner, then maybe a record company would be interested."

On a trip to Los Angeles, he went to a meeting of a herpes support group and offered free healing treatments. In the summer of 2013, he volunteered to give free healings at the YinOva Center, an acupuncture clinic in Manhattan. YinOva founder Jill Blakeway, a highly regarded practitioner, had started the in-hospital acupuncture service at NYU Lutheran Medical Center in Brooklyn, a 450-bed inner-city teaching hospital that serves a predominantly Latino, Chinese, and Caribbean community. (Patients' bills of rights are posted in English, Spanish, Chinese, and Arabic.) Through her he met Kell Julliard, the assistant vice president for clinical research at Lutheran, who says he himself has had some experiences with healing energy that he's found "incontrovertible." Julliard was overseeing more than 120 clinical studies at the hospital and its affiliated clinics; after meeting with Goldsmith, he was intrigued enough to add one more.

Hands-on healing goes back thousands of years, but it's only in the last half century or so that the practice has been studied scientifically. In 1957, Bernard Grad, a Canadian biologist who is often called the father of hands-on healing research, began a series of experiments with a Hungarian healer named Oskar Estebany. To eliminate the role of suggestion and the placebo response, which can often confound healing studies on human subjects, Grad had Estebany work on plants and mice. He snipped patches of skin off anesthetized mice. Those that Estebany treated—he held his hands over them—healed more quickly than those he didn't treat. He was also able to delay the development of goiters in mice on iodine-deficient diets. Barley seeds watered with a saline solution that Estebany had held in his hands grew faster than seeds watered with a solution he did not touch, suggesting that the healer was somehow able to mitigate the growth-inhibiting effect of salt.

Today some 200 studies (published in peer-reviewed science journals but, for the most part, not in prominent medical ones) have detailed the apparent effects of energy healers on the physiology of humans, animals, plants, bacteria, and cells in culture, and even on the activity of enzymes. As pioneering medical researchers in the last two decades have explored how the mind can change the body—how objective physiological indices of health can be influenced by the subjective reality of emotions, thoughts, intentions, expectations, environmental conditions, beliefs, social relationships, and prayers—medical science has begun to appreciate the intricate reciprocity of psyche and soma. Standardized practices such as acupuncture, Therapeutic Touch, Healing Touch, and Reiki, which are based on the idea that positive changes can be promoted by balancing or adjusting the flow of energy in the body, are increasingly offered as complementary therapy for pain relief and other ailments in many hospitals and major medical centers, including Beth Israel Deaconess in Boston, the Cleveland Clinic, and Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York.

And yet doctors interested in energy healing are often mocked as quacks and promoters of pseudoscience. To critics, it's not just that the mechanism of energy healing is poorly understood (as are the mechanisms of many mainstream therapies); it's that it isn't even plausible. Despite its palpable reality to healers and their patients, the so-called "subtle energy" of hands-on healers has never been directly measured, apart from the weak magnetic fields that permeate living organisms. It's an open question how a healer transmits energy—or even if energy is being transmitted. Beyond the clinical evidence of compelling effects, energy healing studies are tangled in the quandary of consciousness and often overlap with studies of the medical effects of prayer. Some of the most dogmatic critics insist energy healing is no different than faith healing, which has caused harm for centuries by framing many diseases, from cancer to epilepsy to diabetes, as the handiwork of evil spirits or the result of misalignment with divine perfection.

"What is neglected, disparaged, and dismissed by critics of energy medicine is the well-recognized placebo effect, which represents the power of self-healing," says Daniel J. Benor, MD, an American psychotherapist living in Canada and a leading advocate of an energy-based holistic approach to medicine; his four-volume *Healing Research* is the definitive compendium of healing studies. "Whatever else they may do," he says, "it is evident healers are experts in promoting self-healing."

If there is a typical energy healer, Charlie Goldsmith isn't it. Rare are healers pining to be tested. Rare, too, are ones who don't charge for their work. Goldsmith accepted money for healing a few times in the be-

WHO'S YOUR GURU?

The Ladies of the Canyon aren't the only ones seeking guidance these days—it seems like everyone and her Uber driver is swearing by one spiritual master or another. A roll call of the most in-demand practitioners. By Crystal Meers



THE TAROT THERAPIST

LOUISE ANDROLIA

The L.A.-by-way-of-UK life coach aims to empower, whether with tarot card readings in person or via Skype (from $180) or by transmitting wisdom to the masses: Androlia has carved out a niche as Generation Selfie's go-to reader, posting daily streams of guidance and mini tarot tutorials on Instagram via @louniverse. "Everyone has the exact same fears, just packaged up in their own unique experience," says the 34-year-old, who keeps inspired company with Insta movers and shakers Gabby Bernstein and Tavi Gevinson. Luckily, though, we also "all have a direct link to our intuition and awareness—it just depends what else has gotten in the way and made us forget."

Goldsmith: Brett Goldsmith; Androlia: courtesy of the subject



THE FLORAL ESSENCE EXPERT

SARA CROW

If Crow advises you to "take two and call me in the morning," she's probably talking about a tincture such as "Purple Saxifrage" (to activate feelings of spiritual connectivity) or her "Empowerment" flower blend (for a self-confidence boost). For 15 years, Crow, 40, has been creating "bioenergetic" preparations of flowers—distilling nature's purported healing power into tiny droplets of liquid—and treating open-minded clients for both physical complaints and psychospiritual concerns, such as heartbreak or feeling "stuck." Her hour-long sessions (which she holds on California's central coast when not traveling the globe with her husband to develop products for their essence-and-oil company, Floracopeia) involve intuition, energy work, and principles of Chinese medicine ($150 to $250), followed by a prescription for flower essences.

ginning, when he was young and had little income, but since then he has healed for free because it seemed the right thing to do, and it precluded criticism that he was in it for the money. He also has a robust day job: Shortly after his twentieth birthday, he started the first of three businesses, a marketing company called Cassette that now employs 55 people, with offices in Melbourne, Sydney, and Hong Kong, doing branding work for the likes of Nike, Topshop, and scores of Australian companies. He also created a health-food company called Celebrate Health, which he says was generating nearly $6 million (U.S.) in annual sales when he sold it in 2014. Last summer he launched Pumpy Jackson, a company that makes no-sugar-added chocolate products.

Unlike many healers, Goldsmith has never studied in the various energy healing schools; he shuns the fey lingo of auras, chakras, and meridians. His description of how he works makes energy healing seem as simple as watering a marigold or draining a sink. Watching him in action is like watching C-SPAN. "Hands-on healing" is something of a misnomer because most of the time he doesn't do anything with his hands—at NYU Lutheran he never physically touched a patient except on the few occasions when he introduced himself with a handshake. Some people can't feel his energy; those who can often describe it as a "tingling," a flush of heat, a draft-like coolness, a ghostly kinesthetic pressure. (Nothing highlights the poverty of language like trying to describe the subtleties of energy in the body; during the four years that I worked on a book, *Afterwards You're a Genius: Faith, Medicine, and the Metaphysics of Healing,* I often felt all I could do in the way of description was to "bludgeon the ineffable.")

What distinguishes Goldsmith from most healers I've known is how rapidly he works. He typically stands or sits next to a patient, asks where the trouble is, and then says, "Okay, one second." Where a Reiki or Therapeutic Touch healer will spend 10 or 20 minutes "combing" the energy around a patient's body, and practitioners in some of the more depth-oriented schools will work for an hour or two, Goldsmith closes his eyes, focuses on where the ailment is, and wraps up the treatment in about 30 seconds. Sometimes he extends a hand, but the only consistent sign that something is happening is the fluttering of his eyelids. He may repeat the process a second or third time, each equally brief. His father told him that if he ever did want to charge for healings, he ought to take longer because people wouldn't think they were getting their money's worth.

Goldsmith says his success doesn't depend on whether people can feel what he is doing or even if they think it's real: "I've healed people who don't believe in what I do, and I haven't been able to heal people who do." Experience has taught him that in 2 of every 10 cases, his energy has no effect—he doesn't know why. He doesn't diagnose problems; he depends on feedback from patients not only to know what's wrong and where the pain is, but to learn if they feel better. He has helped people cope with painful side effects of cancer but doubts he can treat it; it baffles him that he has been so effective at treating allergies, frozen joints, herpes outbreaks, and infections but can't do anything about the common cold. And he can't heal himself.

What impressed the doctors who worked with him at NYU Lutheran in September 2013, and again last May in a follow-up study, was his ability to relieve pain and the speed with which he achieved results. In the first study, doctors enrolled 32 patients with refractory pain—that is, pain not responding to medication. The patients had been hospitalized for a range of ailments, including kidney stones, herniated disks, urinary tract infections, diabetes, prostate cancer, an inflamed gallbladder, myeloid leukemia, fluid in the lungs, ischemic colitis, and fractured vertebrae. Over three weeks, Goldsmith addressed 50 distinct complaints; 38 times the patients reported "marked improvement" immediately post-treatment—a success rate of 76 percent.

Twenty-one of the patients also had problems other than pain, such as fever from gangrene, nausea, blood in the urine, herpes on the lip and tongue, and no range of motion in a knee. Of 29 total complaints, 23 showed marked improvement. Goldsmith was unable to affect the slurred speech of a 60-year-old Parkinson's patient, and he couldn't resolve the gangrenous condition in the left leg of a 76-year-old woman. But all in all, his success rate was nearly 8 for 10, the average he expected.

"It was all very foreign and strange at first," said Francois Dufresne, MD, the 36-year-old lead author of a paper on Goldsmith's 2013 work at NYU Lutheran, which was published in June in the *Journal of Alternative and Complementary Medicine*. "What was most dramatic to me was Charlie's treatment of a 45-year-old woman who had been diagnosed with metastatic breast cancer in 2003. The cancer was in her liver and spine and abdomen. She'd been in the hospital several days. She was on an opiate, but the pain was not well controlled. I went into her room with two other doctors. I spoke to her about the study—patients had to consent to the treatment—and I asked her what her level of pain was on a scale of 1 to 10. She said the pain in her mid-lower back was a 7. Charlie came in. He asked her where is the pain exactly, what does it feel like, what makes it better or worse. It was a brief conversation of about 30 seconds. He asked her to close her eyes. He put his hand over the right side of her abdomen about 10 inches away and closed his eyes. His eyelids fluttered. After about 15 or 20 seconds, he asked her how she was feeling. She said her pain decreased by about 30 percent. He tried again, and after another 15 to 20 seconds, she said she had no pain. I'm not sure what I thought. I wasn't confounded or floored, but maybe I should have been. Pain is very, very difficult to treat. The point is to get patients better, and if it happens by means that aren't fully understood, that's okay."

Pain is also tricky to study because it can be diminished by suggestion. Subjective pain ratings are not as persuasive to medical scientists as more objective measurements of disease, such as bacteria levels or white-blood-cell counts, or even the increased range of motion Goldsmith was able to foster in a patient's locked-up knee. But the 2013 study at NYU Lutheran was designed to test the feasibility of using an energy healer in a hospital, not to investigate the mechanism and efficacy

of energy healing. The patients enrolled had an array of problems, not one common complaint. There was no "sham treatment" to compare to the actual one.

"We were studying only short-term effects, and we were using 'ordinary clinical judgment' as a measure of patient benefit," Kell Julliard told me. "We needed to break ground. We didn't know under what conditions Charlie could work, what his effect size would be, how patients and physicians would respond. You need to know these things before you can begin to design random controlled trials."

Goldsmith's results made it easy for the doctors to look past the limitations of the study. "What was phenomenal was the rapid rate of change and the degree of change in the pain in many of the patients he treated," said one of the authors, Ramsey Joudeh, MD, a 31-year-old attending physician at NYU Lutheran. "Most of our narcotics decrease a patient's pain by 3 to 5 points. If you go from 10, meaning the worst pain you can imagine, to 5, that's significant. In some cases Charlie reduced a patient's pain from 10 to zero. He also treated people with infections where antibiotics were not effective. You could see the shift in a patient's status from stagnant to a rapid healing resolution. I can't quantify it, but I would say Charlie cut days off patients' hospital stays. Watching him work has been humbling in the most extreme way."

Take, for example, patient No. 16 in the 2013 study, a 70-year-old woman with end-stage metastatic colon cancer. She couldn't take medication for the nausea that was causing her to vomit six to eight times a day, any time she tried to eat or drink water. "My sense was to treat the water," Goldsmith recalled. "I said, 'I know you've had trouble eating and drinking. If I gave you a glass of water, could you try to drink it for me?' She was pretty skeptical, but agreed. I was about two meters away from a jug of water by her bed, and I put energy into the water as I would into a person. She drank it."

As the doctors noted in their published paper: "Patient was able to drink water without nausea immediately."

Goldsmith also treated water for patient No. 6, an 87-year-old woman who had a history of coronary artery disease, a pacemaker, a resected bowel, diverticulosis, anemia, and other troubles. She had come into the hospital on September 11, 2013, with pain in her chest, shoulder, and upper abdomen as well as chronic pain in her mouth, neck, and head. With the patient in room 4144-B were Goldsmith; two doctors, Ian Kaiser and Yasaman Eslaamizad; and a fourth-year medical student, Tanuj Sood, who made the following notes:

The session began with Charlie energizing a cup of water that was already in the patient's room before he came. The patient then drank the water and was completely healed of the pain... in her left arm; however, the pain in her mouth, neck, and head still persisted.... Next, the patient ate some pudding which she states would typically give her severe epigastric pain. First, Charlie placed his hands over her sternal area without touching her, and then she proceeded to eat the entire...hospital size cup of pudding. After finishing the cup of pudding, she reported no pain at all. Finally, the patient complained of mouth pain that the patient reported to be a lump on the hard palate. After Charlie placed his hand over her head for a few seconds, the lump had decreased in size. Charlie repeated the maneuver with his hand over her head and shrunk the lump in her mouth completely. Finally, Charlie repeated the maneuver for the pain in the patient's neck and healed the patient of her neck pain. A few minutes after this session was over the patient got up and walked out of her room, into the hallway of the hospital, and back to her room. The patient states that this is the first time she has been able to walk without a cane for the past nine years.

The purported energizing of water makes quack-busters particularly apoplectic (the Grad/Estebany plant experiments with healer-treated water notwithstanding), and I asked Goldsmith why instead of treating patient No. 16 herself, he treated the water in her glass.

"Honestly? I was showing off," he said, flashing not just a bit of bluff Aussie confidence, but also a trace of the chronic exasperation he feels knowing that no matter how successful he is, he will have to prove himself anew in the face of reflexive skepticism. He's not the first good-looking human being to have to fight to be taken seriously, but Goldsmith's image is often commented upon by his critics. "What I do is always getting placed in the placebo bucket, which implies that my results are because of what's been triggered in your body or because of what you believe, or how I look. Everything to find an excuse. But I know if I don't put in the effort, it doesn't work. If my looks alone can heal 8 out of 10 people, the medical system needs to reconsider the way it casts doctors. We're wasting the talents of fashion models—they should go stand in hospitals and heal. What would they say if I was ugly—that I can heal because people feel sorry for me?"

Following his first stint at NYU Lutheran, Goldsmith spent a day healing allergy patients in the office of a family doctor in Dutchess County, two hours north of New York City. Allergic sensitivity can be objectively assessed by skin tests. Seven patients, ranging in age from 5 to 60, were tested before and after Goldsmith treated them. In six of the seven cases, the positive tests for allergic sensitivity were negative after the healing, according to notes made by the doctor, who declined to discuss any of the cases with me.

Nothing in Charlie Goldsmith's boyhood suggested the strange turn his life took the summer he got out of high school. He grew up in Melbourne, part of a sprawling brood of nine siblings, many of them half brothers and sisters. His parents split up when he was 18 months old; he lived on and off with both. His mother, Mara, was a housewife and a great cook who instilled his zeal for healthy food. From his father would seem to have come his business acumen: Brian "King of the Night" Goldsmith is credited with inventing the nightclub scene in Melbourne. He opened a café in 1957 called Goldy's, had an affair with the first waitress he hired—who became the influential feminist author Germaine Greer—and in 1977 opened the Underground. The club's clientele included Bob Hope, Shirley MacLaine, Lord Snowdon, Elton John, Liv Ullmann, John McEnroe, and David Bowie, whose ego the proprietor deftly deflated one night when the rock star showed up with two bodyguards. ("Which one of you is Bowie?" he said.) Goldsmith married four times; Charlie, one of his eight children, often hung out in his father's clubs well past a schoolboy's bedtime. He was

THE SOUND-BATH ARTIST

JAMIE FORD

"I've always loved the stars, planets, space in general," Ford says, and after being inspired by the sound of a gong in yoga class, "I decided I wanted to play the universe for people." She now sets up her spread of up to 25 planetary gongs and crystal "singing bowls" at sites from Los Angeles to Joshua Tree to take seekers on a "journey of sound." All attendees have to do for the hour-long sessions is lie down on the floor (BYO yoga mat, blanket, or pillow). "As the pure sound—without words—calms the nervous system, brain waves move into alpha and theta states," she says. "In this relaxed state, we can see our issues from a new perspective." Beyond private sessions (from $125), Ford's open-to-the-public events (from $20) are especially popular on nights when the moon is new or full.



Crow: David Crow; Ford: David LaPorte



THE EMPATHETIC COUNSELOR

TONY LEROY

When LeRoy says he feels you, he means it. The empath says he has been communicating with spirits since his late grandmother chatted him up at age three. Now 23 years into his private practice, the intuitive counselor is booked solid: There's often a four-week wait (which fans Dr. Oz and Isaac Mizrahi may have something to do with) for phone, Skype, or in-person appointments at his New York City office ($250). The disarming LeRoy typically begins a session by drawing a Haring-esque sketch of his client's energy before pulling out his trusty tarot cards to answer questions about love, money, and happiness—and how to get more of each. LeRoy insists life readings be scheduled at least three months apart, but eager devotees looking to "create the life they desire" can book a Life Manifestation Coaching series ($250 and up) or pop into his monthly group workshops ($25).

headstrong. Reading didn't come easily, and he was bored by his classes: "My report cards describe me exactly—a strong leader who doesn't do any homework and doesn't do what he's told."

The summer after he finished a desultory high school career, his father sent him on a two-hour flight north of Melbourne to Camp Eden, a sort of cross between Esalen and Canyon Ranch with a touch of Six Flags: healthy food, massage, zip lines, and the chance to trail your hands over large ferns in the mountains of Queensland.

"I sent all the kids up to Camp Eden for a summer," Brian Goldsmith recalled. "For the first week you were a client, and then the second week you started washing dishes. The first week Charlie called and said, 'It's lovely!' The second week he called and said, 'I want to come home!' and then he hung up on me. I rang the manager, and an assistant said, 'Charlie is a healer!' And I thought she meant a Queensland heeler, which is a breed of dog, so I said, 'Has he bitten somebody?'"

Rather, something had sunk its teeth into him. It happened when he was sitting on a bench in the men's changing room. A man came limping by with tears on his face. Goldsmith looked up and said, "What does it feel like?"

"At that exact moment I felt pain shooting up my leg," Goldsmith said. "I fell off the bench in agony. It was like I had stepped on a metal spike. The guy was staring at me. He said, 'Thank you!' After 30 seconds, the pain started to leave my leg, and he was in pain again. It just seemed like something in the category of really weird stuff."

But the next morning at breakfast, when he was going to get a knife and fork, his hands clapped together like magnets. He pulled them apart, but he could feel some force pulling them together. He was frightened and thought something was wrong with him. Six or seven people were sitting at the table; one of the women asked if he was okay. "Can you feel this?" he asked, holding up his hand. He was flooded with relief when she said, "Oh my God!" People began putting their hands against his and could feel what was emanating.

When a woman at the camp, the mother of one of his sister's friends, put her hand up, it felt different. There was a lump in her finger. He thought he should try to get rid of it. They sat in front of a fireplace, and he focused on trying to smooth out the lump. When half of it was gone, the woman began to cry. Goldsmith asked if he was hurting her and she said no, and urged him to keep going. Eventually she began to bend her finger. He freaked out again when she said she had not been able to bend her finger in years.

Someone joked that maybe he should now try to walk across the pool.

It took him a couple of years to fully accept what had happened. In the early days he wondered why he had been given his "gift." What was he meant to do with it? Every night he practiced moving energy around his own body. He learned to activate it, feeling its onset as a kind of pressure in the middle of his forehead. He learned to project it outside his body. "I would lie in my bed and do laps around the world with the energy," he said. "I learned to run multiple streams of it. I can't multitask in this world, but in that world I can do 10 things at once."

Not long after the awakening at Camp Eden, he started his marketing company, Cassette. He taught himself Photoshop and designed a birthday invitation for a friend's party, then a product brochure for a food company. He could see where this could go and where he could take it. But healing led him forward blindly. He was careful to keep the two apart. "I had no idea what I was doing at first. But eventually I learned, and now I know what to do and my efficiency is greater. If I was treating the woman with the lump in her finger now, I wouldn't try to smooth it out; I would just pull the energy out of her finger. Sometimes I am putting energy in and sometimes I am pulling it out. Putting energy in doesn't fix a virus or an allergy; you have to take that out. People can respond differently, but some things I do, like herpes, are the same for everyone."

Where does he think the energy comes from? "I don't know. It feels like it comes from me, but then I think, How could I have known to do that? I've always known I'm not as intelligent as the gift."

In May, Goldsmith returned for a second round at NYU Lutheran and treated 19 patients. The data has not yet been published, but some of the doctors acknowledged to me that the healer's batting average did not drop. There were new wrinkles; Goldsmith noticed that the doctors were careful not to present him as an "energy healer" but as an "energy medicine practitioner," so as not to suggest a positive outcome. The second study was also qualitative; researchers were gathering data about patients' perceptions, experiences, and beliefs.

Word of Goldsmith's success traveled quickly around the hospital, and one day eight nurses lined up with complaints. One in her fifties had knee pain that had been causing her to limp for months. While the study coordinator explained the criteria, the nurse filled out the consent form. She said she'd gone to the hospital a few weeks ago, unable to walk, and the doctors had given her a cane. Goldsmith, who was standing in the corner of a small room off a main hallway, decided to start the healing before the paperwork was finished. He told me later he had been showing off again, frustrated that he'd poured "heaps" of energy into an alcoholic patient with little effect on the man's chest pain, and also because I'd provoked him with the news that people outside the hospital were still focused on the placebo effects of his movie-star looks, citing his friendship with Miranda Kerr, which had been splashed across tabloids in Australia and England in the late spring of 2014 after paparazzi got photos of "the handsome hunk" "cuddling" with the Australian supermodel on a cruise in Sydney Harbor. (They have been friends and nothing else since they met in 2009, Kerr told me, adding that Goldsmith had stopped her son from vomiting when he had a bug and had treated her for many ailments, including the workaday model complaint of leg aches provoked by standing around in high heels.)

"Okay," the coordinator said when the nurse completed the consent form.

"How how does it feel now?" said Goldsmith, who had already finished his work.

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THE GOOD BREAKUP

For years she posed and practiced with Bikram, fully, intensely, without reservation. One day, she knew it was over. Maybe it was Vinyasa beckoning… or maybe it was just time. By Lizzy Goodman

For most of my life, I thought yoga was stupid. I remember well the first class I took. It was 15 years ago, I was a junior in college in Philadelphia. My roommate at the time, a rower from Brentwood, California, told me about the studio. I'd visited her over Thanksgiving break, and we went for hard runs in the hills, passing unceremoniously by taut-bodied power moms grimly pounding the dirt. We shared that college-girl jock thing of being really into fitness in a way that helped obscure a generalized eating disorder. We talked about food a lot. Eating it and not eating it. And we talked about working out a lot. Miles logged and miles not yet logged. But we had it in our minds that we were superior to the shiny sorority girls encumbered by body-image issues. They were self-loathing; we were in great shape. We thought of our bodies as objects, things outside ourselves—burdens, really, to be managed so as to be less of an embarrassment. When you did this well, when the object had been properly toned and shaped into the desired mold, you could rest. It might even feel good, for an hour or two, to put on a small dress and go out to a party and drink too much on an empty stomach. But the next day the battle would begin anew.

It was my roommate who first told me about the yoga studio just north of Rittenhouse Square, and I silently judged her for it. An hour-long yoga class was an hour she could have spent reading econ on the stationary bike. But a fellow type A's enthusiasm for something so touchy-feely was intriguing to me, so off I went one weekend afternoon. I jogged the mile and a half to the studio, ensuring I'd get my cardio for the day. I walked into a regal old brownstone and into the airy, serene studio space. I took my borrowed mat, rolled it out next to a white guy with dreads, and made my way through the next hour of assorted postures, gentle chanting, and attempted headstands. Then I jogged home. I never returned. For the next seven years, yoga was something I might do on my day off from working out, or if I had a fever.

David Foster Wallace once explained his disinclination to discuss his substance abuse and recovery as coming from a recognition that the things he had to say about the subject were so depressingly quotidian. So regular. So akin, really, to bad, flat writing. That's on my mind as I try to explain what happened in my late twenties, the way my perception of what mattered, what I wanted, and who I was began to turn to dust. I'm not addicted to drugs or alcohol, but you might describe me as a recovering good girl. I'd done everything that was asked of me, achieved everything I was supposed to. And yet I was miserable.

When I read my journal from that time, it's as if I were going through a delayed adolescence. I'd been a fairly together teenager, looking over my shoulder to see how to be cool, sure, but also quietly confident in who I was, even if I'd yet to fully introduce that person to anyone else. Ten years later, I was beginning journal entries with, "It's 10 A.M. and I've already had four different moods." There's an entire passage about how I'm afraid I'm going to kill an orchid given to me and my ex as a gift, and how that's a metaphor for our relationship and for life itself. It all reads like outtakes from *Go Ask Alice.*

I was in a permanent everything-everywhere-is-ending kind of mood. And it is. "We are stardust," you know? But that's not what my problem was. It was that in spite of my good education, I was completely unprepared for life. I had no idea how to contend with the basic truths, like the fact that we all die or that love sometimes ends without anything going wrong or that if you're 28 and haven't yet become a vet, you probably never will. I'd done very well on essay exams pondering

LeRoy: courtesy of the subject; photo illustration by ELLE/from Kevin Frayer/Getty Images

themes like these, but I had no idea how to contend with them in real life. I knew how to think about life. I did not know how to live it.

Looking back, there were some real-world events that triggered my crisis of faith: the dissolution of a six-year, marriagelike relationship; the fatal drug overdose of a close friend—a guy I had been subconsciously saving for when I was done being this me and ready to be a new, better, freer version; the total numbness I felt after achieving a few hard-fought career successes. To paraphrase Carrie Fisher's alter ego in *Postcards From the Edge*, I looked at my life and recognized so much of it as good, but I couldn't feel any of it. The sickening sense of waste that realization engendered got me questioning pretty much everything. Why did I care about the things I cared about? Who taught me that they mattered? Why did I listen? Which isn't to suggest that I was ready to endorse an across-the-board repudiation of A+ seeking and exercising and Western society in general. It's not that simple. Much of what I'd done in my life *did* matter to me, but some of it really didn't. But which was which? I wanted to press PAUSE on the universe and sit down cross-legged somewhere with a giant mug of coffee and some snacks and methodically examine, one by one, each moment in my life and ask who'd been in charge of it, me or someone else—and if the latter, did I like the direction in which I'd been set? But there was no system in my old life to help me navigate this process. My old life had no room for yoga. And at this point, that seemed like a good sign that yoga had something to offer me. So I went back.

Just as with my first attempt, the second time around I had a like-minded enabler. A driven, damaged good girl I knew from the office who was polite and charming and attractive and totally emotionally unwell. We became friends. Comrades, really, in laughing at our own on-the-nose sadnesses and remaining hopeful that we might find a way to transcend them. Wherever she went, she brought with her a water bottle she'd spike with Emergen-C, a telltale Bikram yogi habit. I remember her dumping that orange powder into my Vitaminwater bottle before I took my first class in January 2008: 105 degrees; 26 postures performed twice, in counted-down-to-the-second pockets of time, narrated by the meticulously scripted, comically ungrammatical dialogue of the practice's controversial founder, Bikram Choudhury. That first class I suffered alongside a hundred or so hungover New Year's resolution holdouts. By early February, the herd had thinned significantly. By spring break, I'd started to recognize an assortment of regulars. And by deep summer—test-your-commitment time for hot-yoga practitioners in the sticky, stinking city—I'd clearly become one of them.

I'd come to learn that lots of people arrive at yoga running from one destructive pattern or another and swap the ready-made lifestyle—downward-facing dog and Lululemon and green juice—for that bad boyfriend or all those vodka sodas. The neuroscientists tell us that you never really break a pattern, you overwrite it, so it's a pretty good idea to simply start putting something good in the place you'd carved out for something bad. But of all the styles of yoga I've practiced and studios I've visited all over the world, it's been my experience that Bikram attracts people with the most extreme, destructive habits.

I'm aware now of what was only beginning to emerge in the press back then, namely that Bikram Choudhury himself has a reputation as a misogynist, racist, and homophobe. He's currently being sued by six former students for rape or sexual assault, though he has denied the charges. There's an apologists' aphorism about "separating the yoga from the man" that gets tossed around by Bikram acolytes when this topic comes up. I've never met Bikram, or encountered anything like the kind of abuse he's allegedly inflicted. And I have to say that my home Bikram studio in Manhattan is a decidedly feminist, progressive place. But it has hosted a slew of troubled people. In the many, many hours I've spent hanging around outside a hot room, coming down after class, I've met junkies and abuse victims, chronic depressives and anorexics, cutters and alcoholics, recent divorcées and struggling new moms. Once I took class with a charismatic, good-looking guy in his late twenties who'd never done Bikram before but had been an All-American soccer star, or so he casually mentioned to all the girls as we lined up in sports bras and hot shorts at the studio door. He collapsed 50 minutes in; afterward, sipping coconut water and crying on a bench outside the studio, he confessed that he was in his second week of chemo for cancer.

Bikram is an intense practice, and I was drawn to it for all the qualities it would eventually teach me to reject. It was punitive, regimented, illogically disciplined. Its followers were unapologetically fanatical. And its message, at least upon introduction, had nothing to with spirituality or self-acceptance but in fact the apparent opposite, as I heard it: Your mind is the enemy; show up and surrender to this literal external voice (your teacher, repeating a scripted monologue) and you'll find relief. Simple.

My conversion was quick and full-fledged. In the spot in my life that had been occupied by long runs and worrying about bullshit, I put Bikram yoga. And at first the relationship was no more complex than that. It was a service I hired someone to perform. I went, I did what the teacher said, and for 90 minutes and a few yoga-high hours afterward, my usual floating sense of diffuse anxiety lifted. It always came back, but yoga provided a nice reprieve. I fell in love with practicing this yoga, and like any love, the first stage was giddy. Everything else in my life became less important than getting to the studio. I became an expert on the best teachers in New York. Every time I made plans, I'd first pull up a screenshot of the yoga schedule on my phone to see where I could fit in comparatively insignificant things like doing my job or seeing my friends. And then, slowly but surely, my friends became the people I did yoga with. I was accepted as a work-study student at my studio, meaning once a week I manned

THE DIVINE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

RABBI KAREN DEITSCH

She still does weddings, bar and bat mitzvahs, and conversions, but "the real work" happens in Deitsch's sun-splashed Venice Beach living room, which brims with crystals, musical instruments, metaphysical books, divination tools, and artisanal space-clearing spray. Though she's been told she began talking about light and angels when she was just a toddler, Deitsch got a psychology degree from UCLA and spent five years at Hebrew Union College, where she was ordained as a rabbi and landed on her technique, which she describes as "based primarily on gifts as an intuitive (and) in an ancient Kabbalistic system of consciousness expansion and alchemy." We don't know what that means either, but we do know that for the last 11 years, she's helped stylists, designers, entrepreneurs, and Hollywood power couples "clear and transform, activate and create" ($200 to $380). She also holds workshops, retreats, and Goddess Group ($38), a monthly confab where women learn to "experience themselves as perfect and complete."



Deitsch: Neta Sarfati

the desk, did laundry, wiped up sweat, cleaned showers, and got people coconut water in exchange for unlimited free classes. I started to understand the society built around churches. My studio wasn't my whole life, but it was a home base. A source of respite, of community. I made friends. I went to their birthday parties, art openings, and holiday dinners. I dated first one and then a second yoga instructor. And somewhere along the way, I started liking my body.

That was weird. After all those years of trying to get what Kurt Vonnegut called "the meat" to obey, it was pretty wild to feel affection toward, for example, my hamstrings because they allowed me to do standing bow pose, or the arches of my feet because they're high and allow me stability in so-called awkward pose (think of sitting in a chair). Since my early teens, I'd had erratic periods, diagnosed by gynecologists as amenorrhea, which literally means "abnormal absence of menstruation," as in, we have no fucking idea why this is happening to you, make sure to leave your co-pay on the way out. The recommended treatment? The Pill. Six months into a regular Bikram practice, my period just started showing up, regularly. For this and many other reasons (everyone should date a yoga guy once), I, for the first time, saw my body as a gift, to be cherished and protected and lived in with joy.

At the same time, a parallel shift was happening in my mind. To put it simply, I started seeing things and hearing voices. Of course, the things I saw had been there all along and the voice I heard was my own, but still. A year or two before I started practicing and after my friend had overdosed, I was in Seville, Spain, with my father. I was in a semifugue state during that trip, lobotomized by grief and what I'd later perceive as mourning the end of childhood. After dinner one night in the town square, my dad left me on a bench while he went to find a flamenco show for that evening. Sitting at dusk in the urgent spring air, surrounded by orange trees in full bloom, their bright green leaves iridescent and glowing under the streetlights, I felt the trees were talking to me, in that way that happens in dreams where words haven't been said but the meaning is clear: Everything was going to be okay.

Months later, I remembered myself in that moment as completely out of my mind. Trees don't talk. And yet after a few years of regular yoga practice, a modified, less hallucinatory version of that altered state became more common in my regular life. Random plants started talking to me all the time! Okay, I'm joking, but I did start to feel more connected to nature. And as I became more accustomed to that connection, I started to see it, really, as my becoming more accustomed to my actual self. I realized I'd always been practicing yoga—when my Girl Scout troop went to the Pecos Wilderness, and a counselor taught me to stick my six-year-old nose into the bark of a ponderosa pine and inhale the rough vanilla smell. In high school, when during long runs through the Corrales, New Mexico, desert, I'd stop thinking about SAT prep or boys, and the feel of my breath syncing with my moving limbs would lull me into a state of active detachment. Driving down Rio Grande Boulevard in the summer in the '83 Volvo station wagon (RIP) with one foot out the window. The sweet embarrassment I felt the first time a boy kissed me. And most of all, on horseback. A competitive rider as a girl, I repeatedly got the same correction from trainers that I'd later hear on a loop from yoga teachers: "Stop thinking."

I'd always had a slide show of visceral memories like these mixed with fully formed but nonverbalized thoughts—like those triggered by the trees in Spain—playing in my preconscious mind early in the morning, right before I woke up for real. Now a version of that slide show was playing much closer to the surface of my waking life, accessible whenever I wanted to dip in and look. And, as any meditation practitioner will tell you, there was suddenly just this sliver of space between my thoughts and my actual self. I could laugh at them when they seemed ridiculous and hang out with them when they seemed right on. I would come out of *savasana* with entire paragraphs magically worked out in my head, or sometimes, as I wrote, the Spanish tree voice would jump in and tell me to go read a Hemingway short story I hadn't thought about since I was 15. Then one day, in the middle of class, I knew it was time to stop practicing Bikram yoga.

My entry point to this practice had been harshness—I was attracted to the extreme heat, the very brutality of the physical experience. But along the way, without my even realizing it, Bikram had been softening me up. It had been teaching me to feel. And after a few years, being in a hot room five days a week, stretching out already pretty limber muscles and tendons stopped feeling good. But admitting that was a threat to the lifestyle I'd crafted. When I began this essay, I thought it was going to be about what it was like to leave the Bikram world, to watch as a group of people you'd known well and loved were just sloughed off. To feel newly separated and, on occasion, judged for that separation. When I'd run into Bikram friends, usually at (where else?) Whole Foods, I'd get looks of compassionate disappointment for answering the nonquestion, "I haven't seen you in class recently...," with the admission that I was doing a lot more Vinyasa these days. That happened a few times, but mostly my former Bikram buddies and I would both just nod and say hi and promise to get together for lunch and never do it. It was like we were kids who went to the same school—we'll always have sophomore year—but then I transferred. But it was less "we hate you now that you're not one of us" and more "this is how life is": You are part of something, and things change; you are with someone, until you both move on; you are here, and then you're gone.

It's funny; these days, you could say I lead much more of a yoga lifestyle than I did when I was practicing Bikram. Back then, I was still pricing home juicers. These days, I'm into all of it: *matcha* drinking, essential oil blending, sound healing. Last year, two friends and I went wild at Mama's Minerals, a gigantic crystal emporium in Albuquerque, New Mexico, then sat at my parents' kitchen table and explained the thinking behind crystal therapy to my brother, a U.S. diplomat and former national-team rower. That was fun. Since I quit practicing Bikram every day, I've studied on and off at a bunch of New York's most renowned studios, from Jivamukti to Dharma to Katonah. Two years ago, I became a certified yoga teacher via Laughing Lotus's (incredible) teacher training program. But I find that whenever I get deep into one particular practice, a voice returns and guides me away. Never completely and never with the same abruptness that happened with Bikram, but I go through a now familiar mini-breakup: with some of the people I've met, with the rhythm of showing up at the studio and putting my stuff in a certain place and going for juice afterward at this or that café, with the very idea of myself that naturally gets built around any routine. But I've learned to see that as the point.

Writers say, "Kill your darlings." Buddhists say, "If you meet the Buddha on the road, kill him!" I say, Don't let the practice—whether yin yoga or boxing or model-train building—be a substitute for the progress. Yoga is everywhere, except when you forget how to feel. •

FEELING IS BELIEVING

The medium delivered the message that eased her unrelenting grief. Then the doubt set in. Lisa Chase went searching for the truth and found life and death merging and converging in ways unforeseen

Up until a year ago, I'd never visited a psychic, never had my palms or tarot cards read. I wasn't exactly a skeptic, but you have to trust the people who practice such things, you have to buy into their cosmologies, and I didn't, quite.

But for a few years, in my thirties, I called an astrologer around my birthday. I had a hippie aunt who, when I was 16, gave me a present of an astrological chart. It was fun; it seemed to confirm who I am—a pragmatic Capricorn—and the ancientness of the art, the systematicness of it, the universality, appealed to me.

The last time I talked to the astrologer, I was told two significant things. One delighted me. The other I put deep in the vault of my subconscious. That's how we in this Anthropocene era interface with the paranormal and the metaphysical. If we get a prophecy we like, we keep it at our fingertips, bring it out at dinner parties, tweet it to our followers: "@amazingpsychic told me I'd meet my soul mate next month. #cosmic #blessed." If we get bad news, we can decide that it was delivered by a charlatan and disregard it. Because our navel-gazing, technology-is-god culture doesn't fundamentally believe in anything bigger than ourselves (*what could be bigger?*), we don't have any rules of the road to evaluate what we hear and who is delivering our para-, meta-messages. We're each on our own recognizance.

It was a little over a decade ago. I was 39 years old, 10 weeks pregnant with my son—though after a previous miscarriage, I wasn't telling anyone about this pregnancy. The astrologer read my chart and said, "You're having a baby now or very soon." Wow, she is *good*, I thought. We talked about how Aquarius was in my marriage house, and so it was no surprise that my partner was an Aquarius. She told me that he was "a difficult path." Was I sure I needed to go down it? I assured her I did, because for all the difficulties, there were many more amazing moments in my life with him. Okay, the astrologer conceded; maybe he was my "destiny." Then she told me that something "wild" was going to happen around the time I was 50. "It's almost like someone around you is murdered."

That's the one I sent deep into my Gringotts vault, to be ignored and nearly forgotten. I had my son Davey, eventually married the Aquarius—a brilliant, dazzling, disheveled, funny, work-addicted, self-involved, loyal man named Peter Kaplan—and built a chaotic and emotionally rich life with him, our son, and Peter's three kids from his first marriage.

Peter was the most vivid person I've ever known. While he claimed to be an expert on everything, he actually *did* seem to know everything about Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Kennedys, Bob Dylan, *The Wizard of Oz*, good grammar, David Letterman, the Great American Songbook, the golden age of Broadway, Othmar Ammann and his design for the George Washington Bridge, the New York Yankees, Spencer Tracy, Hollywood from 1920 to 1960, Ralph Lauren, and the media. He was a controlling person who thought he was always right. He hated when I wore polka dots and when I drank red wine because he said it made me a little mean (the wine, not the dots). But he was also monumentally generous, with his presents, his love, and his time. He was an editor, and a mentor to many, many people, and as a consequence, he'd get overextended, often falling into trouble with them, and us. His friend Paul had an expression for the Kaplan *méthode*. Peter would be poised on the brink of disaster and at the very last moment pull out a victory, a redemption, a "Kaplan finish." He was the leader of our big, bawdy, intellectually stimulated, culturally literate family, the kind I'd longed for growing up. We were lucky. We were happy.

Ten years after that phone call with the astrologer, Peter was in a bed at New York-Presbyterian Hospital, where he'd been for three months. He was surrounded by doctors, Paul, his son Charlie, and me, being told that his stem-cell transplant had failed in spectacular fashion (Peter did everything in spectacular fashion) and that he'd be dead in a week to 10 days. This



The author and medium Lisa Kay in Brooklyn, August 2015

was as horrible as you can or can't imagine, but there was torture involved, too, because only a week before, he was coming home; we were frantically readying the house for his arrival. He was doing great! "There are patients here who'd kill to walk in your shoes," one nurse had told him. As the transplant worked and his marrow began to grow, however, his lymphoma came roaring back a third time, and he, and we, made a hairpin turn back to despair. No Kaplan finish this time. It did feel like he was being murdered.

"They tell me I only have a week," Peter told his older brother in an almost quizzical tone when James arrived a few minutes later. Peter looked at the two of us, and for the first time, I really understood the marriage of ideas in the word *tragicomedy* when he said, "Feel free to use any of this as material."

I have experienced grief in all its parts—the "acute grief" of the early months after Peter died on November 29, 2013; and then later the "integrated" or "abiding grief," as the *DSM* neatly terms them (this was the period in which people liked to chirp at me that I was doing amazingly well); followed by "complicated grief" (okay, I wasn't doing so well; I was actually stuck in a black whirlpool). I felt stupid and slow, simultaneously suspended in aspic and pushed along in a swift, strong stream that I couldn't quite keep my head above. It was as if someone had taken a can opener to my edges and rolled back my skin, exposing my insides to air and microbes and every other invasive thing. It was the most painful experience of my life, and yet in the rawness of it, there was something beautiful, too. I was wide open, untethered, in ways I'd never been before. My eyeballs and skin hurt when I walked outside; it was like the feeling you get when you're just succumbing to a flu—vulnerable and odd, and on the verge.

My dreams were invaded regularly by Peter in the first months after his death, with an insistence that woke me at four in the morning almost daily. Frankly, that's how he was in life. If he called me and I didn't pick up the phone, he'd call again. And again. And again. And again. He didn't really care what I was doing that might be keeping me from calling him back; when he wanted to talk, *he wanted to talk.* Davey, then nine, was dreaming of him, too. One morning, he said, "Last night Daddy and I had fun."

"What'd you do in the dream?"

"We went to Game 7 of the Yankees–Red Sox World Series," Davey said.

"Who won, Boo-boo?"

"The Yankees."

"What was the score?"

"Eight hundred and three to zero."

It was Peter's sense of humor...and his idea of heaven. There's a pretty obscure film clip of him at 23, having talked himself and his younger brother, Rob, into the Yankees locker room after they won Game 6 of the 1977 World Series. Peter stands there, pretending to take notes, but he's really just gazing prettily into the camera—he was a beautiful boy—pleased for the world to see that he's in the red-hot center. In these days, Davey was sure he was communicating with his father. On New Year's Eve, as we walked down our silent suburban block, coming home from a friend's, he said, "This is the gateway to next year, Mommy. Next year at this time, we'll still be sad, but maybe we won't have the crazy thoughts in our heads."

Then he said, "Daddy is with us now. He says he wants you to hold his hand."

I was holding Davey's hand in my right, with my keys in my left—an old habit from living in the city: *When walking home late at night, have your keys out.* Again, Davey asked me to do it, and so I put the keys in my coat pocket and held out my left hand in the cold air.

You may be wondering what this has to do with the para- and the meta-, and I'm getting to it right about now. Because at this point, the coincidences began to occur. You may be able to explain some of them away, but not all, I'll wager. It started on Christmas Eve, when we flew to Seattle to see Peter's brother Rob. The car in front of us on the way to the airport was the same color, make, and model as Peter's, and the license plate was nearly identical to his—off by one number. The flight attendants were pouring out Aquarius water. A few weeks later, Peter's daughter Caroline got her first big break as an actor on a new TV show called *Proof*, about a group of people trying to determine definitively whether there's life after death. Around this time, Davey, his friend, and I were waiting in the high school hallway for baseball tryouts. Davey and the other boy were talking about what year their dads graduated from college. He asked me about Peter as he was bending down to pick up a couple of pennies he'd spotted on the floor. "Well, Dad was supposed to graduate in 1976, but he actually graduated in '77," I said. The dates on the pennies were 1976 and 1977. On the evening of February 10, 2014, which would have been Peter's sixtieth birthday, I went out to dinner with the kids and two good friends. Because I was with everyone I wanted to talk to, I left my cell phone in my bag. Three weeks later I discovered a text, sent from my phone number *to* my phone number, dated February 10, 8:18 P.M.: "Lisa I cannot believe I'm funny I sent you the message love you see I." A month later, Peter's first wife, Audrey, was in a market. On the TV above the cash register, the clip of young Peter in the 1977 Yankees locker room was playing. She said it was like he was staring right at her.

In the first three to four months after he'd died, I couldn't escape the feeling that Peter was calling, calling, calling, until I picked up. I had two friends who'd faced unspeakably horrible deaths: One lost her fiancé in the war in Afghanistan. The other lost a child. Both had called a medium named Lisa Kay, and I'd known of their remarkable conversations. So on a Saturday morning in March 2014, I dialed her number and left a message: "Hi, my name is Lisa Chase. I'm a friend of X and Y, and I know you've worked with them. My husband died, and I'd like to make an appointment to talk to you."

I hung up and then walked next door to my neighbor's to borrow some sugar; when I got back, there was a missed call from a Manhattan number on my phone. I called it, and Lisa Kay answered. "I don't usually work on Saturdays," she said, "but I felt compelled to call you back now." I also knew, from others who've called her, that she usually makes a phone appointment for a couple of weeks out and then asks you to send her a check.

But on the line with me now, Lisa all of a sudden sounded a little peeved and said, "I don't like to do it this way."

"What do you mean, 'I don't do it this way'?" I was confused.

"He's here," she said. "He wants to

IT WAS THE MOST PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE, AND YET IN THE RAWNESS OF IT, THERE WAS SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, TOO. I WAS WIDE OPEN, UNTETHERED, IN WAYS I'D NEVER BEEN BEFORE.

Katherine Wolkoff (sittings editor: Yashua Simmons; hair by Tyler Laswell at Ray Brown Pro for Tresemmé; makeup by Viktorija Bowers at Ray Brown Pro for Benefit Cosmetics)



THE INTUITIVE-MEDITATION TEACHER

JILL WILLARD

Since embracing her "knowing" in 2007, Willard has steadily risen to become one of the most sought-after gurus in her orbit—outgrowing two Los Angeles office spaces, becoming a Goop favorite, and beginning work on *The Center Space,* a book due out next year based on Willard's seven-step guided program and intended to help readers tap into intuition and trust their gut. Of the exchanges she has with her clients, the 41-year-old mother of three, who looks like an Isabel Marant–clad fairy, puts it this way: "This is truly between people themselves and their higher-self guides, guards, angels, and the universe. I am only the secretary relating back the conversation." In her one-hour sessions ($250 to $500), she says, the goal is to throw out right versus wrong in favor of "the good stuff—the lesson, the apology, the whoops, or the gift in the garbage."

talk now." Then, as if she were talking to someone else: "I like to get paid first." Then, addressing me, "Can you even do this now? Are you free?" Terrified and exhilarated, I said yes. This is how it began:

Lisa Kay: Who's David? Who's David? He has grown. He says, "He has grown." Testing, trial control. He's talking about goldfish. And marzipan. He doesn't like it.

Lisa Chase: I have no idea what that means....

LK: Acknowledging James. He's acknowledging someone named James. Are you writing this down? You should write this all down. Even if it doesn't make sense now, it will later.

James, of course, was Peter's brother. I was running around my house, looking for scraps of paper to write on. I found a bill from a local stationery store, forms sent home from Davey's school, a confirmation for a flight to Atlanta. I was frantically scribbling on the backs of all of them, grateful I knew how to take shorthand notes from my years as a reporter, because she was talking so fast, her melodic voice—she once thought about pursuing a career as a singer—stopping and starting, darting from subject to subject.

LK: He's talking about a ball. He says, "Find the signed ball in the bag and give it to David."

While Peter was in the hospital, a good friend, knowing he loved the Yankees and particularly Joe Torre, their longtime manager, got Torre to sign a baseball—a talisman. But the day I brought it in, Peter shook his head. "I can't," he said. "Put it away." I didn't know why it upset him, but I put the ball in his closet, in a canvas bag that I'd packed with his clothes and toiletries to bring to the hospital.

LK: He's showing me blood. Did he die of a blood clot? Something about blood. I'm seeing the word "genetic." She said it in an almost staccato fashion: *Ge-net-ic.*

LC: He died of a blood cancer. And his doctors told us it was probably related to the lymphoma his father died from.

LK: The reason–David will not get it. That's what he's telling me. Good for you, Peter! I like this guy. [In a different voice]: *"You can call me Pete!"*

He says, "Go ahead. You can have the red wine."

I began to laugh. For the first time, I felt some relief from the cruelty of the way he died. This call had begun to do for me what the best antianxiety medicine and therapy had not been able to, which was pull me out of the whirlpool and see the beginning of a way out of my sadness.

Lisa would be talking to me directly, then talking to...Peter? And sometimes it was if she *were* Peter, talking to us both. Channeling would probably be the best verb. Sometimes she said things that made no sense to me. Maybe a third of what she said could apply to anyone who'd lost a spouse; things like, "I want you to marry again," and "It's okay that you cried in front of me." But there were many more specific things she said that she couldn't have known or Googled, as several people have suggested to me.

Anyway, try Googling the name of a person you know nothing about. It takes a lot more than five minutes to navigate to the page with the right information and absorb it all—the names and details and events.

LK: He says he controlled too much. He says, "Take the good with the bad. I had my faults." He's learning to be better at not criticizing.

Then she said something that shocked me.

LK: "I'm a lucky guoy. *I got the better end of the deal."*

What was amazing about this was the way Lisa pronounced it: "guoy," not "guy." It was precisely the way Peter said it, with an exaggerated Brooklyn accent. He'd use that expression when we were making up after a fight: I'm a lucky guoy...to have you. At this point I began speaking directly to him; I couldn't help myself.

LC: Peter, you weren't lucky! You died!

LK: I hear a dog barking. There's a dog with him. Did you have a dog?

LC: Yes, we did. Gracie was our dog. She died of Lyme disease. Peter felt super guilty about it–

LK: [In a grouchy tone] *"It was our dog, but it was MY dog."*

Was he social? Because people are calling out to him over there. Someone's yelling "Pete! Peter!" I gotta calm him down.

He says, "I was lucky to have someone so pretty and young."

LC: I was lucky to have someone so handsome.

LK: "That's true."

Even in the afterlife, I was competing with others for his time. But I was weirdly comforted by the joking and grouchiness and grandiosity. It felt like my husband.

Lisa's cell phone started to die, so she gave me her home number, and I called her back. We'd been on the phone for about 45 minutes.

LK: Who met you?

LC: What?

LK: I'm asking Peter; who met you? Mom. He says mom. But he was clearly met by his father. He was starting his transition that last week.

"Did you touch my face? I wasn't in my body when you did."

Until that last week, I hadn't been able to touch Peter's skin with my fingers or lips for three months; I wore rubber gloves and kissed him from behind a mask. A stem-cell transplant takes a patient down to zero immunity; a kiss from a wife with even a nascent cold sore can be deadly. But once we knew he was not going to survive, I took off the mask and gloves, climbed into the bed with him—he was in a morphine sleep by this time—and I did touch his face. After he died, I kissed his face and tried to close his eyes.

LK: He says, "You did what you knew was right. I am well here."

LC: Do you swear, Peter?

LK: "No. But you do."

A joke! It's true; I swear like a sailor. He hardly ever did.

LK: Who's Boo-boo?

At this I shrieked loudly enough that Davey ran into the room to make sure I was okay. Then I told Lisa that Boo-boo was Peter's baby name for Davey.

LK: He was a seal-the-deal kind of guy. He says, "XOXO."

LC: He didn't do that! I did that. I do that.

LK: He said, "That's one for you."

We'd been on the phone for a little over an hour. I thanked her and took down her address to mail a check for her $350 fee. I asked her if people ever called for another reading, and she said yes, but that she didn't encourage it. She didn't want people to become dependent; they had to move through their grief and maybe learn to recognize

Willard: courtesy of the subject

the signs themselves. We were hanging up when she said suddenly, "Who's Paul? Who's Paul? 'Give a hug to Paul.'"

Wherever Peter was—and let's say for the sake of argument that he *was*—the dog was barking, and his sense of humor was intact, as was his self-regard, and I was still trying to get his attention. The picture of life, or death, or whatever state it might be that Lisa was depicting felt incredibly familiar. It was funny. It was almost earthy, not profound, not woo-woo. I could not shake the notion that after we hung up, he was off to a gathering with his friends Eric and Sarah, and Lem and Clay, his dad and mom. Abraham Lincoln? George and Ira Gershwin? Ava Gardner? Peter loved history, and he loved meeting famous people, and it occurred to me that the ranks of the dead could make up the best cocktail party ever. In the immediate aftermath of the call, I was filled with euphoria and flooded with an intense wave of love for him.

I began to tell people about the reading. "Wait, he's still learning not to criticize?" my friend Shonna said. "Don't you think it's weird to think of him *still learning*?" I called psychotherapists to try to get some kind of plausible explanation—something rooted in psychology rather than parapsychology—for why this call made me immediately feel so much better. Sameet M. Kumar, PhD, who counsels dying patients and then, afterward, their families (this is brilliant; why don't more therapists work with both the dying *and* their families?), and who wrote a wondrous little book called *Grieving Mindfully*, listened to me cast around for reasons that didn't involve spirits in an afterlife and then gently said, "Are you trying to get me to tell you that I don't believe in this? Because I do.... I've heard hundreds of these stories over the years." Another, a very respected psychiatrist, confided (though not for attribution) that he'd had his own experience talking to his father via a medium.

Peter and I had become friendly with a young physician's assistant on the lymphoma service at New York-Presbyterian. I wrote her and asked if she or anyone there had an opinion about life after death. I half expected to never hear from her again. But the next morning, this was in my inbox: "I love that you asked this question. At risk of possibly sounding 'out there' or 'psychedelic,' I absolutely believe in some form of afterlife and/or spirit activity. I think I believed in it before I started working here, but over the past 2 years, my awareness has only become heightened, as I deal with more and more life-to-death transitions. I asked some of my colleagues too and they all agreed—there is definitely *something* after death, but no one is sure exactly what. Some spirits of my patients are more 'active' than others, I've noticed. Not quite sure why that is either."

Then I read about a researcher named Julie Beischel, PhD, the cofounder and director of research for the Windbridge Institute for Applied Research in Human Potential in Tucson. Though she was trained in pharmacology and toxicology at the University of Arizona, Beischel has for the past 12 years collected data on mediums. "I've been studying the phenomenon—is it a real thing?—and also how mediums can work better with law enforcement" and, if she can raise the money for it, she's designed a study to measure its impact on the bereaved.

Her own loss and an encounter with a medium got her interested in trying to quantify the mental-health effects of mediumship, as it's called, versus traditional grief counseling and drugs. "Our real interest is in what you can do with this," she says. "And as you experienced, it's super helpful in grief. As long as you know the scientific method, you can apply it to anything. There are all these people, mostly women, saying they're experiencing this communication with the deceased. So I'm testing them."

Her goal? That the medical establishment might recognize mediums as bona fide therapy for the bereaved. It sounds extremely farfetched, but not so many years ago, no insurance company covered acupuncture. Now, the state of California requires that all insurers do.

Not surprisingly, Beischel is running a shoestring operation and is perpetually seeking funding for her studies, for which she goes to great lengths to prevent any suggestion of "cold reading." That's the name for how a reader begins a session with generalities, pays attention to the reactions of the client—words, body language, skin color, breathing patterns, dilation or contraction of the pupils of the eye—and then tailors observations around the information conveyed. The bereaved are particularly easy marks for cold readings; we're highly motivated to find meaning in what we hear, and to hear what we want to hear about our dearly departed.

To prevent such fraud, Beischel keeps the "sitter" (the term of art for the seeker of a reading) and the medium from having direct contact. Typically, that means Beischel herself gives the medium the name of the deceased, along with five questions about him or her—appearance, personality, hobbies, cause of death, and whether the "discarnate" (the term of art for the dead person) has any messages for the relative or friend left behind. That person is then given the answers—but also a set of decoy answers from a reading done for someone else. The sitter scores both readings for accuracy, and picks which one she thinks came from her loved one.

Beischel says that sitters pick the right reading about 70 percent of the time, but that mistakes during readings are just part of the process. The reason TV mediums—which is how most people experience this profession—"seem so accurate is that they're most likely heavily edited," she says. "The theory [behind the errors] is that there's static or noise in the system. Your medium might be picking up the deceased family members of, say, a passing truck driver. As a medium, you have to have this sort of right-brained ability to hear from the dead, but also have one foot grounded to be able to differentiate the noise from the signal."

Lisa Kay works only over the phone, she says, in part to keep the reading "more pure," to avoid the "distractions" of an in-person reading. But precisely because I'm a left brainer, because I've spent my professional life as a journalist, I became determined to meet her, to report her out, to use one of *my* profession's terms of art. I was convinced that if I observed her body language, looked her in the eye, that if I grilled her about her job and how it works, I'd know if what had happened between us was real. I wanted to demystify the mystery.

I called her and invited her to lunch. Somewhat reluctantly, she agreed.

THE PICTURE OF LIFE, OR DEATH, OR WHATEVER STATE IT MIGHT BE THAT LISA WAS DEPICTING FELT FAMILIAR. IT WAS FUNNY. IT WAS ALMOST EARTHY, NOT PROFOUND, NOT WOO-WOO.

We met in an Upper East Side Manhattan restaurant Lisa picked; I told her what kind of bag I'd be carrying and she spotted me first. She was not the New Agey lady I was expecting. She was attractive, well-coiffed, and beautifully turned out in pink cashmere, black pants, and flats. I'm guessing that she's a few years older than I, but her age remains a state secret.

"I knew you'd call again," she said as we sat down among all the ladies who lunch and ordered a salad Niçoise and a frittata. How did she know?

"Well, I'm a medium." She giggled.

I began to ask her about how it works, the mechanics of reading, of seeing spirits.

"First," she said, "I don't talk to dead people. I don't see dead people. I hate that." It drives her nuts. "Spirits are energy—energy can't be destroyed, just read the quantum physicists. Max Planck. They're just on a higher vibrational frequency, and I have to tune in to that."

What did she do to prepare? "I meditate. I quiet my mind. I connect to my heart, set an intention to read. I make sure I'm well hydrated. I leave my problems at the door, making myself completely available to be a receiver." What happens when the signs, or "hits," as she calls them, start to come? "Sometimes it's a little movie. Sometimes a picture. A symbol. Sometimes it's just one sign—a smell." Or a sharp, fleeting pain in her head if, say, the deceased had a brain tumor.

She says she gets some of her best hits in the shower: "Water conducts energy." And at Bloomingdale's! She's quite funny. "I'm joking, but truthfully, I will go to Bloomingdale's when it's empty and walk around, and I get some of the biggest hits that way."

She's self-taught. She did not study under another medium, but she's very well read, in her field and beyond it. Later, she'd send me quotes often, about the power of intuition, from Kahlil Gibran, Albert Einstein, Ram Dass, Helen Keller, Molière, William Blake.

"Somebody called them my 'powers' the other day," she said dismissively. "They're not 'powers.' It's an ability I've *worked* on."

So, when did she know she had it? I asked. I sensed that she was weighing something, trying to decide whether to trust me. I later learned that she'd been approached by media people before and had decided not to participate in whatever they were offering—magazine stories, TV projects.

Here's some of what I learned over the last year about Lisa Kay:

She and her sister were raised in Switzerland, Belgium, and the Upper East Side. Her parents were divorced. Her dad was a Marine who fought in World War II and ultimately became a senior vice president of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter & Co. Her mother remarried and had one more child, a boy named Patrick, whom Lisa adored.

It was hard to get her to focus on questions about her personal life. She frequently went off on tangents, and I wondered: Was she a little ADHD? Was it possible she was hearing more than one conversation at once? Or, the reporter in me feared, was she trying to avoid my questions?

She came back to the States as a teenager and enrolled at Jacksonville University in Florida. "I took a criminal-justice course there and I was fascinated, so I transferred to John Jay [College of Criminal Justice in New York]." After graduation, she interned for a year in Manhattan's 30th Police Precinct as a youth aide officer. "One detective said to me, 'You're too sensitive. You want to change everything, and that's not gonna happen.'"

So she left and worked as a flight attendant and in a nursing home, took singing lessons, and ended up in high-end fashion retail, as a sales associate at Gucci, Calvin Klein, and Bottega Veneta. "I was lost over the years," she says. "My dad was a good man, but he'd say, 'You never finish anything.'" One day at Bottega Veneta, she was taking a phone order. "I said, 'Okay, Doctor, I'll send that off to you.' And he said, 'How did you know I was a doctor? I didn't say I was.' I said, 'Yes, you did, it's right here on my paper.' But it wasn't. So I tried to explain it away—'Well, it was just your cadence'—and he sort of laughed and said, 'My dear, you have a very special gift.'"

About five years later, on her fortieth birthday, the love of her life died. "Almost immediately, I started getting psychic information. On the set of the film *Serendipity*, I was working as an extra, and that's when I got my first mediumship impression. I met this woman at the craft-food services table, and she started to talk to me about her losses. And I started telling her about people who'd passed. This is back in 2001.

"Then I went to see a psychic, and he said, 'I'm sorry to tell you this, but they're clapping for you; they're throwing a party for you; they're saying you're doing great work.' It was exciting but upsetting. I said, 'Can you ask them to postpone the party?'"

For a while she read people for free, practicing. But she had to eat, pay the utility bills, and a few years after that first impression, she began to charge for hour-long readings. She spends a lot of her time on the phone with clients. She has a group of good friends, psychics and civilians both, but says of her work, "Sometimes it's lonely." She felt that some of her relationships changed when she first became a medium; not quite that she was being used, but.... I imagined her job was like being a doctor; people accosting you in restaurants, trying to get free advice: "Do you mind taking a quick look at my shoulder?"

In the beginning of our acquaintanceship, I was longing for the comfort I'd gotten in that first call and I'll admit that I was hoping she'd offer me messages from Peter when we talked. Occasionally she did: "He was with you in the attic that night.... He was at Davey's dentist appointment.... Did Pete get a new position? 'Dad's proud.'"

Still, I resisted asking for more, and I had only the one reading. The power of that call made me vulnerable, I knew. I worried I might start a habit that I couldn't quit. And the more I poked at it, the more I feared it wasn't true. As the psychiatrist I interviewed said, "You didn't protect it. You told too many people."

And maybe I'd asked her too many questions. "I tell my friends, I had a yearlong interview with you," she said to me recently. We talked probably twice a month—with me interviewing her or sometimes just chatting—for 14 months.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 411



THE FOLK HEALER

DORI MIDNIGHT

Lots of kids make potions in their backyards, but Midnight, 39, kept it up. She now runs an intuitive-healing practice and apothecary out of her barn in Amherst, Massachusetts, serving up her concoctions to artists, actors, and activist types seeking clarity and relief from trauma, grief, and indecision ($95 to $135). "I want to connect people to their best selves—their wisest selves—and to their own inner resources," says Midnight, who incorporates "deep listening" to link up with spirit guides, ancestors, and animals, as well as ancient healing traditions. For those who can't make the trip (physically or metaphorically), Midnight conveniently sells her honeys, sprays, and potions—made from healing flowers and crystals—online.

Midnight: Charlotte Curtis


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Dahl (left) and Rose in the backyard of Dahl's childhood home in L.A.'s Hancock Park neighborhood

WELCOME TO THE DAHL HOUSE

Has there ever been a more fairy-tale couple than Phoebe Dahl and Ruby Rose? In L.A., Dahl hosts an alfresco affair with the kind of whimsy (and wildlife!) that would make her grandfather proud.

By Molly Langmuir

Photographed by ROGER DAVIES

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Clockwise from left: Phoebe puts finishing touches on the table before guests arrive; Chef Chloe (at left, in jean jacket) celebrates a meal well done; Corley and Rose take advantage of tree swings.

On a recent afternoon, the oldest home in the Hancock Park neighborhood of Los Angeles presents a storybook version of chaos. Two small pigs roam the lawn, prompting constant cries of distress ("Hazel, no!"), tailed by a meek but enormous dog. Dozens of mostly barefoot people rush in and out of the farmhouse-like kitchen—everything the chicest bit worn—helping with dinner or grabbing snacks. Outside, across from a meditating Buddha by a rectangular pool—a small oasis of calm—is a tree with brightly colored bras dangling from the branches.

The extreme level of activity is at least partly due to a 10-person dinner party Phoebe Dahl, 26, is hosting in just a few hours. The granddaughter of one of the most wildly imaginative writers of the twentieth century, Roald Dahl, who wrote *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and his first wife, Patricia Neal, a porcelain-skinned, Oscar-winning film star, Phoebe is the founder of the sustainable and charitable clothing line Faircloth Supply, which puts out Japanese-inspired linen basics that are at once tomboyish and feminine—gingham jumpers, draped dresses in muted colors, and loosely tailored drop-crotch trousers. She lives nearby in a Silver Lake bungalow with her fiancée, Ruby Rose, 29, the tatted-up Australian breakout star of the latest season of *Orange Is the New Black*, but frequently still organizes get-togethers at the home where she spent much of her childhood and where her mother, Lucy, still lives.

It's easy to see why. The house is befitting of someone with the last name Dahl: Turreted and with a shingled roof, it has a rococo mural adorning the ceiling of one room and an entire wall featuring framed prints of spiders in another. Also, according to Phoebe, it's haunted. (In spite of how substantial it looks, the house was actually built nearby and moved to its current site in 1910, pulled over by horse and buggy.) Lucy bought the place in 1998, and ever since it has been home to her, her second husband, and a rotating cast of children, stepchildren (they have seven between them), and pets, which have included not just pigs but frogs, snakes, lizards, and a parrot.

Phoebe and Rose actually met there, at a barbecue Phoebe arranged for friends a year and a half ago. Rose, who'd recently moved to the States to try acting after becoming a well-known DJ and model in her homeland, was invited by a mutual friend, but almost didn't show. Her first stop in America had been rehab, and being newly sober, she thought about skipping the event. Then she heard there would be a pig. "So I came and met Hazel, and I fell in love," Rose says. "And then I met Phoebe." She laughs.

Phoebe's winningly casual approach to entertaining was immediately apparent. "She was in sweatpants and had no makeup on," says Rose. "But we fell in love at first sight." Three months and numerous tabloid appearances later, Rose, who has the bone structure of Angelina Jolie and the star power of the Milky Way, proposed. Phoebe accepted, but they didn't have much time to celebrate. A few hours later the designer headed to Nepal, where Faircloth's charitable efforts are focused—for each item sold, a girl there receives two school uniforms, school supplies, and a one-year scholarship.

"Do-gooderism," as Phoebe refers to it, clearly runs in the family. Her aunt, Ophelia Dahl, is cofounder of Partners in Health, an organization that helps provide health care for the poor around the world (it was the focus of Tracy Kidder's 2003 book, *Mountains Beyond Mountains*). And the same day as Phoebe's dinner party, her mother had organized an

Styled by Sarah Schussheim; set design by Spencer Vrooman; hair by Bobby Eliot for Oribe; makeup by Toby Fleischman for Dior Beauty; catering by Knuckle & Claw; flowers by the Velvet Garden. Phoebe wears (throughout): Wool blazer, Rag & Bone, $495. Linen shirt, $175, trousers, $210, both, Faircloth & Supply. Printed-leather oxfords, The Kooples, price on request. Her own jewelry. For details, see Shopping Guide



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Clockwise from left: Vino and Victoriana before dinner; watermelon salad, a Dahl family recipe; perfectly blackened corn and lobster potpie.

event for Cartwheelers, a group that aims to help women have more fun; Lucy and two other women were inspired to start it by a friend who, while dying of cancer, said she regretted not having laughed more (the dangling bras were one of the activities; attendees were invited to ditch theirs for anywhere from four seconds to forever, with many clearly choosing the latter). Even before she officially launched Faircloth, Phoebe, who graduated from the Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising in San Francisco and then spent a year working for the Amsterdam-based line Jupe by Jackie, knew she wanted her company to have a charitable component. To date, the line has funded the education of 2,000 Nepali girls. It's also environmentally conscious. Last March, Faircloth launched its first collaboration, a capsule collection sold at Urban Outfitters as part of the Urban Renewal program, which utilizes only dead-stock fabrics.

As the sky darkens, Phoebe and Rose's friends begin to show up. They include Lizzie Dulien, a jewelry designer; Ruby Corley, a model (and onetime favorite subject of It Kid photographer the Cobrasnake); Nick Hinman, a model/skateboarder turned screenwriter/actor; and Kate Moennig, the actress known for playing Shane on *The L Word* and Lena on *Ray Donovan*. Meanwhile, food is provided by Knuckle & Claw, a Silver Lake restaurant with a menu focused on lobster (flown in from the East Coast), opened last year by Phoebe's younger sister Chloe and her fiancée, Nikki Booth. The two of them bustle around in the kitchen, preparing grilled corn and a watermelon, olive, feta, and red onion salad, and checking on the main course: lobster potpies irreverently formed in the shape of the crustacean. (A love of culinary arts seems to be another family trait—Phoebe's cousin is model turned cookbook author Sophie Dahl.)

Out in the front yard, candle lanterns and flowers hang from the branches of an enormous tree, along with two long swings. Below all of this is a table surrounded by mismatched chairs and decorated with lush bouquets of roses arranged by local florist the Velvet Garden; the scene is completed, naturally, by a life-size wooden alligator peeking out from behind the tree's trunk.

Dinner conversation moves seamlessly from Rose's thoughts on whether *Orange Is the New Black* will drastically change her life (she doesn't think so) to why Corley doesn't plan to return to director Peter Berg's boxing gym of choice to Rose and Phoebe's complementary star signs. Meanwhile, inside the kitchen, Lucy chats with a few remaining friends while the pigs and dog root around for leftover crumbs, the walls above them decorated with various depictions of pets come and gone. Over the door that leads to the backyard, though, there is one slightly different item hanging in an unobtrusive frame: Willy Wonka's golden ticket. ●

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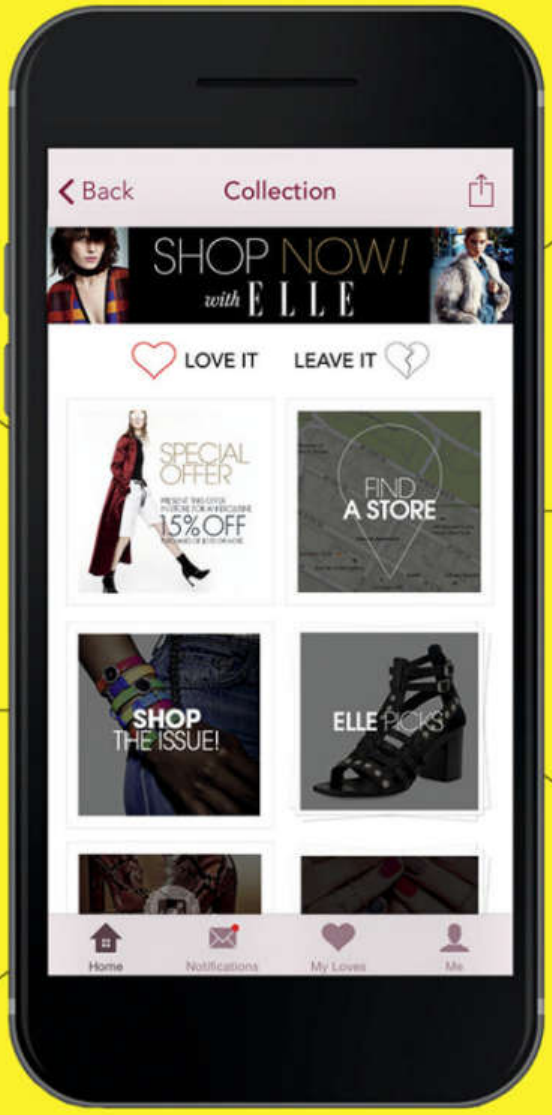
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READER



HILLARY, C'EST MOI

Political reporter Rebecca Traister has covered Hillary Clinton for almost a decade. And as much as Traister tries to be cool on the job, when it comes to analyzing the person who could be *our first woman president,* she's kind of a hot mess. Aren't we all?

In early March, I woke up in a hotel with a pit in my stomach. It was the kind of ache I recognized from the bad old days of bad old relationships: a knot that twists your midsection the morning after a late night of crying or fighting, as your body recalls that you're upset about something and your brain struggles to remember what. You can't quite grasp it, but you know that consciousness will soon return the memory sleep has blotted out.

Sure enough, as my eyes opened, the evening's grim reckoning came flooding back: Hillary Goddamned Clinton and her goddamned personal e-mail server.

I was in Washington, DC, where I'd traveled, with my 10-week-old baby, to attend the thirtieth-anniversary convention of EMILY's List, the group dedicated to electing Democratic pro-choice women. It was a gathering of the most powerful and, in many cases, most thrilling women in American politics. The day ahead was to be packed with panels and interviews and would end with a speech by the woman everyone knew—had always known, it sometimes seems—was about to make another grab at history, Hillary Clinton.

But when I'd woken in the middle of the night to nurse, I'd blearily checked my phone and spotted a breaking story: As secretary of state, Clinton seemed to have flouted federal regulations by using her personal e-mail for work. Oh Jesus, that's so Hillary, I thought with something like the exasperated affection I feel for my obstreperous toddler. Except that Hillary is not my toddler.

She's a woman who's trying to do something that no woman has done in the history of the United States: get elected president. She is also the only, *only* plausible Democratic front-runner. It is not an exaggeration to say that the future—of the Supreme Court, of voting rights, of reproductive health care—hinges on the outcome of her candidacy.

A headache pierced my forehead. I shut off my phone, put the baby back in her port-a-crib, and returned to bed.

I woke the next morning with that stomachache, dreading a day spent in the company of impressive, inspiring women whose hopes were pinned once again on this imperfect vessel. But soon, the next wave of news had hit: The federal rule against using personal e-mail had been set *after* HRC left the State Department.

Now, instead of shaking an imaginary fist at Clinton, I was shaking one at the media's relentless kneecapping of the woman running for president. *Why can't you hold her to the same standards you hold "regular" candidates to?* I roared in my head. Or maybe I was roaring it out loud. A colleague was shushing me—a panel was about to start, and I was kind of yelling.

By the time Clinton gave her speech that night, the banquet hall packed with high-flying female politicians was giving her an ovation. And I needed a drink.

Welcome to Decision 2016, where the stakes are high, the Democratic front-runner is female, and those of us who care about women's representation, the

Photo illustration by ELLE/from © Chris Keane/Reuters/Corbis

country's future, and the candidate on whom it's all riding are stuck on the roller coaster from hell.

If there's no crying in baseball, then there's definitely not supposed to be crying in politics. Just ask Edmund Muskie, whose tearful speech (he blamed melting snow running down his face) in 1972 on behalf of his wife got him ejected from that year's presidential contest. Or Gloria Steinem, who furiously wept while speaking to reporter Nora Ephron during the 1972 Democratic convention, in reference to the men who led her party: "They won't take us seriously.... I'm just tired of being screwed, and being screwed by my friends." Or ask Hillary herself, who probably drew more attention for the time in 2008 that she cried (though really, she just got a little stuffy!) than she did for the whole of her first presidential run.

So okay, there is crying in politics, and I've done my share. In 2008, I started the election season as a critic of Hillary Clinton, a fan of Barack Obama, and a supporter of John Edwards. But by the end of Clinton's historic drive toward nomination, the gendered rhetoric used against her—as well as the way so many men in my own party diminished the value of electing a female president—had radicalized me. Like Steinem 36 years before, I'd grown tired of not being taken seriously, of being screwed over by my friends. I loved Obama and voted for him enthusiastically, but I took Clinton's defeat hard.

Present at her concession speech, I began receiving text messages from my girlfriends, many of whom hadn't voted for Clinton in the primary but were now saying that they were "losing it." Clinton was arguing that "if we can blast 50 women into space, we will someday launch a woman into the White House," and it was as if all my compatriots were suddenly doing the math and realizing how far away "someday" might be. It would be another four, eight, who knows how many years before we'd see a female president. Mid-speech, I began to cry and had to rush from the press section to hide behind a column, where I could gulp out sobs of frustration and exhaustion in private.

So here we are again, almost eight years later, and somehow all the mathematics have again returned us to this one prospect, this one person. And again I'm a basket case. Not because of anything as simple as an easy affinity for Clinton, about whom I feel a complex, long-brewing mix of deep admiration and deep reservation. But because I already know how much it can hurt to care: about politics, about a candidate, about making history.

It is really important to me that we elect a competent, Democratic woman president. Not because of some hollow symbolic urge. But because the inverse—*not* electing a woman, again—is much more than symbolic. It reflects the worst of this country, how it systematically has kept power (even representation) from everyone but white men.

Hillary Clinton herself is also really important to me. Not just because I've written a book about her. But because, in her role as a cultural and political lightning rod—a figure who's served as a stand-in for the ways her generation of disruptive women changed the world for my generation—she has bookmarked my adult life. I was 17 when she startled the country by refusing to apologize for having maintained a high-powered career separate from her husband's, 25 when she became senator from my state, and 32 when she first ran for president. Now I'm 40, and I'm still thinking about her.

Let me be honest: I've spent much time over the past seven years silently pleading with the gods of electoral politics, with the imaginary Elizabeth Warren in my head, and maybe also with whoever makes older people decide they'd like to retire and hang out with their grandkids, that Clinton would decide not to do this again.

I realize that's unfair of me. It is, in fact, sexist of me. Because if she were a man, I wouldn't feel this way.

I understand that she's smart, talented, and as equipped as any politician (far better than most) to be president. Even though our politics can diverge (with mine veering to the left of hers), I recognize that there's no one in the Democratic field better positioned to make a run for the White House. She should run for president. She should *be* president.

But I also know that the time she's spent whacking away at an untrodden, weedy path toward the presidency means that she's lugging decades' worth of personal and political baggage on her back.

If only she weren't the only, it would be easier. (Of course there is Republican candidate Carly Fiorina, but as I've established, her party's positions aren't my cup of tea.) If Warren, or Clinton's New York Senate seat successor Kirsten Gillibrand, or Minnesota senator Amy Klobuchar (all of whom would also make fine presidents) were out in the field, helping our eyes adjust not just to one woman who could be president but to a range of them, debating one another, competing against one another—just like Regular Politicians!—the pressure on Clinton and on those of us who are invested in her would ebb.

But there is a reason that we've never had a woman president or an openly gay president or a Jewish president, and that we've only had one black president. There is a reason that only 19 percent of Congress is female and that only one African American woman has ever served in the Senate. There are self-perpetuating structures and patterns that keep women at the margins and white men in the center.

Among those systemic challenges is the fact that our political pipeline is not filled with women and that the (very) few senior enough to make realistic runs at the nation's top job are expected to support each other, all sisterly-like. So Warren, Gillibrand, and Klobuchar—perhaps recognizing that Hillary has the best shot, and that Americans like ladies to take turns—all signed a letter backing her. Which was nice of them. I mean, it isn't how male politicians behave, but it was nice. And hey, maybe if she wins, a million female presidential flowers will bloom. But for now, if you're a Dem who wants to interrupt 228 years of male presidential history, you've got Hillary.

And Hillary is hard. Because there are no models for a woman to become president, she's had to improvise, and she can be an ungainly improviser.

In her day, if you were a woman with White House ambitions, the path was through marriage. So Hillary married a man who'd become president. A brilliant, capable, hound dog of a husband. The fact that he had a wife like Hillary, his political and intellectual equal, whom he treated as such, made her controversial. Her whole career has been about working around the hound dog, working around the controversy. And working around the hatred of those affronted by the very existence—let alone the huge public profile and political success—of an ambitious, independent woman. Make no mistake: That hatred has not abated in the 25 years America has come to know her. Just check out CafePress for the latest anti-Hillary bumper-sticker propaganda: *No Way in Hellary! Life's a Bitch So Don't Vote for One! Even Bill Doesn't Want Hillary!* Or my current favorite, *Hillary Clinton Is a Very Bad Man.*

Her attempts to placate those who accord her feminazi status by virtue of her gender and the left-leaning work she did as a young public defender and advocate for poor families has, in my estimation, occasionally drawn her too far away from the left-leaning feminazism close to the heart of those who should be her biggest

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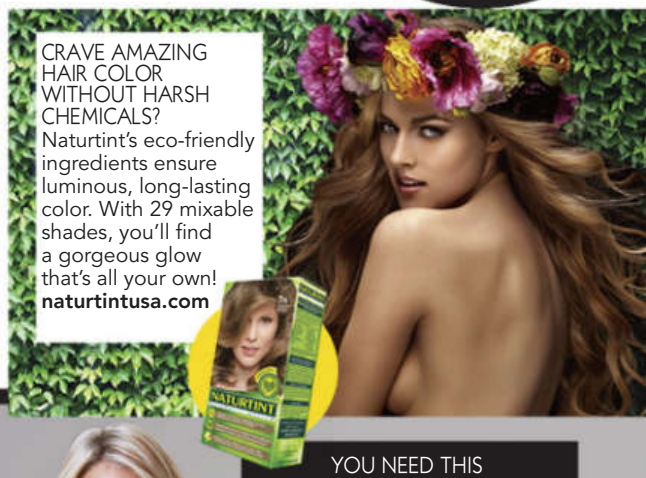
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fans. She's sometimes been tepid in her support of abortion rights; she has cozied up to Wall Street and big banks, drawing huge speaking fees and donations from the financial institutions that the next president should aggressively regulate. In the Senate, she deployed dismaying rhetoric against immigration rights, once describing herself as "adamantly against illegal immigrants," and it took her, like much of the rest of her party, way too long to support gay marriage.

But the truth is that it often seems that Hillary can't win for losing. Last spring and summer, when there was rampant speculation over the state secrets she might have imperiled, a tranche of her correspondence was made public, revealing that in fact she'd sent a lot of messages about trying to fix her fax machine as well as one asking for an iced tea. Instead of reporting relief that no security breaches were apparent, one *New York Times* writer sniffed that "the banality of some of the e-mails is striking given her stature as one of the world's most prominent figures."

Reading that bit of analysis over breakfast this summer while on vacation with my family, I realized that the words on the page were getting blurry. I felt like my head was going to pop off. Now she's too *boring*?! I was screaming inside my head.

Or maybe I wasn't actually screaming inside my head, because my husband told me to lower my voice or I was going to wake the baby. He has mentioned a couple of times that I should consider antianxiety medication, just as a precautionary measure, just until Election Day.

I tell him it's not necessary, that, come on, it's just *Hillary*. A woman whose bad-pantsuit-and-hair patter has become as worn and familiar as my father-in-law's Thanksgiving toasts; whose wonky commitment to microfinance makes me think warmly of my favorite college professor; whose erratic control over the volume of her own voice puts me in mind of my beloved mother, who is a little deaf. But Hillary is not my mother or my college professor or my father-in-law. She's a former senator, a former First Lady, a former secretary of state who is *trying to become president of the United States*.

The magnitude of this historical shift—the election of a female commander in chief—has the opportunity to bring out something great in America. But before it does, it will show us the worst of us. For each of Hillary's shortcomings, there will be American shortcomings to match. There will be sexism, veiled and direct, from the right and the left. Democratic women will feel screwed by their friends all over again, as I did in August when I saw a poll showing Clinton ahead of her Democratic challenger Bernie Sanders by a mere 6 points with the party's men and 44 points with its women: a 38-percentage-point gender gap that seemed to speak volumes about how much men on the left care about women's leadership.

And oh, those guys—my friends, my colleagues, my professional sparring partners—make me mad. Not just because they'd never in a million years admit that their preference for a white guy has anything to do with gender, or because they suggest that *I'm* the regressive one for caring that Hillary's a woman. I mean, obviously those things make me mad too. But the real bitch is when I hear her attacked by men who claim to be feminists but actually despise her with inexplicable intensity, when I hear her supporters belittled for their cute investment in a non-male presidential power. It makes me spittingly angry. It transforms me into a knee-jerk defender of a candidate about whom I actually feel very torn. I'm allowed to criticize Hillary all I want, but damn if another round of sniping from liberal white boys isn't going to radicalize me in her defense all over again.

Anyway. Yes, there will be enormous animosity, directed at her and at those who support her. She'll make errors; we'll make errors. She will disappoint in ways that will make her adherents shake their heads sadly; then she'll be pilloried so harshly that even some of her critics will suck in their breath at the level of hostility. She is the screen upon which all of America's very long-standing, very complicated, fairly unattractive feelings about women will be projected for the next 13 months. Or, if things go well, the next 10 years.

And lots of us—including those who love her, those who hate her, and those like me who both love and hate her but mostly have spent far too much of our lives thinking about her—will feel all this acutely. Because we'll know that the reception she receives will not just be about her. It will be about us.

The "firsts," who are often the "onlys" for too long, unwillingly serve as reflections (distorted, incomplete, always dissatisfying) of the underrepresented populations from which they're drawn. The story of how they fare becomes our story. Living through a referendum on our status, our abilities, our deficiencies—that's what many of us are about to do.

It's enough to make me want to pull up the covers and not get out of bed. ●



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Ilyse Hogue has made it her mission to reveal the links between the right to choose and just about every other right Americans hold dear—and it's a cause that has become as personal as it is political.
By Rachael Combe

When Ilyse Hogue got the offer to lead NARAL Pro-Choice America nearly three years ago, she consulted her cabinet: the handful of colleagues who'd guided her from the beginning of her swift ascent in the lefty political world, from an organizer turned program director at Rainforest Action Network to a *macher* for moveon.org. Not all of them were encouraging, to put it mildly. "You're not going to take it, are you?" asked one of her primary mentors, a man Hogue describes as a "sixty-something stalwart in the progressive movement." He went on: "Why would you relegate yourself to that?"

It wasn't just abortion that put him off, but the whole pink ghetto of so-called women's issues. "MoveOn was a guy's game—technology and politics," says 44-year-old Hogue. "He was like, 'You don't have to work on women's issues—you've proven you can work on issues that affect everyone. Why would you move backward, where women only go if they can't make it in the men's world?'"

Of course, Hogue wouldn't have been polling her cabinet if she hadn't been having her own misgivings: "Do I really want to be the 'Abortion Lady'?" she'd asked herself. "I've done so much in my career, and if I am the Abortion Lady—will I always be the Abortion Lady?"

Faced with the fear that heading up NARAL would take her out of the big leagues of Democratic policymaking and politics, she experienced what second-wave feminists call a "click." "He forced me to articulate the opportunity, which I could feel in my bones," Hogue says. "There's a wave happening in this country. I fundamentally believe that when women have autonomy and equality and make our own informed decisions, particularly but not exclusively around when and how we have families, it's not just that we do better, society does better. If I can make a difference in that conversation, everything I've worked on in the past benefits from it." By the end of the meeting, America had a new Abortion Lady.

Hogue's click has become the core of her philosophy at NARAL: the conviction that abortion is central to gender and socioeconomic equality, freedom, our nation's prosperity, robust mental and physical health, the strength of families—everything America holds dear. Spend time in her company, in fact, and you discover she can bring almost any conversation around to abortion: immigration, Obamacare, minimum wage laws, education policy, rape in the military—all family-planning conversations!

Hogue has a warm, chummy physicality and practically vibrates with energy. One morning when I met her last spring, she was bustling around her office, preparing to spread her broad-based message during a long day of meetings and lobbying—starting with a sit-down with Senators Richard Blumenthal and Tammy Baldwin and wrapping up with a planning session for Men for Choice, a group she started to bring men into the abortion conversation. This is a quintessential Hogue tactic: getting people talking. Her forte as a strategist, according to colleagues past and present, is her ability to make the public connect emotionally to an issue—whether it was getting large banks to come together in the early 2000s to sign a pact to evaluate the environmen-

François Dischinger

tal impact of their investments; making corporations think twice about making big political contributions (post–*Citizens United*) by inspiring flash mobs to protest Target's support of an anti-gay-marriage candidate; or persuading R.E.M. to donate the rights to its song "You Are the Everything" for one of the most moving ads of the 2009 health-insurance debates.

In her wool bouclé minidress, boots, and bouncy blow-out, she has the look of the New Guard of feminists—young, unapologetically stylish, bra-wearing—and she also happens to be quite visibly pregnant. When people comment on the irony of having an expectant mother as the country's foremost voice on abortion, Hogue points out that 60 percent of women who have abortions already have children. "[NARAL] is not anti-baby or anti-family. We're pro–family planning," she says. Her bump threw her opponents for a loop—one actually asked her, "Is that real?" at a hearing on Capitol Hill, apparently thinking it was a prosthetic she'd strapped on to make some kind of point. In a mocking piece, the conservative *American Spectator* assured her that her pregnancy wouldn't be a "blot" on her status as a pro-choice, liberal feminist.

During her first two years at NARAL, Hogue says, she avoided mentioning her own reproductive history: "I didn't feel like it should be all about me and my personal story." In part, her expanding body forced the conversation, but long before she conceived, she'd begun to grapple with something that unnerved her: Though she spent nearly every day inveighing against the explicit and implicit notion that women are the sum of their fertility, she at some level believed that herself—or at least *about* herself.

It wasn't the abortion she had during graduate school at the University of Michigan that bothered her. The product of pro-choice Jewish parents in Austin, Texas, she made the decision to end her pregnancy, the result of a birth-control failure, with the support of her parents and her boyfriend. "I wasn't alone with a hoodie pulled over my face," she says.

Rather, she was ashamed of her infertility. When she joined NARAL, she and her husband, communications strategist John Neffinger, had been trying for several years to get pregnant; she'd had two miscarriages. "I felt like a failure," she says. She kept the miscarriages almost entirely to herself and informed John that she understood if he wanted to leave her for someone more fertile. (Showing what a levelheaded mensch Neffinger is, he first assured Hogue that he had no plans to leave her, and then reminded her that studies show aging sperm has its own baby-making shortcomings.)

Only gradually, she says, did she see that her self-punishing attitude came "from the same place as the stigma about abortion, which is the singular vision of what women are put on earth to do—to get pregnant." It's not necessarily a conscious thought, she says, but a backdrop to our lives, all the more powerful, perhaps, for being so subtle. Women who choose not to be mothers are often suspect; women who can't be mothers are pitied.

The challenge for Hogue at NARAL is to use her everything-is-connected insight to guide efforts to stop the rollback in abortion rights across the country. One of her early moves was to build coalitions with progressive groups that traditionally had little to do with reproductive rights—a relatively new tactic for abortion activists, says Randi Weingarten, president of the American Federation of Teachers, a new NARAL ally. "Our union is disproportionately female. Women's income is the bedrock of family economic security," Weingarten says, and women can't support families if they aren't in control of their reproduction.

Hogue's other plan is more ambitious: She wants to get pro–reproductive rights measures in front of voters. The idea came from the marriage-equality battle, which Hogue has studied closely. First, gay men and women broke the taboo around homosexuality and started coming out to friends, family, and colleagues. (Arguably, that's the stage we're in now with abortion, with actresses like Jemima Kirke going public about a past abortion and activist Emily Letts filming her own first-trimester procedure for YouTube.) Once people knew that their beloved uncle was gay, or that their best friend Heather had two mommies, it was harder to demonize based on sexual orientation. This paved the way for referendums that let voters affirm what everyone already had agreed upon: that gay people are more or less like you and me and thus shouldn't be discriminated against.

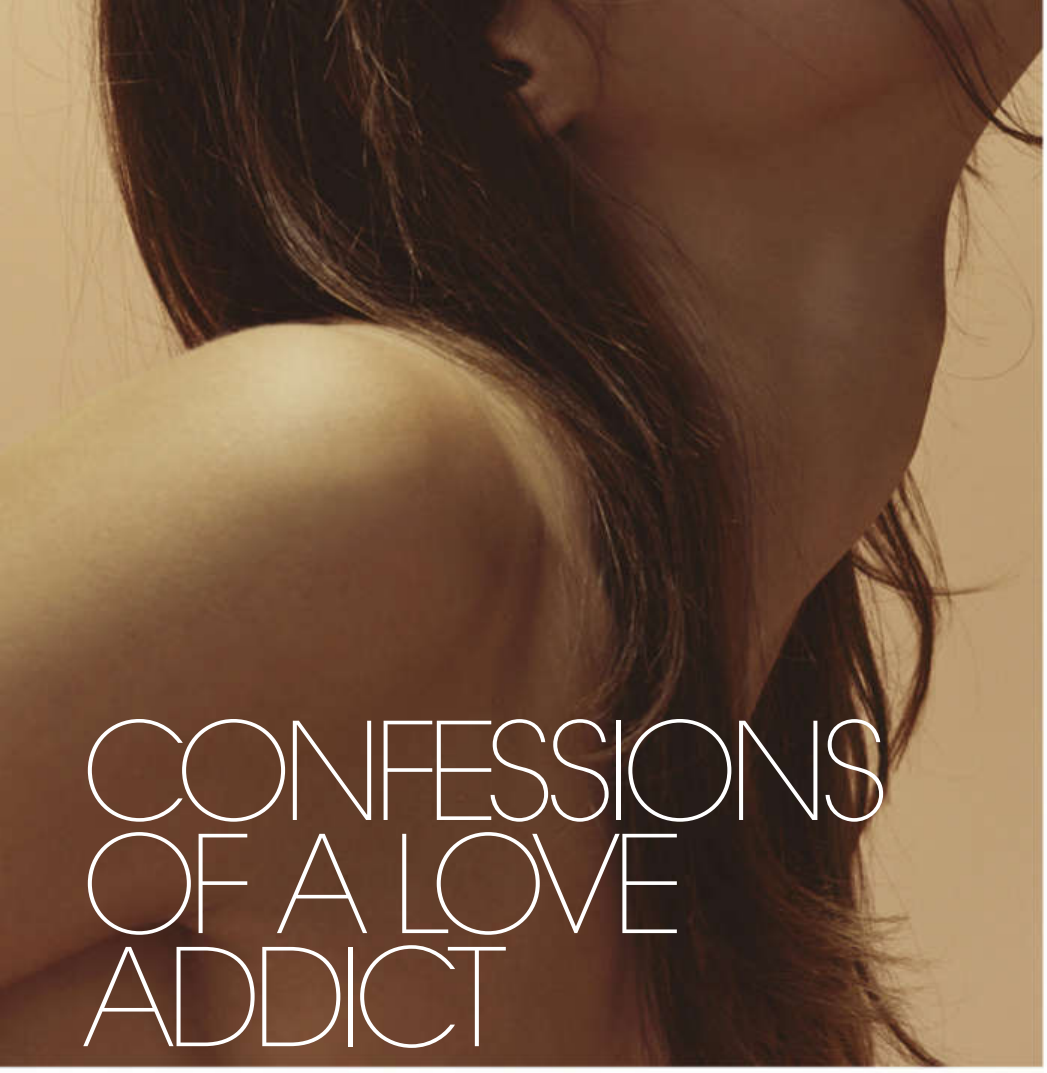
The ballot initiatives were the main topic of business at a NARAL staff meeting I attended last spring. Hogue went around the table, asking people to report on their research. What kinds of measures would bring labor unions and medical groups into the fold? Which area of their mission—increasing contraception and abortion access, preventing pregnancy discrimination, protecting choice—was the best starting place? Would launching a ballot measure at the same time as Hillary's candidacy help or harm the effort? (Someone wondered, half-jokingly, if some men might be turned off by a twofer: "These women are everywhere! Now they want their rights? And to be president?")

Ballot measures, Hogue says, could force the opposition to define not just what they're against—abortions—but what they're in favor of. A return to early marriage and the single-breadwinner family? State-enforced abstinence? Government subsidies for women and families who can't afford more children? Eighty to 90 percent of Americans believe in abortion in some form, she says, and "we need to give the silent majority the freedom to speak up, to give them a positive vision to rally around."

Earlier, when we crammed into a taxi to head to her meeting with Baldwin and Blumenthal, she went over scheduling with an aide. She might have to cancel an event in San Francisco in a month, she announced, because her doctor might not let her fly. But her pregnancy was healthy, her colleagues protested—she wasn't due until July. "Well," Hogue said, smiling nervously, "actually, I'm having twins." The car erupted into congratulations.

Hogue confesses that she's still a bit flummoxed by the outpouring of positive attention her pregnancy elicits. "I'm thrilled that people are thrilled. It's lovely. It's a little nutty how many people this makes happy," she says, gesturing at her swollen belly. And she's not sure how she feels about getting so much approval for finally fulfilling the role that too often feels imposed rather than offered to women. When people touch her stomach without asking, when they get irritated that she hasn't found out her babies' genders, Hogue can't help but think that these are signs of the subtle ownership society takes over pregnant women's bodies, which, less benignly, can manifest in women being prosecuted for using drugs while pregnant or being discriminated against at work. Ever the choice advocate, however, she has a perfect answer when people pester her about whether she's having boys or girls: "Hey, it's 2015; look at Caitlyn Jenner. *They* get to choose!"

Hogue gave birth to Rosie and Leon on June 17. ●



CONFESSIONS OF A LOVE ADDICT

He wanted a lasting relationship, but one glimpse of a shoulder like this could send him in hot pursuit of a new romance. Was the answer a 12-step program, the same kind that helps alcoholics or compulsive gamblers?
By Anonymous

You are not bad, the guy holding the blue binder promises me, and you are not weak. That is music to my bad, weak ears.

He looks at me the way a televangelist looks into a camera; the way a human-resources director at a company about to fire half its workers looks at those workers. Trust me, the unblinking, putatively sincere eyes say, while the mouth makes noises I am fairly certain are lies.

He tells me that I'm not a wrongdoer trying to do right, merely a sick person trying to get better. That sounds good, actually. Maybe I'm too suspicious. What if I'm not a dick? I'm beginning to like the man holding the blue binder. I need to work on my trust issues. Where have they gotten me?

"My name is Roger*," the binder man says, sweeping that unblinking, owlish gaze from me to the man sitting next to me, then to the man sitting next to him, then to the man next to him, until he has peered into 25 ailing but not necessarily twisted, criminal, or irredeemable souls.

"Hi, Roger," we chant.

It is four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, a cold, sleeting winter day. We're gathered together on the third floor of a 100-year-old stone church, in a dingy room with brown linoleum floors, breathing in what smells like cabbage cooked a decade ago. A few minutes earlier, when I entered, I saw knots of men hugging each other, slapping each other's backs. I saw a few other men already seated, frowning into the middle distance, hugging themselves.

We are all in the right place, Roger assures us. This is where we can be brave, where we can reveal whatever secrets we need to reveal, and no one will judge. But, and here he swivels for another owl-eyed sweep, we should limit the revelations of our brave secrets to four minutes or less. A timer will buzz if we exceed that limit.

"While we encourage members to be open and honest," Roger reads from the binder, "we also ask members to refrain from mentioning specific establishments, websites, social-media platforms, or persons, as such language can be triggering."

The huggers nod with understanding. The self-huggers' eyes dart around the room with puzzlement and some fear. I am not weak, I am not bad, but I am a self-hugger.

Roger continues. "If anyone does feel triggered, raise your hand, and I will repeat this announcement. The person who used the language should not take this personally, as we simply want to provide a safe place for everyone."

The first man to share says he wants to stop cheating on his wife but can't. The next is a compulsive porn watcher who doesn't cheat on his girlfriend but thinks about it for hours every day, and then there's a man who "eye-fucks" every woman he sees but can rarely manage the genital version of the act with his wife.

The fourth man confesses his weakness for prostitutes. More specifically, young, slender, tall prostitutes. He sighs. He leans back in his chair. Is he smirking? "I called one the other day," says the man, tall, lean, blond, wearing a soft blue bespoke suit that must have cost $7,000. "And when she showed up, whoa!" Now he is grinning. Somehow this doesn't seem right.

I hear a scuffling and glance at the guy on my left. His upper lip is sweating. I notice my own breathing has become slightly shallow.

"Five-eleven," the suit says. "Skin like caramel. Lips like butterscotch. Smooth, long legs and an ass that...."

"Triggering!" shouts sweaty lip, waving his hand, as if a well-dressed but particularly vicious octopus were dragging him to sea and he was pleading to be saved.

"Triggering!" shout five other guys, also waving their hands. Drowning men. I hug myself harder. I pant a little. And thus begins my first meeting of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous.

Never married, 49 years old, I have had consensual, noncommercial sex with at least six women whose last names I can't remember and I'm not sure I ever knew. I've engaged in emotionally charged, occasionally even tender sex with more

John Akehurst/Trunk Archive

*Names have been changed.

than a dozen other women, humans most people would describe as "girlfriends." I'm keeping the numbers vague because quantity isn't really the point, and my love life, while it might be considered robust, is not especially unusual for a single man my age. What's odd, statistically speaking, is that none of my romances—with the exception of a four-year fiasco marked by at least six breakups every month—lasted more than 90 days.

It's not that I want to swap girlfriends every quarter. I want affection, partnership, sex, of course, but in the context of trust. I want similar value systems, abiding belief in and from my partner. I want love. Why was it such a struggle to find it? For years—let's be honest, for decades—I thought I knew the answer: I was too much of a romantic. I was sure I could identify that thing called love the same way a master jeweler picks out a flawless diamond. The trouble is, I spied scores of flawless diamonds. Mounds of them.

I spied the rare gems in impish grins, in the world-weary melancholy that shone from soft brown eyes. I heard them in lilting laughs. I smelled them in the delicate scent of summer nights and cotton candy wafting from the pale, freckled shoulders of a woman buying prosciutto at a deli counter in Harlem.

I could feel the discoveries in my gut, and my groin and my chest. My head, too. This was the one! If the sparkly jewel responded to my overtures, we'd date, and if that went reasonably well, sleep together. And then it was just me and my sad-eyed, laughing, cotton-candy-shouldered love, my flawless diamond, happy together, forever. Until she didn't get one of my jokes, or I spotted the tiny mole behind her left knee. A minor-to-most-but-heinous-to-my-jeweler-louped-and-ever-vigilant-eyes deal breaker. That's when I'd dump her.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, I didn't enjoy the thrill of the chase. I'm not the "lucky dog" so many of my married male friends call me, or the "bad influence" their wives warn them about. These are descriptors meant for men who plunge into and clamber out of relationships with predatory ease, like cheerful cheetahs or paunchy, grinning weasels. My efforts at romance felt neither predatory nor easy. I've swum laps next to at least five women who I was certain would bring me the joy and wholeness I'd been lacking for almost five decades. So I asked each goggled mermaid out. Two agreed. I slept with one. Broke up with her after two weeks.

I wanted to exceed my three-month limit by oh, say, the rest of my life. What was preventing me? I suspected that my (very) serial monogamy was fueled not by choice but by compulsion, by a frantic need to dodge a threat I couldn't even name. Knowing that, why wouldn't I stop? Why couldn't I?

I was bleating about my sufferings to my sponsor from Alcoholics Anonymous one night, as I'd bleated about many of my sufferings since I quit drinking alcohol and using mood-altering drugs 20 years earlier. My sponsor had taught me that seeking revenge was usually a bad idea and that apologizing was almost always a good one; that drinking or getting high was unquestionably a horrible notion; and that in the moment when I felt soul-crushing existential dread and a tingling, radiant certainty that I should quit my job and move to an island, or propose to the woman I sat next to in the coffee shop—the one who was reading *The Red and the Black*, in French—well, my sponsor said, that tingling certainty might just mean I was sleepy or hungry or lonely. He'd tell me that rather than *cherchez*-ing *la femme*, I'd do better to help another alcoholic. He'd suggest an AA meeting. And maybe a sandwich.

Was my AA sponsor the best recipient of my anguish, demanded the demons who convened regularly behind my eyes and served as my closest advisors? Well, wasn't the kind of emotional turmoil I was enduring exactly what often led alcoholics back to the bottle? Besides, almost all my girlfriends of the past 15 years had been women I'd met in AA. So yes, I told my demons, I was confident that my issues fell within his sponsorial purview.

If I wanted to grow old with someone, I asked my sponsor, why did I seem to discard attractive, considerate, job-holding, willing-to-watch-sports-on-television women who actually told me they loved me? Why did I fantasize for weeks about foreigners? Why did I cling to women who told me I was too sensitive or too chubby or too poor? Why did I pursue women who refused to stop dating their multiple boyfriends, who yelled at me if my shirt wasn't ironed when we went to breakfast—at a *diner*? Why did I cling to those women like an orphaned koala cub clings to the nearest branch, no matter how slippery or knotted, after his parents are shot by heartless Australian poachers wearing ironed safari shirts? Why?

My sponsor was silent for what seemed like minutes. It's a thing he does. Then he suggested that I was transferring my thrill-seeking and pursuit of oblivion from alcohol to unavailable and unbalanced women. Maybe, he said, I couldn't stop my sincere-but-weasel-ish deep dives into shallow affairs because I was jonesing for the jolt of what I wrongly thought was love but was something else entirely.

Before I could interrupt, he assured me that there was nothing wrong with starry eyes, or strangers across a crowded room, or some enchanted evenings, for that matter. But I was chasing them the same way I chased booze: to escape myself. He suggested I think about that. And that while I was thinking, maybe I should lay off dating altogether. He knew a place that could help me with both—the not-dating and the self-exploration. Did I want the information? I did not.

Instead, I shifted my attention from female alcoholics to online dating, where I sidestepped candidates whose profiles contained words such as "sane" and "optimistic." I pursued cyber-sirens "comfortable with ambiguity" and "seeking, always seeking." One prospect told me she could see my aura, and it fit with hers, "but there might be danger." Another, over cookies and coffee, told me she liked to be whipped ("Like with a real, um, whip?" I asked) yet refused to tell me her real name. She also told me I was "vanilla" and "adorable" when I asked her, after we had sex, if she'd like to sleep over. Then she left. She didn't return any of my subsequent calls; I made seven.

I was, in the parlance of 12-stepdom, "hitting bottom." When I told my AA sponsor about my cyber-sorties, he told me that unless I attended at least a single meeting of the 12-step program he'd suggested, he couldn't sponsor me anymore.

Since then, I've attended more than 250 SLAA meetings. I stick to the all-male gatherings because I find the coed versions triggering, especially the one in Midtown where a nurse wearing a tight sweater said she "had lots of love to give, if only I could find a man strong enough to

CALL ME A "CAD," BUT THIS WORD IS MEANT FOR MEN WHO PLUNGE INTO AND CLAMBER OUT OF RELATIONSHIPS WITH PREDATORY EASE, LIKE CHEERFUL CHEETAHS OR PAUNCHY, GRINNING WEASELS.

accept it," and I scuttled in her direction afterward, until one of my SLAA friends put his hand on my forearm and gave a little shake of his head.

"*What?*" I hissed.

"She's not going to save you," he said.

I've avoided Sex Addicts Anonymous meetings and Sexual Recovery Anonymous, as well as other branches of what is loosely known as the *S* group, because those programs focus almost exclusively on sex (duh) and, besides aggravating my inclination to feel seedy, don't seem like they'd help with my tendency to define my self-worth by how attractive I can make myself to women.

I procured a sponsor (former compulsive dater/cheater/client of sex workers, what an ex of mine called a "real whoremonger" when I made the mistake of telling her about him and SLAA), now happily married, professionally successful, faithful, and a dutiful father.

I learned the customs and rituals of SLAA, which are similar to those of AA and include a theoretical adherence to the principle that "there are no rules, only suggestions," with a loud segment of the membership who insist that you'd better follow the suggestions, because if you don't, you're done for. The most common suggestion is that we work the 12 steps, the first four of which can be described thusly: Admit that your ceaseless search for perfect love (or drinking or gambling or any number of behaviors that tend to be compulsive and, eventually, joyless) is out of control and that once you start, you can't stop. Stop. Seek help from others (including a "higher power" if you're so inclined). Take a hard look at yourself and do your best to be honest about what you see.

I do my best. I admit to the group the distress that leads me to "act out" (anxiety over money; certainty that my sniffling portends nose cancer; a vision of me drooling, staring out a grimy window, counting the monotonous minutes of my golden years in enfeebled solitude). Per my sponsor's suggestion, I compile an inventory of the negative consequences of my romantic pursuits (chased women rather than worked or exercised or slept or ate; flirted with girlfriends of friends, which ended one friendship; kissed sister of girlfriend at a party, which led girlfriend to slap me; told nun who tried to counsel me at a drug and alcohol treatment program that I found her very attractive, which caused her to sigh and assign me to another counselor).

I read *Twelve Characteristics of Sex and Love Addiction,* which was published in 1986, 10 years after a member of AA founded SLAA. The book tells me that sex and love addicts "become sexually involved with and/or emotionally attached to people without knowing them," that "fearing abandonment and loneliness, [they] stay in and return to painful, destructive relationships." And finally, "even though we fear intimacy and commitment, we continually search for relationships...."

Unlike in AA, where the obvious goal is abstinence, SLAA members set their own "bottom lines." "I've got three years, four months, and six days without any sex outside a committed, monogamous relationship," one guy says. (Monogamous sex only is a popular bottom line.)

"I haven't paid for sex in a week and a half," testifies another.

"I haven't looked at a woman on the street for more than three seconds." (Many of the guys practice the three-second rule.)

After a couple of years in the program, I thought I'd heard every bottom line, until a lawyer in his thirties said it's been 42 days since he "believed there's any such thing as a soul mate." I get that, because my bottom line is falling in love with and/or having sex with a woman before I know whether I even like her.

A week later, I hear another novel bottom line, from a restaurant manager in his twenties. "I haven't used the principles of applied psychology to pick up women in one year and two weeks and five and a half hours."

"Is there another way to pick up women besides applied psychology?" my best friend in SLAA asks me over coffee post-meeting. Hank* is in his mid-twenties, and we speak on the phone every day. He tells me when he's afraid his younger brother's dog might die, or angry about something his older sister told him, or despondent regarding his golf match the day before. Before he started attending SLAA meetings, Hank would masturbate when he was worried about any of the above, sometimes four or five times a day. Once it was in a park, behind bushes, and he deduced that he might be headed for legal consequences, or at least intense embarrassment, if he didn't get help.

I feel like we understand each other—he, my compulsive search for true love, I, his compensatory self-pleasuring. We agree that we're not selfish or greedy or weak or bad. We're simply sick. The medical community isn't so sure.

The American Psychiatric Association has never recognized sex or love addiction as a disease deserving of its own diagnostic criteria and therapeutic standards. While the 1987 and 2000 editions of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* included passages concerning "distress about a pattern of repeated sexual" conquests or relationships, all that the latest version—published in 2013—has to say on the topic is that it needs more research. (Love, as opposed to sex, addiction has never been mentioned at all in the *DSM*.)

"I do not like the terms sex or love addiction, as it oversimplifies a complex phenomenon," says Eli Coleman, PhD, the director of the Program in Human Sexuality at the University of Minnesota Medical School. People *do* compulsively seek sex and love affairs, he says, but simply transferring treatments that might work for substance abuse to this arena isn't necessarily the answer. For alcohol and drugs, Coleman says, "abstinence...has been shown to be effective," but swearing off sex, or love, is not only ineffective, it's unhealthy.

The doctor largely responsible for the omission of sex and love addiction in the *DSM-5*, Charles O'Brien, MD, PhD, the chair of the manual's Substance-Related Disorders Work Group, has been more blunt. "We looked at sex addiction," he said just before the publication of the *DSM-5*, "but there was no science at all. None."

No science? No evidence? It doesn't bother me much. Science is famously inconclusive on the best ways to treat alcoholism. AA critics abound. I'd tried therapy and medication to stop drinking, but nothing worked until I found the 12-step program. So what if the psychiatric community hasn't given its blessing to what feels like my malady, or its treatment? So far, SLAA seems to work for me.

I still watch too much television. I still get lonely and feel sorry for myself. I still fret about housing for the poor, convictions based on faulty DNA evidence, and the way the barista at my neighborhood coffee shop seems to always fill my coffee cup to the brim, even when I explicitly ask her, day after day, to *leave room for milk*. The SLAA guys (and many others) suggest that I might find some relief from my noxious self-involvement by leaving my apartment more often, by focusing more on others. Maybe coach a youth-league basketball team or offer to help a relative going through hard times? An ex with whom I'm still friendly suggests I "man the fuck up." A few doctors tell me that my intense discomfort is

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ASK E. JEAN

Tormented? Driven witless? Whipsawed by confusion?

RING DECODER

DEAR E. JEAN: *After two years of living together, my boyfriend (finally!) decided we should marry, and he proposed. I was thrilled! Then, he casually mentioned that he would be spending no more than $1,000 on my ring. He also said that if I wanted "something more," I could "make up the difference."*

I'm insulted.

This man makes well over six figures. He's never had a problem spending money. I was so shocked, I didn't even speak! What should I do?

–Tongue-Tied

TIED, MY YOUNG PRUNE: Here are your Four Rules for a Proper Proposal:

1. A chap proposing with a toy ring out of a Cracker Jack box is better than a chump proposing with no ring.
2. A chap who's unsure his girl will say "yes" is better than an idiot who's sure of everything before it happens.
3. A chap too choked with love to mention money when offering his hand is better than a six-figure ninny.
4. But a woman "so shocked" by an offer of marriage that she can't speak? *That's* better than anything! (So few of us are shocked by men these days.)

Not since Mr. Darcy affronted Elizabeth Bennet with his first proposal has a better reason existed for turning down an offer. Your boyfriend understands so little about you. (And you—alas!—understand almost nothing about him.)

SETTING THE STORY STRAIGHT

DEAR E. JEAN: *I grew up in a church that taught that the world was going to end, and that I and my family would be raptured out* at any moment. *So I was never instructed (and never figured out) how to plan for life. I'm late to everything. I'm clumsy. I have terrible eating habits–my pantry is stocked with SpaghettiOs and Lucky Charms. I'm gullible, naïve, unsure of myself, and timid.*

I recently discovered the truth about the "religion"–I now think of it as a cult–in which I was raised. I'd always suspected it was a bunch of crap, but now I realize how badly I was lied to by my family and the church. They taught me that women were nothing. *I had no help in planning for a career. I did go to college, but I didn't put a lot of thought into my fields of study; I just focused on what I was interested in. I have a good job, and I'm blessed financially. But I never save money because my family has pounded into me that "you can't take it with you." I give most of my savings to family members who need it more than I do.*

My question is: I'm 34–is it too late to get my act together? I've been thinking a lot about writing a book. I got a C in the one creative-writing class I took, so is writing a pipe dream?

–Shouldn't I Be Getting More Out of Life?

MISS SHOULDN'T, MY LUV: Heavens! Charles Dickens *wished* he had a childhood as crazy as yours. So...yes. Write! Write! It will be more therapeutic than a year with a Stanford psychologist.

Note: The C you received in creative writing means "Congratulations, you didn't get an A." Unfortunate souls who get an A in creative writing are likely as not doomed to end up composing e-mails to ELLE editors, saying, "Dear Miss Slowey! I'm so excited to introduce Hoity-Toity, our new underarm hair dye, to you!!!!"

Here's your reading list. Each writer takes a fabulous God's-eye view of her life:

Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter, by Simone de Beauvoir

The Liars' Club, by Mary Karr

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood, by Mary McCarthy

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, by Maya Angelou

Wild, by Cheryl Strayed

So many shackles are being thrown off by these women—religion, race, class, wacky families, death—that you could erect another Flatiron Building with them. You might also add to your reading list *On Writing*, by Stephen King. It's the best how-to on the subject next to Dorothy Parker's one-liner: "It's easier to write about those you hate."

Speaking of whom: Send my compliments to your family, and tell them that since they told you that (a) women were "nothing," (b) the world is ending, and (c) "you can't take it with you," *they* will now be the ones footing the bill for family members who require assistance. Good luck! Send me the manuscript when you're done, and perhaps we'll find a publisher. Talk about rapture!

HIGH ROAD TO HYGIENE

DEAR E. JEAN: *I've been dating a smart, eloquent, kind, handsome guy for the last six months. My friends love him. He has a prestigious job and an apartment in a "good building." The only problem is, he's a slob. His place is always a mess. Last weekend, I was spending the night and discovered a huge stain on the sheets–so gross! His bathroom is covered in beard stubble and little hairs and is just generally nasty. I like him, but I don't want to stay over when it's so disgusting. I feel like taking a shower every time I leave! How can I politely suggest a cleanup? It's not too much to ask him to wash the sheets once in a while, is it?*

–Wishing for a Mr. Clean

WISHING, MY WATER LILY: My friends have now dropped to the floor and are actually pounding the linoleum with laughter at the idea of someone asking me for advice about a messy place. Hell, I haven't even *dusted* for months. As Virginia Woolf said, "The older one grows, the more one likes indecency."

(Footnote: It's a fact ever redounding

Gregg Delman (styled by Christian Stroble; hair by Eduardo Carrasco at Ford Artists NYC; makeup by Sylwia Rakowska at Ford Artists NYC); Sir Isaac Newton: DeAgostini/Getty Images

You can watch videos, write with anonymity, and exchange genius tips on Advice Vixens at AskEJean.com. And if you like playing games: Damn Love at the App Store or Google Play.

to my glorious credit that I *almost* dusted when Lisa Chase, the editor of this column, was heading up to my mountain cabin for that Appalachian Trail Hiking Vodka Bear Orgy I mentioned in my May column—but then she canceled, and the dustcloth remains as clean as Pope Francis's white vestments.)

Therefore my advice, Miss Wishing, as you see, carries the grit of truth.

When visiting your chap, wait for him to propel you toward his bed and, as you cast a cold glance over it, whisper in a low voice that you'd love a sexy romp, but that you'd prefer "making love outdoors in the mud, where it's cleaner."

Or...simply lift the edge of a sheet with a pair of tongs, wrinkle your nose, and say: "Where do you keep your fresh linens?"

Or...be as affectionate and straightforward as possible: "Darling! This place is a wreck! Why don't you hire a weekly cleaning service?" Then be ready with the names of two or three companies that pay their cleaners living wages.

WE'RE NOT GONNA FAKE IT

DEAR E. JEAN: *I can't fake it with the phony, self-serving types at work. If I dislike someone, I walk out of the room. I'm frank with the people that I detest. I tell them to not even try to talk to me. Being blunt has worked for me at my job for several years because I've been indispensable. But now I've reached a level at my company where if I wish to advance, I'm going to have to put on a fake face. Either that, or stay where I am. And staying where I am is getting boring.*

I don't have the personality to fake it. What am I supposed to do? Is there any way I can work with people I don't like without feeling like I'm being fake and betraying myself? Or should I try a different career path?

–Not a Wallflower

MISS WALL, MY DEAR: Pish! Posh! Don't come blathering to Auntie Eeee with your "I can't fake it" routine. Yes, it's true that a smart, charming, optimistic, likable person will rise in a company faster than a whiny asshole—and every business requires that its CEO be an optimist—but it's also true that every CEO needs her curmudgeon.

A curmudgeon often sees what other employees don't and, many times, can assess risk better than all the optimists in the building. So, if you promise me you'll restrain yourself from making another hurtful personal remark to a coworker, I'll tell you how to rise in your company—without so much as a smile.


Newton

But first I'd like to dedicate this column to Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest curmudgeon in history: *You may be famous for discovering the laws of gravity, but I love you for your curly hair, Sir Isaac, and for only laughing twice in your life.*

Without further ado, then—three curmudgeon moves to advance your career:

1. Wear beautiful things. Frown, scowl, wrap your eyebrows around your nose as much as you please, but if you look chic, you'll be *perceived* as possessing a strong mind, with elegance of execution.

2. Distribute Cronuts in the office—weekly. Your coworkers will judge *you* to be sweeter and—weirdly!—become most warmly attached to you and your long face.

3. Give credit. Tweet, Pin, Facebook, e-mail (or just grab the boss by her lapels), and harrumph in praise of your coworkers. They will (ye gods!) almost love you for it.

GETTING TO *YES! YES! YES!*

DEAR E. JEAN: *My guy is sexually selfish. He operates on rote–like a bot. He responds to my advances but is quite passive. (He prefers to take the lead, but I'm a healthy woman, and I just can't always wait and wait and wait for him to make the first move!) Last night he "allowed" me to give him an endless massage and even more endless oral sex. And then he would not favor me with intercourse!*

I know he wants and needs me to play hard to get, but my efforts are so lame! I don't know how to do it convincingly and get a little foreplay in the bargain. We're not having sex often enough for me to stop wanting to jump him all the time. I want more *sex. More kissing. More touching. So please tell me how to play hard to get within a relationship and fight my instinct to say, "Come here and &*%# me!" Please be specific in your advice, and even graphic.*

–Needing More

MISS MORE, MY MUSKMELON: You want graphic? Ha! Run and pull the shades. Lock the door. Auntie Eeee is gonna *give* you graphic.

A man lying in bed like a dead cod "allowing" a beautiful woman (I looked you up!) to give him endless delight—and not reciprocating the treat—is a twit!

Is *that* graphic enough for you? On the off chance, however, that I'm wrong, and he's the most exciting guy on earth when not engaged in the most exciting thing on earth, send a text to the Cod at his office around 5:30 P.M.—after a few days of no sex—saying "meet me in the parking lot. I'll be in the backseat wearing..." (and, here, if you don't send a photo of yourself looking into the camera and wearing thigh-highs and the Dita Von Teese Man Catcher Deep Plunge Bra and Panty set, Auntie will lose faith in the theory of evolution).

When your dude comes galloping out to the car like a mustang on the Montana flats, make sure he finds a note in the backseat with a room key and the name of a hotel. And when he arrives—every nerve jangling with anticipation—first, he has to give *you* the massage.

In plain English: Depriving him of you will make him *have to have* you.

The mobile-gaming industry has spent millions studying this phenomenon. And if you've ever played Candy Crush Saga, Kim Kardashian: Hollywood, or Damn Love (Auntie Eeee's hilarious send-up of dating apps), you know that when you lose a few games (or deplete your energy), you're made to wait to play again. This means you can never be satiated, and you're twice as excited when Kim or I let you back in. Do *precisely* the same with your dolt (I mean fella)! ●

Q: I'm a 29-year-old woman with a wonderful boyfriend and a great career in finance. I'm very close with a tall, dark, handsome male coworker. He has a wife and a three-year-old daughter. I'm sexually attracted, but not sure it's romantic love. I know I'd go to the end of the world for him! I'm losing sleep trying to figure this out. To reclaim my nights, what do I label this?

A: Label it "Off-Limits."

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WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE



OCTOBER FASHION STARTS HERE: FALL'S CHICEST SHEARLINGS; MARC JACOBS'S LATEST OBSESSION; HERMÈS'S NEW CREATIVE DIRECTOR; A FRESH-FACED LOOK AT RESORT; AND SELENA 3.0—SHE'S READY TO ROAR

Clockwise from left: David Bellemere; Paola Kudacki; Jean Francois Campos

“My mom absolutely influenced my style. My favorite pictures of her are the ones from the ’70s—the crazy bell-bottoms and suede dresses and huge sunglasses.”

LAURA JAMES, 26
MODEL

Quilted jacket, price on request, crepe pants, $1,545, both, BALENCIAGA, *similar styles at Balenciaga, NYC. Silver and diamond nose cuff,* DELFINA DELETTREZ, *price on request. Crystal and resin studded leather handbag,* FENDI, *$4,500. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



FACE TIME

The women we spot on sidewalks, in subways, in magazines, and even behind the counter at our favorite pizza joint blow to bits any notion of beauty "standards." Here, a spectrum of faces that, together, adds up to a new kind of ideal: modern, cool, individual, and totally gorgeous.

Photographed by Liz Collins Styled by Samira Nasr



“I started wearing my head scarf when I was 12 years old. I don’t feel like it limits me—it’s a big part of who I am. I wouldn’t change it for anything.”

SHEMA HOTAKY, 22
PSYCHOLOGY STUDENT,
YORK COLLEGE, CITY
UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

Wool and silk jacquard jacket, $3,700, pants, $1,250, palladium-finished metal earring, $410 (for pair), all, DIOR, *to special order, call 800-929-DIOR. Cotton T-shirt,* GAP, *$17. Silk twill scarf,* HERMÈS, *$780.*



Coated-cashmere sweater, $895, cotton dress, $1,355, ciré skirt, $1,505, metal earrings, $360, socks, price on request, leather ankle boots, $1,600, all, MIU MIU, *at Miu Miu, NYC. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

"I love experimenting. I love Anna Dello Russo and Isabella Blow. I saw these Miu Miu boots and was like, 'Those are to die for!'"

LAMEKA FOX, 17
MODEL



Embroidered dress, price on request, cotton top, $1,430, wool sweater, $890, metal earrings, price on request, all, PRADA, *at Prada boutiques nationwide.*

"My parents are Somali immigrants living in Holland. In high school, I'd watch *Gossip Girl;* my style icon was Serena. I'd see New York, the characters walking down Fifth Avenue wearing brands you could only get in America. I always said, 'I'm so going to go there. I just don't know when.'"

FARHIYA SHIRE, 19
MODEL



"I'm a nightlife photographer, so I'm always out, and I try to wear something bold and exciting, something that would elicit a double take: vintage prints from the '60s and the '70s, things that are very dramatic and long. And I like to show a lot of skin, so I guess my style is somewhat elegant, but still sexy, with a little bit of craziness in it."

ANGELA PHAM, 27
PHOTOGRAPHER

Lambskin top, $3,600, wool pants, $2,450, leather pumps, $1,350, all, CÉLINE, *at Céline, NYC. Calfskin belt,* HERMÈS, *$1,550. Vintage Tiffany & Co. gold and lapis bangle, from* BELADORA, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Leather jacket, price on request, cotton and linen top, $410, cotton jeans, $670, all, MARNI, *at Marni boutiques nationwide. Embellished-calfskin handbag,* VALENTINO GARAVANI, *$3,845. Her own necklace.*

"I thrift a lot and am really inspired by individual pieces, a new pattern, a new color, or whatever it is—and maybe that comes a little bit from the eccentric characters [where I grew up] on the Lower East Side."

ROBIN GIORDANI, 22
SHOP ASSISTANT;
FOUNDER OF CLOTHING
LABEL THE CORNER SOCIETY



"Everyone wants to contribute somehow, to feel alive. Being a missionary was my first dream. No religious ties—I just want to help out, bring true opportunity to someone who needs it.

SHAUGHNESSY BROWN, 21
MODEL; ASPIRING ACTOR

Intarsia angora coat, ETRO, *price on request, at Etro, NYC. Cotton trousers,* DRIES VAN NOTEN, *$490. Leather pumps,* CÉLINE, *$1,350. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

“I’ve lived in Dubai, Bangkok, Vienna, Bucharest, and Frankfurt. But people go off of appearance and say, ‘Oh, she’s Asian.’ I count myself as an example that you never know the whole story behind a person.”

KA YOUNG JEONG, 21
FASHION DESIGN STUDENT,
RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN



Acetate-blend dress, $1,390, lambskin boots, $1,525, all, J.W.ANDERSON, *visit j-w-anderson.com. Gold and diamond earrings,* DE GRISOGONO, *price on request. Pleated-leather handbag,* DIOR, *$4,200.*



Denim top, $950, pants, $1,095, both, CHLOÉ, *collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Gold and diamond bracelet,* JEMMA WYNNE, *price on request. Gold, white gold, and diamond cuff,* JANIS SAVITT, *$3,400. Her own necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

"When you see someone with a shaved head and tattoos wearing a chain and baggy pants walking toward you, there are some people who can't look past the surface. But I stopped caring [about that] a long time ago."

ASHLEY KOLODNER, 28
PHOTOGRAPHER; SCULPTOR



Beauty Secret: Maybelline New York Colossal Chaotic Lash delivers spiky, high-volume lashes with just two sweeps.

Shearling coat, BURBERRY, *price on request, visit burberry .com. Cotton and silk bodysuit,* VÉRONIQUE LEROY, *price on request. Silver and diamond hoop earrings, $1,500–$3,500 each, both,* LYNN BAN JEWELRY. *Rose gold and diamond necklace, price on request, ring, $3,150, both,* PIAGET. *Gold and aquamarine pendant, $1,125, gold chain, $500, both,* JENNIFER ALFANO.

"People definitely think I'm a wild party girl because I have my tongue pierced and my music is supercynical, but I'm not. I like to bake—that's partying for me."

KAY KASPARHAUSER, 24
LEAD SINGER OF POP GROUP THE PRETTIOTS



"My style depends on my mood. One day I'll wake up and feel like wearing boyfriend jeans and an XL T-shirt with Docs, and another I'll put on some red lipstick and florals."

JUDE LIANA, 22
STREET STYLE PHOTOGRAPHER

Leather dress, ALEXANDER WANG, *$1,850, at Alexander Wang, NYC. Cotton T-shirt,* GAP, *$17. Silver and diamond hoop earring,* LYNN BAN JEWELRY, *$3,500. Stainless steel watch,* BULGARI, *price on request. Socks, price on request, denim shoes, $695, all,* MIU MIU. *Her own nose ring. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



“My parents are Buddhist, and I find a lot of things from Nepal and India to be aesthetically pleasing. I also love punk and rock ’n’ roll from the ’70s and ’80s: Sex Pistols, the Runaways, David Bowie. My style is a mixture of those things.”

VERONIKA VILIM, 21
MODEL

Lurex and cotton cardigan, $1,300, skirt, $890, metallic leather pumps, $2,300, all, GUCCI, *at select Gucci stores nationwide. White gold and diamond earring,* NIKOS KOULIS, *price on request. Leather handbag,* BOTTEGA VENETA, *$4,600. Raccoon key chains, both,* POLOGEORGIS, *$75 each.*



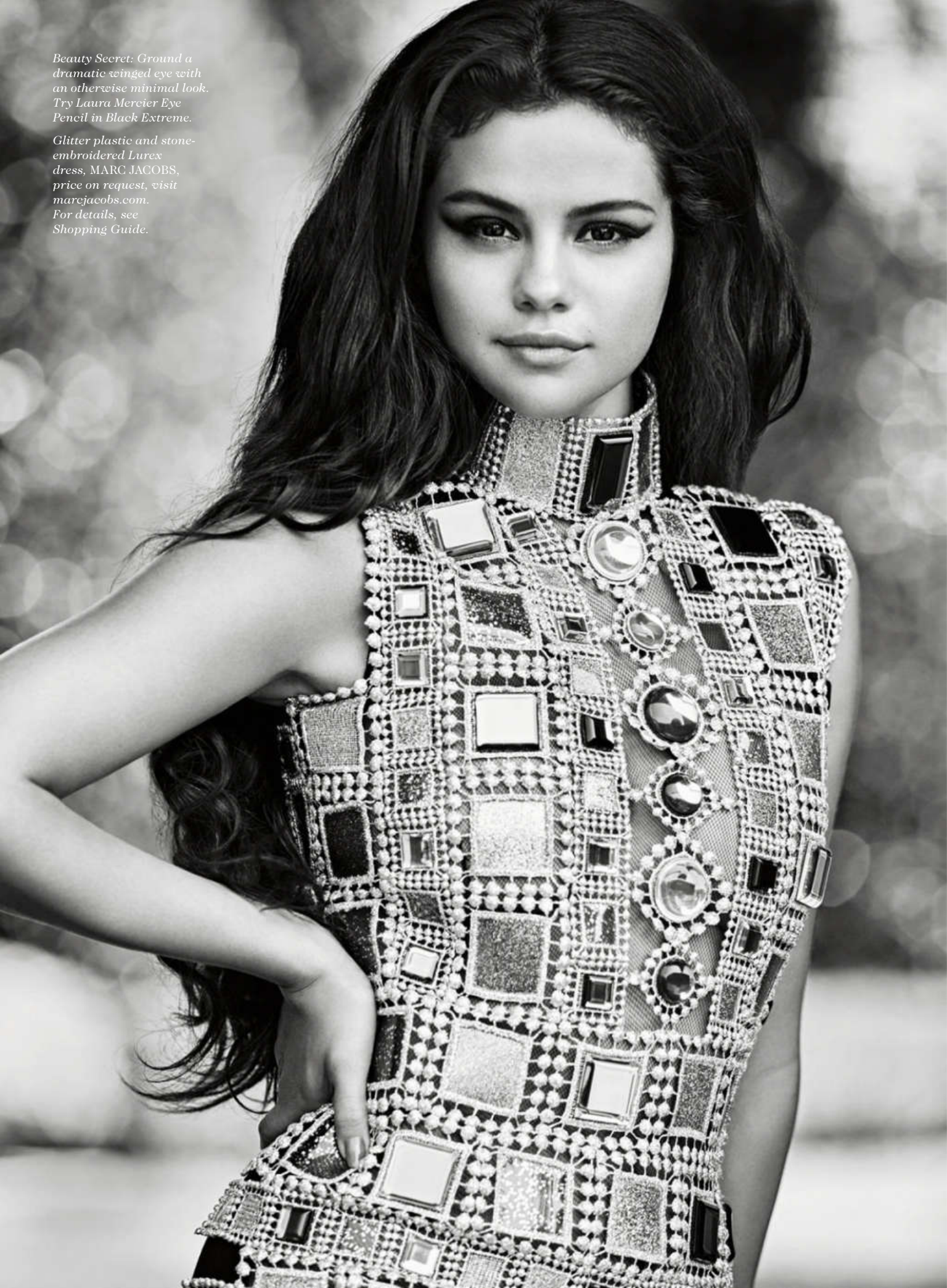
Beauty Secret: A striking red lip is the ultimate cool-girl classic. Try Dior Rouge Dior in Trafalgar.

Cashmere and wool cape, $2,995, calfskin skirt, $2,895, both, DEREK LAM, *visit dereklam.com. Printed-calf-hair handbag,* CHLOÉ, *$2,090. Socks,* MIU MIU, *price on request. Suede boots,* VIVIENNE WESTWOOD, *$835. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

"I'm a little bit rebellious. If I want to do something, I'm going to do it. Like, even if it's something crazy. Because I don't want to have a life just sitting behind a desk.

SAHARA LIN LEUNG, 18
MODEL

Hair by Rolando Beauchamp at the Wall Group for Bumble and bumble; makeup by Frankie Boyd at Tim Howard Management for Dior Beauty; manicure by Sheril Bailey for Formula X; casting by Zan Ludlum and Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons



Beauty Secret: Ground a dramatic winged eye with an otherwise minimal look. Try Laura Mercier Eye Pencil in Black Extreme.

Glitter plastic and stone-embroidered Lurex dress, MARC JACOBS, *price on request, visit marcjacobs.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

QUANTUM LEAP

SELENA GOMEZ IS SICK OF SINGING THE SAME OLD LOVE SONG. NOW SHE'S DETERMINED TO TELL HER STORY, HER WAY, WITH A GUTSY NEW ALBUM AND THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE ARSENAL OF ANY SOCIAL MEDIA–ERA STAR: AUTHENTICITY. BY MICKEY RAPKIN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIZ COLLINS STYLED BY SIMON ROBINS

It sounds like a teenage boy's fantasy: Selena Gomez emerges from the wild, her face flushed and damp, her torn, heather-gray tank riding up to reveal a bare midriff as she wipes a few beads of sweat from her forehead. And it's exactly what a dozen teenage boys encounter on the first days of their summer vacation, as Gomez exits Malibu Creek State Park after a long hike.

"Is that...*Selena Gomez*?" one shouts, making the pack turn instantly. Mouths agape, they blink in her direction. Lamely, one calls out: "Selena! You're hot!"

Gomez laughs but keeps her eyes to the ground as she walks swiftly toward her car. Catcalling must be a daily event in the life of a tween dream–turned–sex symbol, but somehow Gomez still has the modesty to blush ever so slightly. "Now, more than ever, I realize I've gained a male fan base," she says under her breath. "It used to not be cool to think I was hot. I was a Disney kid."

A Disney kid, a child star—Gomez has made a series of calculated moves in the past year to peel off those labels once and for all: She split from her longtime manager—who also happens to be her mom. Said good-bye to Dream Out Loud, the eco-friendly clothing line she designed for Kmart that reportedly netted her $1 million annually. Parted ways—after three gold albums and a greatest-hits collection that included her first smash hit, "Love You Like a Love Song," and the 2013 top 10 number "Come & Get It"—with her old record label and inked a new deal with Interscope. Recorded a new album, *Revival*, out this month. Bought a new home—a 7,200-square-foot spread in celeb-friendly Calabasas. Signed a reported $3 million endorsement deal with Pantene. And finally, finally kicked the Bieber habit. (For now. We're pretty sure. More on that later.) "I wanted to be a little uncomfortable," says Gomez, now 23. "That's why I made all of these decisions within a year. I wanted to be my own person. I wanted to test myself. I wanted to see if I could really do it."

Miley Cyrus may have taken a wrecking ball to her Hannah Montana alter ego, but Gomez—despite a much-buzzed-about role in 2012's roller coaster of recreational drug use and wanton panty flashing, *Spring Breakers*—has treated Alex Russo, and the girls who loved her, with more compassion. When she made her debut at 14 years old as the smart-mouthed, magic-enabled middle daughter on the Disney Channel's *Wizards of Waverly Place*—a show that ran for six years in 163 countries and 32 languages—with her heart-shaped face and dense black mane, she looked like a doll version of herself, or one of Disney's own animations: the platonic ideal of nonthreatening "postracial" (Gomez, who hails from Grand Prairie, Texas, is half Mexican) adolescent beauty. Plus, she projected a nice-girl sweetness that sank an arrow straight through the hearts of Selinators, as her fans became known. Gomez, the devoted and strategic CEO of her own highly influential brand—and a celeb minted in the social-media era, for whom curating an easy-access portal into her life is second nature—has always been deeply loyal to "my Selinators."

But pleasing the fans you hooked in your prepubescence while also showing them you've evolved into something very different—and, for that matter, figuring out what that new thing you want to be actually *is*—can be tricky. The first major test of

Gomez 2.0 (or is it 3.0?) is upon us with the release of the ambitious, personal *Revival*, and as any Interscope exec can tell you, the forecast for the album is blindingly sunny: In July, its first single, "Good for You," debuted at number one on Billboard's digital chart, a career-best sales week for Gomez that surpassed first-week sales for Rihanna's "Bitch Better Have My Money."

On June 18, Gomez posted a video on Facebook of her recording, in a lower register than usual, the track's breathy, sexy opening vocals (she goes on to croon, "Let me show you how proud I am to be yours/Leave this dress a mess on the floor"). She captioned the clip "I feel like I can exhale, I'm finally being me."

Observing Gomez "take ownership of her life and her creative decisions in a new way has been a really beautiful thing to watch," says Taylor Swift, who famously cast her old friend against type as an ass-kicking villain (alongside the rest of Swift's It Nation) in this year's "Bad Blood" video. "It isn't easy for her to put herself out there, knowing that a lot of the media will try and twist her lyrics into a headline about her ex-boyfriend. She doesn't care anymore. Now she knows that good music rises above and outlasts the weekly cycle of ridiculous headlines. We talk about this all the time. What ultimately matters is helping someone you've never met go through a hard time because you articulated how they feel in your music."

Meanwhile, over in Hollywood, Gomez is taking a different tack: proving her chops in supporting roles in an array of interesting, mostly low-budget films—the kind of fare that does not typically attract multimillionaire multihyphenates with 30 million Twitter followers. Last fall, she appeared as a grieving coed grappling with her boyfriend's death in the indie drama *Rudderless*, directed by William H. Macy. But 2016 will be her year: She banked a cameo in the upcoming financial-crisis picture *The Big Short*, starring Brad Pitt, Christian Bale, and Ryan Gosling. And she'll play a runaway teen in *The Revised Fundamentals of Caregiving*, based on the book by Jonathan Evison. Her costar in the film, Paul Rudd, offers exactly the kind of endorsement Gomez seems to be looking for: a real actors' actor kind of compliment. "She's great with her pauses, innately knowing when to not talk and heighten the emotion. It's not about rhythms, but letting us see the character think," Rudd says. "It's intelligence, and she has that in spades."

The film that stands the best chance of rewriting the role Selena Gomez plays in Hollywood is 2016's *In Dubious Battle*, an adaptation of the 1936 John Steinbeck novel about a California labor strike, directed by and starring James Franco (last seen onscreen opposite Gomez as a be-cornrowed, gun-toting lunatic in *Spring Breakers*). Gomez talks with cinephilic glee about Franco's unorthodox methods, his thrilling 40-minute takes, and the challenges of giving birth on celluloid for the first time. She also giggles about making out with her director in a scene that required seven-plus takes. "I joked with everyone, 'We're doing it again, huh? He's the director!'" she says, laughing. "He's a good kisser."

This, of course, is exactly the kind of quote journalists have been trying to extract from Gomez for years now, as her personal life threatened to eclipse her talent—a precarious position she freely acknowledges: "It's my job to make sure that the work outshines the noise." Right, the noise. When the tumultuous relationship with Justin Bieber ignited, she was 18; he was 16. It was, in many ways, like everyone's first love—over the top, sometimes reckless, deeply felt. Of course, in their case, instead of prom corsages and basement make-out sessions, there were paparazzi-clustered Mexican vacations and private screenings at the Staples Center—which Bieber once rented out so that Gomez could finally see *Titanic*. (Can't you just picture them reenacting that prow-of-the-ship embrace?) All of which was funneled into a series of semiconfessional pop megahits. "The bed's getting cold and you're not here/The future that we hold is so unclear/But I'm not alive until you call," sang Gomez in her 2014 anthem, "The Heart Wants What It Wants."

In the grand tradition of Kristen & Rob and, for that matter, Frankie & Annette, being the single most well-documented teen love affair of their moment served both Justin & Selena rather well. It helped them shed child-star associations (they were sexy!), and when things were good, it made for a shiny, happy, highly marketable, impeccably smooth-skinned power couple that was even better than the sum of its parts. When Gomez showed up on Bieber's arm at the 2011 *Vanity Fair* Oscar party wearing a blush-colored Grecian gown by Dolce & Gabbana, it was a turning point: The Disney girl had become a high-fashion commodity. But then there were the rabidly followed, rumor-plagued breakups and makeups. Last year, Gomez resolved that the best way out was to bury herself in work. "I was shooting four movies," Gomez says. "I'd been in the studio [recording] since December." To no avail. "While I was sitting there doing my work, it was a free-for-all where people said, Let's just stick her on every tabloid and exploit everything that's true or false." (A brief headline recap: "Selena's Secret: Pregnant & Alone!"; "Selena Gomez's Boob Job—Plastic Surgeons Say Yes"; "Justin Bieber & Selena Gomez Caught Doing Cocaine Together on Video?!"; "Miley & Selena Pregnant by the Same Man.") She takes a breath. "It's all false. From being pregnant to being out of control." Gomez laughs at the absurdity. "It's not like I can hide anywhere. You see my life!"

It's true: Even in a nearly empty park, she's bombarded with requests for selfies. In 2014, Gomez's rep confirmed in a statement that she had voluntarily spent two weeks in rehab, "but not for substance abuse." A few months later, in an emotional speech for We Day California, a youth empowerment event run by one of Gomez's many charitable interests, Free the Children, the star seemed to say it all: "I'm surrounded by people who are supposed to guide me, and some of them have and others haven't. They pressure me. There's so much pressure. You've gotta be sexy, you've gotta be cute, you've gotta be nice, you've gotta be all these things.... They tell me what to wear, how to look, what I should say, how I should be. Until recently, I had given into that pressure. I lost sight of who I was. I listened to opinions of people and I tried to change who I am. Because I thought others would accept me for it. And I realized I don't know how to be anything but myself."

"Like many highly artistic people, she feels things deeply," says *Rudderless* director Macy, "and she's been around the block. She's been a big star since she was a little girl. And it ain't easy carrying that kind of a load. She wears her wounds in a visible way. What I'm saying, in a ham-fisted way, is that she has a deep soul, and she knows what loss is and she knows what it means to hurt, and that is all accessible to her."

Gomez's mother, Mandy Teefey (née Dawn), was just 16 when she had Selena. Gomez still remembers when her mom had to scrape together money to put mac and cheese on the table; Teefey sometimes worked three jobs while acting in local productions herself. She and Gomez's father split by the time the girl was five. Two years later, Gomez got her first gig on *Barney & Friends*; after the show was canceled, she and her mother stayed in L.A., doubling down in pursuit of Gomez's dream. Long before downtown L.A. became a foodie destination, they lived there because "it was cheap!" Gomez says with a rueful laugh. "We couldn't leave at times. It was scary."



Ciré dress, MIU MIU, *$1,490, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide. Gold, amethyst, peridot, and tourmaline bracelet,* MARIE-HÉLÈNE DE TAILLAC, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Gomez admits she'll never know exactly what her mother sacrificed for her. "I think there's a lot of stuff my mom doesn't tell me out of the kindness of her heart, because she's been through so much in her life," she says.

Teefey is still involved in July Moon, their film production company. They have four projects in development, including an adaptation of *Love in the Asylum*—a novel about a manic-depressive young author—and a top-secret collaboration with Kevin Spacey's production company. But Teefey no longer manages Gomez day to day. Delivering the news to her mother was "awkward," Gomez says, but a necessary, even somewhat relatable, rite of passage: "It's like when a kid goes to college. I wanted to make decisions for myself. It was time. In all aspects of my life."

This past November, Gomez says, she had a personal epiphany backstage at the American Music Awards. "Everybody was talking about the same thing: my relationship," she says, and there she was, about to go onstage to perform "The Heart Wants What It Wants"—the very song that had reignited all the chatter—live for the first time. "I was so exhausted. I said, I want this [performance] to be the last time I have to talk about this. And acknowledge this feeling." She cleared the dressing room and grabbed a rare moment to herself. "I was kind of devastated. I was like, This is all I have right now. This is gonna be it. And all I want is to move on." She went onstage and delivered a nakedly emotional performance, welling up in front of 11.6 million viewers and setting Twitter afire all over again. Suddenly there was an argument to be made that Selena Gomez, the singer, needed to be taken seriously. "It was a huge weight lifted off me," she says. "That's why, from this point on, I know I can prove myself, you know. I haven't scratched the surface yet."

She came to Interscope with a clear plan to tell her story on her own terms. "I know the perception of my music," she says. "There's this misconception of the 'child star'—that they don't make their own decisions, that they don't have their own identity. Now more than ever, I want to claim every choice I've made." Interscope chairman and CEO John Janick reports with a note of pride that Gomez went toe-to-toe with him on such matters as which single should be released first—and won. And on the subject of past record execs trying to keep her in a pretty-baby box, she tells me: "People piss me off so much. I'm half Mexican. I've got the fire in me for sure."

Revival has the requisite kick-ass lady-power anthem ("Me & My Girls") and dance jams (the '70s-tinged "Kill 'Em With Kindness"), but the album's most-talked-about track will undoubtedly be "Same Old Love," in which she announces defiantly: "You left in peace, left me in pieces/My body's had enough/I'm so sick of that same old love." While she protests that the song "is not necessarily about a specific relationship," she says, "sometimes you're stuck in the same cycle. This is kind of my 'forget it' song. I'm sick of all of it."

A recent Snapchat video showed Gomez and Bieber happily sharing dinner with friends. And friends is what they are now, she says, "genuinely"—drawing out the word to make sure it sinks in. "I'll forever support him and love him in a way that.... We grew up together. I think people want it to be different." Different how, I ask—more drama? She nods. "We're too young for that. Nobody was married. There was no.... I respect him. And I think he respects me, in a healthy manner."

Gomez is also, yes, dating again. She confirms she had (past tense) a "thing" with Zedd, a 26-year-old, doe-eyed Russian DJ, but adds: "Finding somebody is not my main focus. I've dated people. I've been on a few dates, which is really exciting. But I've never wanted to get into anything serious, because I kind of did that. I have my guard up. I like to meet people in organic settings. Hanging out with a group of people and meeting through mutual people." Would she and Bieber ever get back together? She laughs and practically shouts: "I don't know!"

Gomez does appear to be very much in control these days. Except on this hike, that is. After 90 sweaty, uphill minutes, we've somehow veered off track, and my phone reveals that we're—gulp—at least an hour from the parking lot. I joke that we could be eaten by coyotes. She smiles and says, "It's fun to get lost every now and then."

This is the positivity that is the backbone of her brand. Swift sums it up neatly: "Selena is an interesting blend of this childlike excitement and curiosity, mixed with the aura of a very seasoned adult who has been through a lot." In general, Gomez preaches a live-and-let-live message, but in May, when Internet trolls tried to body-shame her about a gorgeously curvy bikini shot, the star fired back on Instagram with righteous confidence: "I couldn't care less about what 'they' or you say I should look like. I don't need to do anything other than love myself, take care of my work, fans, family and friends.... It's not your place to tell anyone what they should or should not do."

What was perhaps most refreshing about that post, coming from a young woman whom so many girls want to emulate, was that she didn't internalize the criticism or play it too nice—she struck back and then moved on.

When we finally round a corner and spot a hill that does look familiar, we hightail it out of the park and to a natural-food market, where, in true Hollywood style, we reward ourselves for a grueling workout with a $12 juice—in her case, organic detox lemonade. Watching Gomez make a beeline for the free samples of sushi, laughing at herself as she dives into a spicy tuna roll, it's easy to picture her and Swift laughing their asses off between takes on the "Bad Blood" set. It also serves as a reminder: A girl is a girl is a girl, even when there are zillions of dollars at stake and trillions of people tuned to her every move. "I'm growing up," Gomez said at one point on our hike, regarding her message on *Revival*. "I'm not saying, 'This is it: I've got life figured out, everybody.' I'm going to fall on my face continuously. But I'm excited to have this sense of control of my life." ●





Embroidered-linen dress, LOUIS VUITTON, *price on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide. Gold ring,* TIFFANY & CO., *$1,250. Gold ring,* ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO., *$1,750. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Maranda at the Wall Group for Pantene; makeup by Maki Ryoke at Tim Howard for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty for Dior Vernis; set design by Colin Donahue at Owl and the Elephant; production by Brandon Zagha at Brachfeld; fashion assistants: Ahmad Francois; Erica Trimm

SHEARLING WORKS DOUBLE DUTY AS UNASSAILABLE ARMOR AND EXPRESSIONISTIC SHOWPIECE—EVEN UNDER THE BLINDING RAYS OF NORTH AFRICA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BELLEMERE STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

DESERT MOON



Embroidered faux-fur coat, STELLA McCARTNEY, *price on request, at Stella McCartney, NYC. Cashmere jumper,* THE ELDER STATESMAN, *$1,240. Acrylic bodysuit,* KD NEW YORK, *$62. Metal earrings,* MARNI, *$360. Vintage belt,* MELET MERCANTILE, *price on request. Shearling boots,* FENDI, *$1,800. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Beauty Secret: Send smoke signals with a sultry eye. Try DIOR 5 Couleurs Eyeshadow Palette in Pied de Poule.



Leather and fur coat, SACAI, *price on request, collection at Dover Street Market, NYC. Acrylic bodysuit,* KD NEW YORK, *$62. Sunglasses,* LOEWE, *$490. Fur and calfskin sandals,* MARNI, *$1,060.*



Wool and cashmere sweater, ADAM LIPPES, *price on request, visit adamlippes.com. Metal earrings,* MARNI, *$360. Calfskin and horsehair cross-body bag,* THE ROW, *$3,150. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Shearling coat, FENDI, *price on request, visit fendi.com. Wool bodysuit,* GABRIELA HEARST, *$895. Cashmere pants,* BAJA EAST, *$1,595. Metal earrings, $360, fur and calfskin sandals, $1,060, all,* MARNI. *Vintage belt,* MELET MERCANTILE, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Alpaca, llama, wool, and cotton vest, price on request, fur and calfskin sandals, $1,060, all, MARNI, *collection at Totokaelo, Seattle. Sequin-embellished sweater,* KENZO, *price on request. Wool sweater,* MM6–MAISON MARGIELA, *$345. Wool bodysuit,* GABRIELA HEARST, *$895.*





Wool poncho, $4,990, shearling handbag, $2,950, both, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. Wool pants,* A DÉTACHER, *$690. Scarf,* MM6–MAISON MARGIELA, *$160. Leather key chains, both,* LOEWE, *$380 each. Fur and calfskin sandals,* MARNI, *$1,060. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Sheep fur coat, PROENZA SCHOULER, *price on request, at Proenza Schouler, NYC. Cashmere cardigan,* TOMAS MAIER, *$1,090. Cotton tank,* T BY ALEXANDER WANG, *$150. Wool-blend pants,* ISABEL MARANT, *$795. Metal earrings, $360, sheep fur and leather handbag, $2,330, fur and calfskin sandals, $1,060, all,* MARNI. *For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Right: Fur vest, price on request, shearling shoulder bag, $1,370, both, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI, *price on request, at Brunello Cucinelli, NYC. Wool jacket,* VIVIENNE WESTWOOD GOLD LABEL, *$2,995. Wool shawl (worn as skirt),* RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *$1,250. Acrylic bodysuit,* KD NEW YORK, *$62. Metal earrings, $360, fur and calfskin sandals, $1,060, all,* MARNI.

Far right: Shearling coat, CHLOÉ, *price on request, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Wool-blend sweater, $765, skirt, $945, brass and horn earring, $280 (for pair), all,* ISABEL MARANT. *Acrylic bodysuit,* KD NEW YORK, *$62. Sunglasses,* LOEWE, *$490. Vintage cross-body bag,* MELET MERCANTILE, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Chi Wong at Julian Watson Agency; makeup by Tatsu Yamanaka at Marie France Thavonekham Agency; production by Fred Fantun; casting by Zan Ludlum at Zan Casting; model: Aline Weber at Next; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Special thank-you to Les Deux Tours Marrakech Palmeraie.





AND THE MARC JACOBS WOMAN IS ALWAYS READY TO PLAY. HER NEXT ROLE: SEDUCTRESS. HER COSTUME: JUST A SPRITZ OF DECADENCE. BY MAGGIE BULLOCK

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE



Silk gown, MARC JACOBS, *$4,800, visit marcjacobs.com. Diamond necklace,* CHOPARD, *price on request. Designer in his own clothes. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Adriana Lima is not the kind of woman who tends to be kept waiting. Particularly when she's wearing a mere whisper of sheer black net and 27.26 carats of Chopard diamonds, her eyes half closed, her feline form arched in what looks like ecstasy, just waiting for the arrival of her paramour, who is...here! Yes. There he is! With the glossed hair of Rudolph Valentino and the post-bender professionalism of Don Draper (suit crisp, jaw unshorn, mood...stormy), Marc Jacobs steps onto set, sidles behind his new muse, glances at the camera, and—click!—he's done. And on to the next thing. This is how America's most famous fashion designer operates these days. In the two years since Jacobs left the helm of Louis Vuitton, he has been hyperfocused on his own company, which is moving fast: There's a new CEO in place (Givenchy vet Sebastian Suhl), an IPO said to be down the pike, a spate of internal shake-ups (most recently, shuttering Marc by Marc Jacobs as a freestanding entity and integrating it into the main collection), a makeup line launched, and now, right on cue, the birth of a fragrance. The new spritz boasts notes of Italian plum, Bulgarian rose, and liquid amber, with a name, Decadence, that in itself seems to herald a 180 for the *maison* Jacobs. The designer, having done his photo duty and extracted a pack of Marlboro Lights from a glossy black Hermès Birkin, was happy to discuss.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLA KUDACKI STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

ELLE: Earlier this year, you joined Instagram after saying for some time that you weren't interested. Is this a change of heart?
MARC JACOBS: I've been saying, "I'm not into it and I don't want to know about it" for so long that one day I was just like, "You know what, maybe I will." It was very arbitrary.
ELLE: You're a bit contrarian like that.
MJ: Yes, very much so. It's kind of indulging in something that I've been so dismissive of, and then embracing it, and then finding that actually, I do like it.
ELLE: Are you feeling contrarian now? Because Decadence feels like a departure for you.
MJ: [My signature fragrance] Daisy was really evocative of this blue-sky freshness, innocence, sweet naïveté. We wanted to come up with something that told a different story. I've been much more interested in making sophisticated evening clothes, and this interior thing where people really indulge in their pleasures and luxuries—fragrance as something rich and sensuous, clothing and fabrics as being opulent, surfaces that dazzle, and environments that are really lavish. It doesn't have to be specific to any one era; it's about a situation. "Indulgent" can be sitting on the floor and eating cherries and drinking champagne. Or being in an evening gown, sitting on the curb and drinking a beer out of a paper bag. I guess with me there's always that offhanded—the word *playful* sounds too sweet—but there's something left of center. A charming sense of decadence rather than a dark side of it.
and I don't want it. I love to change through fashion, but I also kind of resist it.
ELLE: Really? You actually seem like a creature of change.
MJ: I am, but I always resist the labeling of it.
ELLE: So how do you evolve a brand that's built partially on an ideal of quirkiness? "Left of center" feels antithetical to a publicly traded company.
MJ: I agree, and that is what's a challenge. If [the Marc Jacobs brand] was this cliché that was very easy to articulate, I think we'd have a much simpler time. I do get lost sometimes in thought and words because it isn't that linear. I don't know how you promote individuality and encouraging people to embrace their differences. It's much easier to sell an ideal: "It's a jet-set woman who has bodyguards and wears fur coats and diamonds." Sticking to one paradigm seems like a much more straightforward thing to promote and to get people to understand. But that's not what we're about. To say, "I don't want to be one woman; I want to be many different parts and moods and spirits of people...." It's much more challenging in a way.
ELLE: You tapped into an idea of womanhood early on that has really come of age now.
MJ: It has, but it's still hard to put that one red pin on the map and say, "That's it!" I'm interested in creative women—women with a voice and a vision—and it doesn't matter what that voice or vision is, it's just that they have one. And I love people who really embrace art and culture and interiors and fashion. It's an

"I WANTED THIS LIZ TAYLOR–ESQUE, ALMOST SQUIRMY SEX APPEAL, THIS SULTRINESS. IT'S A SPIRIT THAT I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE EXISTS IN EVERYBODY."

ELLE: You've often talked about not liking an obvious sexiness. You've also sworn that your brand would never go mainstream.
MJ: Probably at the time, I did feel that way, and I still do to a certain extent. But my idea of sex appeal or sultriness—it's putting it on, deciding to exercise that part of one's psyche or nature; it's not a vulgarity. I've always shied away from in-your-face. I still use the word *girl* rather than *woman*.
ELLE: So then it's interesting for you to choose a face like Adriana for the campaign—who has the kind of sex appeal you can feel from three rooms away.
MJ: I wanted this Liz Taylor–esque, almost squirmy sex appeal, this sultriness, and Adriana does give that. It's a spirit that I'd like to believe exists in everybody. How people turn it on and how they see it, that's up to them. Even with Sofia Coppola, she'll put on a pair of heels and a dress, and she'll be like, "Ooh, I feel so adult and so grown up." Or she'll wear a mink coat and be like, "Oh, we're having one of our adult dinners." Me and my friends, we all go through that kind of thing—we know that we're still the same people, but we use clothes, we use situations, we kind of romantically, in our heads, go to something we know as "grown-up" or "sexy." We're amused and entertained and delighted by playing the part. I think about Sally Bowles in *Cabaret*—this awkward giddiness of playing at a decadent lifestyle.
ELLE: There's so much talk about the possibility of your IPO.
MJ: That's a process. From what I understand, this is what the goal is eventually. The company, we're going through a change in terms of our business and trying to move it forward. It's finding this opportunity to look at things and adjust them. As I grow up, I have such a love/hate relationship with change. I want it
indulgence. But how do you put that into one figure? It's not one hair color; it's not one age; it's not one size or shape.
ELLE: How is life different now that you're not designing for two houses and flying to and fro between New York and Paris?
MJ: After 16 years of doing that, it was always very difficult and very stressful, but I adapted to it. [Now] I'm much more mentally exhausted than I am physically because the amount of time I'm putting into participating in all the aspects of Marc Jacobs as a company, just thinking about, Oh God, so if we were to have uniforms for the store, what would they look like? and What would I want a Marc Jacobs store to say, visually, as an environment? This feels like quite a new habit, to concentrate on each thing: the fragrance, the beauty, the fashion, the men's, the women's, combining the Marc by Marc with Marc. Thinking, What are we missing that we once had? What did we never have that we want? Where do we want to go? It's a lot of questions and a lot of philosophical, theoretical...
ELLE: You're having an existential moment.
MJ: I am having a very existential moment! And believe me, it's tiring. There's this urge to get [the collection] down more, to figure it out more, and to deliver it with more strength and power because people perceive it as the only thing we have to do. I've always been somebody who's a little tortured by, "What will other people think; what do other people expect?" Although I do this for me, and it's my love and passion, it's so much about pleasing and surprising your audience.
ELLE: So then how did you feel when fall 2015 was such a hit?
MJ: There's part of me that was thrilled, and then the next day I was like, "Oh my God, what are we ever going to do next?"



Skunk fur coat, price on request, patent leather pumps, $770, all, MARC JACOBS, *at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide. Diamond and platinum bracelet (worn on neck),* CHOPARD, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Kevin Ryan for Unite; makeup by Lisa Houghton at Tim Howard Management; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc.; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons

WINNER



From left: Mink coat, cotton turtleneck, $1,525, lambskin trousers, ankle boots; silk bodysuit, $3,350, wool and silk skirt, $3,350, earring, $2,650 (for pair), bracelet, $970, ankle boots, $1,875; silk dress, earrings, $2,650, ankle boots, $1,875; lambskin overalls, poplin shirt, $1,675, cotton turtleneck, $1,525, necklace, boots, $2,325; cotton and wool coat, cotton turtleneck, $1,525, lambskin trousers, ankle boots; all, HERMÈS, *at Hermès boutiques nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



TAKES ALL

NEW CREATIVE DIRECTOR NADÈGE VANHÉE-CYBULSKI BRINGS HERMÈS BACK TO ITS UTILITARIAN SOPHISTICATE CODES. BY ZOË WOLFF

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN FRANCOIS CAMPOS STYLED BY EMILY BARNES





From far left: Calfskin coat, cotton turtleneck, $1,525, brooch, $435, boots, $2,325; crepe de chine shirt, $1,675, barathea trousers, $1,675, scarf, $190, belt, $3,725, bracelets, ankle boots; silk and cashmere top, $2,800, silk twill and lambskin skirt, necklace, boots, $2,925; silk fleece top, $2,425, skirt, cotton turtleneck, $1,525, earrings, $2,650, bracelet, $570, boots, $2,325, all, HERMÈS, *call 800-441-4488. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Frank Reps for Wella Professionals; makeup by Brigitte Reiss-Andersen at the Wall Group; manicure by Geraldine Holford at the Wall Group for Dior Vernis; casting by Stefanie Koenig for Zan Casting; models: Cristina at Fusion Models; Hadassa Lima at Silent NY; Leomie at Fusion Models; Madi Fogg at New York Model Management; Muriel Beal at Silent NY; fashion assistant: Cheryl Sumeleh

"In France, we get acquainted with Hermès at a very early age. Your mom always has a scarf; it's one of the first objects you look at as a child, and you know it's precious," says Nadège Vanhée-Cybulski, the brand's new creative director—displaying an Hermès-appropriate reverence for pedigree and discreet charm, even while discussing her plan to "dust off a bit of the vintage nostalgia" from the storied French house. Vanhée-Cybulski's mission: "to push the borders of the twenty-first century and bring the brand to a place where it's relevant to wear now."

As the designer sees it, border-pushing is as innate to Hermès's DNA as its more oft-touted history as a nineteenth-century equestrian harness maker. "What's visionary about the Hermès family is that when they started to advocate the need for jewelry and clothes alongside the bags, they asked women to design," Vanhée-Cybulski says. "In the '20s there was Lola Prusac, who had a bond with Mondrian. There was already a modernism alongside the *poésie* of what is done by hand."

Vanhée-Cybulski's first runway show, held at the riding school of Paris's Republican Guard in March, served up both modernism and *poésie*, delicately revising Hermès's codes for a look that was more city hopper than country weekender: lambskin riding jackets, straight-leg jodhpur-style pants in vertical strips of sumptuous hides, quilted-leather coats fabricated like saddle pads in the signature brick red known in-house as "Rouge H." There was eveningwear, too: slim ivory tussah-silk knit dresses cut to flare narrowly at midcalf. But it was a pair of loose leather overalls—an homage to stable-hand uniforms—that served as the apotheosis of her new smart-girl twist.

"I like to make a map: What kind of women would wear Hermès?" the designer says. "How do they live? I think they're strong minded; they know what they like. I'm trying to service the modern life of today—long hours at work, big trips, family or no family—and to be sensitive to the differences of living in Hong Kong versus London or New York." Music to the ears of the CEO and great-great-great-grandson of founder Thierry Hermès, Axel Dumas, who aims to stay perched at the elite end of the luxury market (with approximately $4.6 billion in annual sales) while keeping up to speed with the brand's one million Instagram followers.

Vanhée-Cybulski grew up in northern France and spent considerable time in Algeria, her mother's homeland. As a teenager in the border town of Lille, she made frequent trips to Belgium to see art exhibits and concerts, cycled through both goth and punk phases, loved Morrissey and Massive Attack, and relished Godard films starring Anna Karina. She earned her degree in fashion design from the esteemed Royal Academy of Fine Arts Antwerp, from which she graduated in 2003. She spent three years honing her trade at the high altar of brainy minimalism, Maison Margiela. That was followed by stints in London (to help Phoebe Philo reboot Céline) and in New York (to helm the design team at The Row). And now to Paris, where she's set up residence in Pigalle with her art-world husband and a pair of Jack Russell terriers.

The company's atelier in suburban Pantin, in which leather artisans work their magic, is where Vanhée-Cybulski's designs take form—she sits with patternmakers and plays with volume, or with the lady who polishes the edges of calfskin jackets. When asked how her previous roles at three of the fashion world's most coveted labels for the thinking woman have influenced her, she says it's mostly about being a designer abroad. "You're out of your little cosmos and you observe. That's probably where my awareness of woman, and not The Woman, came from." ●

THE CREATOR
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

RM: So how did you take hold of your own power?
SR: I realized I was never going to get any further than I was if I just allowed myself to be the very nice girl who wrote stuff. And I had other things that I wanted to do. All of the things that are possible are never going to happen if you're busy waiting for someone to give you something. You have to take it. You were talking about what you do once you have the power, how do you spend it. What's great about where we are now: I'm in a lovely place where our notes are very collaborative, where [the network executives] trust what we're doing. So now I can make a comfortable place for other writers to make their shows, which I think is very exciting. Betsy [Beers, her producing partner] and I are curating new shows very carefully. A lot of producers like to make a ton of shows and see what works. I don't want to make a ton of shows that are crappy.
RM: Is there another world you're going to enter—beyond medicine and politics?
SR: Yeah, right now we have *The Catch* coming in the spring. That is the exciting world of forensic accounting, believe it or not. I don't know what will come next. We will figure it out.
RM: I do want to ask you about fashion. You said that your one rebellion was the high-top sneakers and miniskirt and your Catholic school uniform.
SR: Yes!
RM: Your women *dress.* They're chic, and they're powerful, and they wear a female silhouette.
SR: The characters on *Grey's* spend most of their time in scrubs—99 percent of the time—so any moment we have them out of scrubs, we try to ramp it up. We get excited when there's a wedding dress, because then we can really go for it. *Scandal* and *Private Practice* and *How to Get Away With Murder* and *The Catch* coming up—those are exciting.
RM: That's interesting. Viola's style is hyperfemale: She wears a nipped-in waist, she shows her boobs, she shows her ass.
SR: Sexier. I don't want to sound like a classist, but [there's] the idea that she's from someplace where she didn't have much. Once you have money, it's, I'm going to really dress, you know what I mean?
RM: Do you follow fashion? Do you care about it?
SR: I'm wearing a lot of Oscar de la Renta and a lot of Carolina Herrera. This is a Chanel jacket that I got, which I love.
RM: I love that your women wear a heel, and they wear a dress, and they carry a handbag. Because, being the editor of this magazine, I feel a real bias still exists, the idea that somehow those two things can't coexist: a brain and...
SR: Enjoying nice things. My whole thing is: The beauty of being a feminist is that you get to be whatever you want, and that's the point. And you may be a person who doesn't give a crap about fashion, but maybe you do. I have a very, very large handbag collection that says I do.
RM: I used to work at *Seventeen* magazine, and girls would write in by the thousands, pre-Internet. Ninety percent of the questions were, How do I get a boy to like me? And I was like, Wrong question! The question is: Do you like him? How does he treat *you*? Eventually, I realized we're kind of hardwired to want to be attractive.
SR: People want love. I don't think that's a bad thing. For me, the idea that you think you're going to get someone to like you—that's the sad part. But the reality is, yeah, people want love. We're often attracted to the wrong person. If that person is not looking at you, he's probably the wrong person. ●

IS THIS THE FACE OF THE NEW NEW AGE?
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 332

"It still hurts."
"Test it! Is it still hurting?"
The nurse moved her knee.
"No!" She looked shocked. "What? That's it?"
"I did it while you were talking."
"Unbelievable! Are you kidding me? Are you kidding me?" she said, in shock.
"Have a walk in the hall," Goldsmith said.
She walked without limping.
"Are you a magician?" she said. "Oh my Lord, thank you." But the fix was not permanent. A couple of weeks later, the pain was back.
"If I can help someone for a day but the pain comes back, I don't think I've done anything of note," Goldsmith said. "I'm not trying to be a painkiller; I'm trying to fix things."
One of the patients Goldsmith treated last May was Linda A. Grant, a Queens resident a few months shy of 65. She had a raft of troubles, from medication allergies and diabetes to chronic back pain and an ankle she had broken twice. Worried about a boil on the side of her body where she'd had breast cancer, she went to the emergency room at NYU Lutheran. She woke up in intensive care. "The doctors were afraid to give me pain medication because I have allergic reactions to just about everything," she said when I called her in her hospital room. She spent a week there, a good part of the time on a ventilator.
"When Charlie came to see me, I relaxed totally," she said. "I don't know what he did, but the constant, chronic back pain was gone."
How had she rated the pain before treatment?
"Twelve," she said.
"The scale only goes to 10."
"Well, it was my pain."

Last spring, on his final day in New York, it occurred to Charlie Goldsmith that he had come to the end of an era. "I feel like I am finishing what I started when I was 18," he said. A doctor in Australia who is analyzing the data of the new NYU Lutheran study had confided to friends of Goldsmith's that he worried what the psychological impact would be if in the course of the Brooklyn tests, he found his ability wasn't what he thought. Indeed, before he started at the hospital, Goldsmith himself had the same concern: "What if the gift doesn't want to be here?" But his confidence had been affirmed—some of the physicians at Lutheran even started calling him "Dr. Pain."
Three weeks of work in New York had left him drained, physically and financially. His business in Australia was suffering in his absence; his trips to New York and his work at the hospital had all been at his own expense. He had even paid the $3,200 fee to put the *Journal of Alternative and Complementary Medicine* study into the public domain so anyone who wanted to could read it for free. And each day, done with tiring rounds at the hospital, he had returned by subway to a friend's loft in SoHo, where he was staying, only to find messages from people all over the world asking for help. There was a case of shingles in Melbourne, a kidney infection in Queensland, a urinary tract infection in Mexico, chronic knee pain in Los Angeles. The queue itself was evidence that whatever he was doing was in demand and working at some level. People reached him by word of mouth, via forwarded e-mails or text messages, or through a group healing website he'd set up on Facebook. About half of those he has treated have never met him.
Among them was Judy Murphy. She used to work as a public information officer at the National Institutes of Health. Her husband, Donald, trained in biology, had been an NIH research administrator who became interested in healing when the agency opened what is now known as the National Center for Complementary and Integrative Health in 1998. Judy, 66, had been traveling when she began to suffer debilitating back spasms. Donald had been trying to heal them long distance from their home in Olympia, Washington, without success. So he texted Goldsmith in New York.
"I was lying on the floor for a couple of hours," Judy told me. "I crawled around on all fours. It was excruciating. The pain was a 10. Charlie called; he said, 'Just a minute' and did his thing, and then I could turn over. And then he did it again, and I could sit up, and after the third time, I was still in pain but I could walk."
Goldsmith often makes analogies between what he does and other professions, noting how much more difficult it is for him to prove himself. A missed shot didn't make Michael Jordan a fraud, but if Goldsmith couldn't heal one person, his whole enterprise was in doubt. "Even now," he said, "when I have proved my value, it's still the blank stare I get most of the time." He said he is ready to undertake a new study with a more rigorous protocol and is discussing with NYU Lutheran doctors the possibility of treating only patients with urinary tract infections, with the outcome measured by changes in bacterial levels. It would be hard to dismiss the results as placebo if he worked long distance from Melbourne on patients in Brooklyn.
He was—as ever—calm and even-keeled, mantled in an air of imperturbability I had wondered about from the moment I met him more than a year ago. It was an attitude you might first attribute to spiritual tranquility but that began to seem more protective, as if cultivated to meet the pain of having had to grow up fast in a tumultuous home, as well as cope with the lonely, difficult path he had been sent out on by a mysterious force—a path on which it was necessary not to get too excited by successes, lest he be undone by failures.

Among Goldsmith's healings I witnessed were a couple on members of my family: one last May on my 10-year-old daughter toward the end of his time in New York, and another in June, long distance from Melbourne, on my 90-year-old father in North Carolina. My daughter, India, had tested positive for an oak tree pollen allergy last year, and with the spring's epic pollen counts she had been miserable, sneezing and clawing at her eyes. Over-the-counter antihistamines weren't giving her much relief. Goldsmith asked if he could have a go. He sat next to her on a couch, asked her to rate her itchiness—7 out of 10—then had her close her eyes. His lids fluttered. Twenty seconds passed.
"Okay," he said. "Is there any difference?"
India nodded.
"What you would say out of 10?"
"Um...5?"
"Okay, one sec," he said. He repeated the process, then again a third time, and by the end, India said her itchiness was gone.
Later, in a classic example of the original to-please-the-doctor meaning of the placebo effect, she confessed that her initial post-treatment rating should have been more like six and a half than five—but, she said, "I felt bad for Charlie. He had come from so far away and he was trying so hard; I didn't want to disappoint him."
My father had some agonizing pain in his shoulder. An X-ray, a MRI, and an ultrasound had been unable to diagnose its source; OxyContin had only dulled it slightly. Goldsmith worked over the phone but could provide no relief. I might be one of those people looking at him askance, but I have to say, there were armies of pollen assaulting my daughter all spring, and other than one antihistamine given to her by a school nurse, she hasn't taken a pill since. Her zero meant zero. ●

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But I was getting to know Lisa. One day it occurred to me that she was more or less in the same cycle of grief as I. Because 11 weeks before Peter died, her brother Patrick had died suddenly. "I'm human, too," she's said more than once. "Sometimes people say to me, 'Oh, you can just talk to Patrick anytime you want.' It doesn't work that way."

I decided to report out Patrick. I felt sneaky and deceitful. But it seemed to me that if there were any untruths in that story, it would cast doubt over everything. One day I gingerly asked Lisa, "What record company did he run?" Gotham Records, she said. Another time, "What was his last name again?" I asked her how old he was when he died: 41. Then I Googled him.

What emerged from the Internet—and this took a lot longer than five minutes—were images of a young man with wire-rimmed glasses, a gregarious smile, and close-cropped sandy hair, his strong arms wrapped affectionately around the other people in the pictures.

Patrick Arn was the founder and president of Gotham Records and Vital Music. I listened to a podcast interview with him about his innovations at his label; he was figuring out ways to place his artists' music in video games, movies, commercials—a creative business model in a time of iTunes and Spotify disruptions. He sounded smart, scrappy, principled, vibrant. He died, at the age of 41, on September 7, 2013, from a seizure in his sleep. I found his death notice in the *New York Times*, and read, "Beloved son...adored brother...an inestimable, crushing loss."

Everything Lisa had said about him and her family was true. But there was something about the last phrase, in the tiny agate type of the *Times*, that put an end to my questioning. Lisa lost her kid brother. She says she feels some guilt that she couldn't prevent it. What a terrible burden that must be.

"Peter brought us together," Lisa says, and she means it literally. But I think that it was our shared grief, that most terrestrial of emotions, that kept us connected.

Last April her number popped up on my cell while I was grocery shopping one Saturday morning. She said, "I'm calling you because I got a sign from Peter." It was the only time she'd done this in our yearlong acquaintance. "He keeps saying the word *wife*. Very emphatically. Does that make sense?"

I'd always referred to Peter as my husband. What I hadn't told her was that he and I were together 17 years but only married the last 11 months of his life. He'd resisted getting married a second time. He liked calling me his girlfriend. He thought it was sexier. But I always wondered, and worried, if part of him just wanted the out. We got married, in the end, out of hope, when we thought he was at last cancer-free. Not that some of the old ambivalence wasn't in effect: He was 45 minutes late to the ceremony.

"He says, 'Wife. Wife. Wife.' He wants you to know you were his wife," Lisa said.

In our early days of grieving, my son said something that I've often thought about since. We were sitting at our kitchen table, and he was heartbreakingly sad. "I wish we lived in a magic world," he said, "where science wasn't the answer to everything."

He was thinking about miracles and medicine and death. But from this distance, I think it's a lovely theory of everything. ●

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nothing more than misfiring neuroreceptors or a shortage of dopamine and that if I just started swallowing the right pills, things would change. But I can't summon the will to volunteer, and chemical solutions scare me, based on my history. Nothing I can imagine will bring me the excitement and relief from myself that perfect romance and the hunt for it promise. But that behavior long ago reached the point of diminishing returns. SLAA says so. I know so. I might not know exactly what will save me, but I'm sure of what won't.

So I don't call the whip lover who said I was adorable. I don't fire up Pornhub.com (triggering!). I don't do any eye-fucking, though I never was much of an eye-fucker. I do devour doughnuts by the box, but I don't spend time shopping online for cuff links I don't need or apartments I can't afford. I don't lurk at deli counters.

I call Hank one night and tell him that I'm worried about my work and dying alone, and that maybe it wasn't romantic sobriety keeping me from asking out that brunette from the coffee shop with the beguiling French accent. Maybe it was a lack of nerve—a reluctance to embrace my true, healthy self. Maybe I should just man the fuck up and wait for her the next seven or eight mornings and, if she shows up, declare my intentions, because don't Europeans appreciate directness? Hank clears his throat, then says that I can romance every woman in the world, but it won't be enough. If I judge my self-worth on getting women to love me, I'll never find peace.

After our conversation, I eat half a jar of extra-chunky peanut butter while watching four hours of *Daredevil* on Netflix. ("Progress, not perfection," I mutter between bites. This is a sentiment we 12-steppers like to mutter at moments like this.)

I tend to see love addicts everywhere: women friends who never dump one guy without having another lined up; men who can't stand to be alone and so never are; lady-killers and man-eaters; the men and women who can't seem to leave a room without doing their best to hypnotize and unsettle every member of the opposite sex unlucky enough to fall within their field of vision. ("You mean actors?" Hank says when I complain about this sort.)

My SLAA sponsor suggests I worry less about what drives others. He says I have plenty of my own issues to worry about. That stings. More peanut butter. More television. Some English muffins, if I'm going to be rigorously honest, which is what I'm supposed to be.

I hire a therapist who specializes in sex and love addiction. I date a woman for three months, realize positively that she isn't right for me but continue dating her for three more months at my therapist's urging because, he reminds me, my positive realizations are for the most part positively delusional. What I'm afraid of, he submits, is that any woman who actually gets to know me will find me wanting, because I find myself wanting.

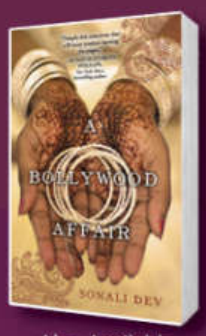
My girlfriend and I have some difficult conversations about boundaries and my fondness for cheeseburgers and what I regard as her country of origin's position vis-à-vis my religion. "A good, healthy relationship with some problems," my therapist tells me when I hang in. Six months after we meet, we break up after failing to reach a consensus regarding the depth and magnitude of present-day Polish anti-Semitism, among other things. Five weeks after that, when I tell my therapist I'm thinking of trying to get back together with her, he advises against it. "A good, healthy relationship," he repeats, "and a good, healthy breakup."

He says the same thing after my next girl-

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friend, who lasts seven months. That was almost a year ago. Those were two personal bests for me, length of relationship–wise.

I think I'm getting better. No longer does the way a woman confidently, but gently, tenderly, pops a piece of chewing gum past her rosebud lips offer definitive proof that she will understand me, or accept me, or that she and I are destined to twine our fingers together as we amble beneath wise, calm, gnarled oak trees into parenthood, grandparenthood, and eventually peaceful, loving death. No longer do shoulders that smell like cotton candy launch me into a 3-D future of sweaty sex and apple pie, and then more sex and maybe a basketball game on TV and then maybe some ice cream and then maybe some more sweaty sex, but only if I'm not too sleepy, or full.

I've ceased to regard the roller-coaster lurching in my gut and the Roman candles exploding on my inner eyelids as signs of connection, or of a healthy future, or anything other than hormonal and emotional thrills—likely to be followed by spirit-rattling spills and fathomless chills.

"They're red flags," the guys in the group tell me, "not green lights."

Speaking of green lights, I met a woman in early spring. She had a steady gaze. She didn't mention whips. I knew I couldn't ascertain such things at a first meeting, but she seemed trustworthy and kind. Divorced after more than 20 years, mother of two. Former high school point guard and home-run-hitting infielder. Amazingly sexy and beautiful, but I'll refrain from going into detail here about silky hair or creamy skin or soft lips or shapely legs or luminous eyes, because I have learned from SLAA that a life in thrall to such things, or at least predominantly to them, is a life devoted to a hologram. She does work that benefits the disadvantaged. She's respected in her field. She dotes on her children. She says things like "Let's do something low-key tonight."

We didn't kiss until our third date. On our fifth, I suggested that we plan a trip together soon.

"That sounds fun," she said. "But why don't we wait to get to know each other a little better first."

That bothered me. That inspired a peanut butter session. But uncertainty and discomfort are part of getting to know someone, Hank told me, when I called to complain. Those were good signs.

We rented a beach house for the Fourth of July, and even though she fell asleep every time I turned on my computer to begin the classic film of deception, violence, and betrayal that I'd recorded especially for the trip; and even though on the first night, as I was trying to shoo a giant, dangerous-looking bug out the bathroom window, she rose from bed, padded next to me, and said, "Oh, let's just end this already," and swiftly squashed the winged monster with the heel of her delicate, soft left hand, which made me feel sort of unmanly; and even though the next night, after I suggested a walk into town, she said, "Do you really need more ice cream?," it went well. Actually, much better than well. We laughed. We napped. We argued a little bit about Woody Allen and his movies. We held hands. I told her about my membership in SLAA and she told me about moving from the Midwest to New York City, and we swapped stories about our families and napped and held hands some more. We fell asleep holding each other and woke up holding each other, and it all felt—despite occasional moments of anxiety and uncertainty and the unfortunate incident with the giant and quite possibly disease-carrying bug—fine. Fantastic, really.

It didn't feel perfect. It felt better than perfect. It felt real. It still does. ●

COVERS

Ciré dress by *Miu Miu*, $1,490, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide, visit miumiu.com. Embroidered jacket, shorts, leather boots by *Louis Vuitton*, prices on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. Rose gold, mother-of-pearl, and diamond ring, $3,500, gold and diamond ring, $7,150, by *Bulgari*, at Bulgari stores nationwide, call 800-BULGARI or visit bulgari.com. Glitter plastic and stone embroidered Lurex dress by *Marc Jacobs*, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide, visit marcjacobs.com.

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WINNER TAKES ALL

PAGES 406–407: Coat, $34,900, trousers, $5,300, crocodile ankle boots, $12,800; rose gold earring, calfskin and rose gold bracelet, suede goatskin ankle boots; dress, $5,450, rose gold earrings, suede calfskin ankle boots; overalls, $9,400, rose gold necklace, $15,500, suede goatskin ankle boots; coat, $6,550, trousers, $5,300, crocodile ankle boots, $12,800, by *Hermès*, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. PAGES 408–409: Coat, $19,000; pearl, black agate, and palladium metal brooch; suede goatskin boots; silk jacquard scarf; crocodile, rainbow jasper, dumortierite, and palladium metal belt; rose gold bracelet, $5,100; crocodile ankle boots, $12,800; skirt, $7,150; rose gold necklace, $15,500; calfskin boots; rose gold earring; calfskin and gilded metal bracelet; suede goatskin ankle boots; by *Hermès*, at Hermès boutiques nationwide, visit hermes.com.

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September's dual retrogrades still emit residual power early this month, and meddling Uranus's presence around the 12th's new moon adds to the cosmic friction. By the 27th, clarity will be restored, as well as the bonus of creative inspiration

LIBRA



Brie Larson
October 1, 1989

THIS MONTH FOR LIBRA: *(SEPT 23–OCT 22)* October 12th's new moon will continue to test the stability of a relationship, and with the Sun in Libra opposing tricky Uranus, you'd do well to brace for the unexpected. If you are unattached, don't get involved with a new paramour too hastily. Rather, go slow, get to know them, and yield to the universe's truth-bearing mission, which may have you considering whether to leave a partnership or open up a soul-searching dialogue. In finances and property, you'll likely make a killing around the 10th or 11th. More fiscal dealings will surface shortly before the 27th's full moon, but your favorite day of the month will be the 25th, when your ruler, Venus, cuddles up to Jupiter. Such a pairing only occurs once a year—this is your chance to transform a personal or professional wish into a lucrative reality. Whether a friend's romantic introduction sets off sparks or a confidential project takes flight, all your expectations will be exceeded.

YOUR YEAR AHEAD: In the past, difficult planetary aspects tested your mettle. You now stand on the threshold of 2016 leaner, stronger, and more authoritative. With Jupiter in your twelfth house of behind-the-scenes dealings, influential people will help see that a passion project is finally completed to much applause. When Jupiter enters Libra on September 9, 2016, it will mark one of the most enchanting years in recent memory, ushering in plenty of romantic suitors and business successes. Spend the first eight months of 2016 planning your goals. Delete passionless parts of your life and make room for all the goodies the universe holds: rising income, overseas travel, good health, and dazzling career opportunities. You'll also become a fine judge of character and a sharper communicator. Indeed, on just about every level, life will improve for you. Just wait and see!

SCORPIO *(OCT 23–NOV 21)*

You caught a glimpse of upcoming office changes during last month's lunar eclipse, and more shifts are on the way at the 12th's new moon. Uranus will deliver jolting news, the elements of which will require several days to puzzle out—and even longer to adjust to. Resist the pressure to bend to the whims of a domineering personality. A health matter from last month will demand more of your attention after the 12th. Don't fret; a doctor you've researched will offer wise counsel. Prepare for your love life to whir with activity all month, for with Venus orbiting close to Mars, you'll be on the guest list of many lavish parties. You'll want to accept all invites, but considering your budget, calculate the costs of attendance. The 27th's full moon will catalyze an important relationship to a major moment, but single Scorps should reserve this energy for furthering a business alliance. This moon could make your deepest professional desires come true.

SAGITTARIUS *(NOV 22–DEC 21)*

If you're still recovering from a disheartening romantic, familial, or creative situation, you'll be able to iron out any obstacles early this month. But be wary of a friend who may upset you after the 12th's new moon. Talk things out to clear the air or walk away if this relationship isn't important to you. Alternatively, you may find your friend is facing a crisis and needs your support. In your larger community, you may clash with a group leader. This is a rocky time, but with Venus aligned with Mars, you can engender a positive outcome through reflection and patience. In your career, life is just dreamy: A friend's assistance could lead to a much-deserved accolade, and a pitch to a VIP will garner praise. Come the 27th's full moon, a project will reach a satisfying culmination. By this time next year, you just may rule the world.

CAPRICORN *(DEC 22–JAN 19)*

Your home sector continues to light up at the month's start. You may move again or undertake a major renovation that will result in more comfort and stability, but if a contract needs signing, do so after the 9th. The 17th is another luminous day for real estate ventures, but keep in mind that whatever is going on at home will influence your career decisions, so save some energy for pressing job matters. Management may be restructuring or introducing wage freezes, inciting you to decide whether to stay in your current position or go. If you need planetary support, the week preceding the 11th will bolster your decision. Love will launch a series of firecrackers for you by the 27th's full moon, when Venus and Mars's rare proximity intensifies your charms. If you're single, it's an optimal moment for meeting someone new; if attached, you'll grow closer to your partner. If you hope for conception, talk seriously to your partner about making that dream a reality —you're rarely this blessed for a baby!

AQUARIUS *(JAN 20–FEB 18)*

As you enter October, you may still be negotiating changes to a September contract. A quick face-to-face meeting should resolve any questions; wait to sign important documents until after Mercury leaves retrograde on the 9th. The 12th's new moon will emphasize legal matters and far-flung business travel. Tension may be involved in either case,

Paola Kudacki

but your cooperation will ensure steady progress. In finances, you may secure an attractive mortgage, a loan, an infusion of venture capital, or a cash prize thanks to a trio of planets in your house of other people's money. Another victory could be yours on or around the 27th's full moon, when Jupiter and Neptune will be very helpful in furthering a domestic project or a goal. In romance, attached Aquarians may be especially charmed. If you're ready for the next level with a new partner, express your true feelings. They will surely be returned.

PISCES *(FEB 19–MAR 20)*

All signals point to a Pisces in love. You and your sweetheart will grow closer than ever, possibly to the level of engagement talk. This month surely favors those coupled up, but if single, you should circulate, as you are likely to meet marriage material. Money has been on your mind since last month's lunar eclipse, and the 12th's new moon will conjure more financial considerations: If you asked for a tax extension, get your return signed, sealed, and delivered far ahead of this new moon and pay certain funds now. Alternatively, a sudden health matter could require quick action, but have faith in your ability to research and discern the best treatment for any illness. The month's end will be sweet, for the 27th's full moon may send you on an amorous trip to a gorgeous locale. This same week, you may be wrapping up an important writing project, launching a publicity campaign, or rebranding your company. In whatever venture, expect pleasant productivity.

ARIES *(MAR 21–APR 19)*

Those with late-March birthdays may still be recovering from September's lunar eclipse, which tested the strength of a close relationship. Keep up your stamina and health, as more tests will come with the 12th's new moon. Weak long-term partnerships will dissolve, making room for someone infinitely better for you. If your bond is strong, plan a midmonth jaunt to galvanize your union. Single? Try your office's communications department, the gym, or a sporting event. This new moon could also inspire professional rewards thanks to your high performance. Smarten up your wardrobe—you need to look every inch a leader. Prior to the 17th, begin a competitive-minded pursuit that will drive you through the 25th toward a hefty income boost, another work victory, or even a positive health development. The 27th's full moon welcomes more financial news, such as a raise or an overdue payment. You'll have it all—glittering success in romance and career, plus the envy of all the zodiac.

TAURUS *(APR 20–MAY 20)*

If you were stressed over office politics last month, by now you possess the wherewithal to dispel it. A new moon in Libra on the 12th will shake things up again, when a trusted colleague may leave, your company may relocate, or an urgent health matter may pop up. You've weathered ripples like this before—trust that you can handle all that will be asked of you. There's a rewarding side to this new moon, too: Jupiter and Pluto will inspire a profitable business trip or a pleasurable vacation. When Venus regains full strength on the 9th, prepare for the pace of life to quicken. Your allure is highest on the 17th, setting the stage for a magical meeting. Couples should expect heightened emotional excitement, and at the 27th's full moon, a deeply personal matter will reach a turning point, perhaps regarding a relationship you've been pondering. It will be a tender, loving moment, and a perfect way to say good-bye to October.

GEMINI *(MAY 21–JUNE 21)*

Take it slow as you start October, for September 27th's eclipse initiated a major change to a friendship. If you still need to make amends, do so on the 17th. During the 12th's new moon, however, focus on a romance, conception, or a passion project. This won't be the easiest new moon, for Uranus will bring forth unexpected news, but with ample time for rumination, you'll feel more at ease. The rest of the month will go smoothly, especially when Mercury and Venus regain strength by the 9th—a time when you'll be preparing for a richer emotional life. But if finances have plagued you, the 12th (and the days preceding it) will bring luck to investments. If you need a day to heal a relationship, choose the 25th, when Venus and Jupiter align in a loving aspect. Lastly, the 27th's full moon offers a chance for restful reflection on all of life's changes and the grand adventure that awaits you.

CANCER *(JUNE 22–JULY 22)*

This marks a critical point of the year for your work and home sectors. A surprising domestic development will surface after the 12th's new moon. It's a complex matter, perhaps regarding a move or a big change to your family life, but with time and patience the answer will appear. At work, expect an exit from a higher-up or a client—or even yourself. If the latter leaves you financially unstable, you'll find ways to regain fiscal balance. Look to the 16th for a splendid day to resolve work issues, and then celebrate with a rejuvenating trip. Consider visiting a sibling or tacking on a property or business venture for some added reward. For romance, Pluto and Jupiter's alignment on the 11th provides the perfect bonding weekend. Then your social calendar will fill up thanks to the 27th's full moon in Taurus. If not attending a soiree, plan for a relaxing spa weekend or say yes to a VIP convention full of many like-minded souls. Who knows what dream project could be drawn up?

LEO *(JULY 23–AUG 22)*

You are now home from your recent travel adventures, ready to channel your energies toward academic, media, legal, or other mind-expanding pursuits inspired by September 27th's eclipse. Mercury's communicative power will be restored on the 9th, and the 13th is ideal for making any forward-moving decisions. Consider working with a partner on your projects, as teamwork-loving Libra's dominant presence ensures that all collaboration will prove effective. Regarding finances, even though your expenses are rising, your fiscal outlook is excellent thanks to Jupiter beaming Pluto on the 11th. Also on this day, watch for a thrilling job prospect, and by the 27th's full moon, relish having your recent stellar performance earn you praise, unilateral support, or a dream client. Your hard work will come together in one big turquoise box, handed to you on a silver platter.

VIRGO *(AUG 23–SEPT 22)*

This month, Mars opens a bright new chapter in any phase of life you choose. Schedule your most vital actions after the 9th, when Mercury leaves retrograde. Money was on your mind last month and will again be on the agenda, as you could be trading one income stream for another. The 12th's new moon may bring news of heavy home costs or a family member's dire need for a loan, but this is only temporary, and your cash flow will improve soon. Romantically, your charisma will catch a potential lover's eye; for those attached, children and pregnancy show strong aspects all month. The 27th's full moon might coax you into a countryside sojourn, but leave early on the 23rd or 24th, when Venus and Pluto are in perfect harmony and stirring up a possible lucrative bonus to any time out of town. ●

TALK THE TALK

Saturday Night Live alum **Jimmy Fallon** decamps from his desk at *The Tonight Show* to field a few zingers, courtesy of Mickey Rapkin



Since taking over *The Tonight Show* in 2014, Jimmy Fallon has reimagined the talk show as an awesome parade of stars acting silly. He's played beer pong with Margot Robbie and performed "The Evolution of Mom Dancing" with Michelle Obama—and his celebrity lip-sync battles were so popular, they got their own spin-off show. His appeal is one part charm, two parts boyish naïveté. In one of the show's most talked-about moments, Nicole Kidman admitted she'd had a massive crush on Fallon during his *SNL* days and even went to his apartment to meet him—only to be ignored while Fallon played video games. (The clip, entitled "Jimmy Fallon Blew a Chance to Date Nicole Kidman," has more than 30 million views on YouTube.) Fallon, 41, comes by that aw-shucks charisma naturally. The son of an IBM repairman, he grew up in sleepy Saugerties, New York, where he went to Catholic school and contemplated joining the priesthood. Instead, he joined *SNL* and was linked to actresses like Winona Ryder and Jordana Brewster before marrying his *Fever Pitch* producer, Nancy Juvonen, in 2007. Here, Fallon talks Tina Fey's dating advice and the time his wife met President Obama.

ELLE: You're a big Rolling Stones fan. What's their best song about women?

JIMMY FALLON: "Honky Tonk Women" was one of my favorite songs growing up. How does it start? "I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis/She tried to take me upstairs for a ride." It might be about a whorehouse. [*Laughs*] Yeah, this isn't a great one about women.

ELLE: You went to Saint Rose—a Catholic college. What was dating like there?

JF: You know, it wasn't that strict. But my dating situation was awful. I was really focused on comedy. I didn't know how to date. I didn't get it in high school either.

ELLE: I doubt that.

JF: Girls weren't into the Moe haircut from *The Three Stooges*.

ELLE: You got very famous, very fast on *SNL*. Did Tina Fey have any wise words for you about women?

JF: It was a quick, short period, but I was dating some girl who was, I guess, a model-type person. And Tina was like, "This is what you're doing? This is so sad. I mean, she's very nice. But I think she's wearing a napkin for a skirt. She's actually wearing a napkin. Very classy."

ELLE: Had you really considered joining the priesthood?

JF: I was really into it. I loved the smell of incense. I loved the wardrobe. I liked the fact that I was onstage. I got to perform. My parents would come. *Jimmy's ringing the bells this week! It's a big opportunity for him!* I started doing this cool mass they had in the convent, just for the nuns.

ELLE: What did the nuns teach you about women?

JF: Women are powerful. They're strong. Especially nuns. I got hit on the hand a couple of times with a ruler. Hopefully the rules have changed.

ELLE: What was more stressful: taking over *The Tonight Show* or losing your virginity?

JF: Definitely *The Tonight Show*. Because my parents were in the audience.

ELLE: You've dated several actresses. Is it awkward when they're on the show?

JF: It's only happened a few times. It's a little weird in my head. I go, That was odd. But I never ended anything badly. It almost makes it easier to have a conversation. It's fun to see them and go, "How's it going? You still have the dog?" You know all this stuff about each other. It's like, "Oh yeah, I know your mom."

ELLE: You really had no idea Nicole Kidman had a crush on you?

JF: I'm so happy you brought that up. [*Laughs*] I'm kidding. Men are clueless. I'm definitely clueless. I had no idea.

ELLE: You're famous for impressions. Do you ever do an impression of your wife?

JF: I don't really have a take on her. I don't think it would be smart to do an impression of your wife. But I do impressions of my mom all the time. She called me the other day and she goes, "Tom Cruise was fantastic on the show. He looks so good." I'm like, "Yeah, he's a good-looking guy." She goes, "He looks good with *long hair*." I go, "Yeah, he does." She goes, "That's a *hint*! Your hair's too short!" I'm like, "I'm hanging up before you insult me again."

ELLE: What did you learn about marriage from your parents?

JF: That it could be fun. That they're a team. They'll set each other up for jokes or stories. My grandparents did it too. "Oh, tell that story about blah blah blah." I do it with Nancy. I'll go, "Tell that funny story about meeting the Obamas."

ELLE: What's that story?

JF: We were doing a show with the president. They drive the presidential limousine up. I was standing outside; I had one of those signs that you have at the airport. It said, "President Obama." He got out of the limousine; he's laughing. "That's good. That's a good joke." He immediately came up to me, "How are you doing? Where's Nancy? I want to meet her."

ELLE: Really?

JF: Yeah, those guys know what's up. I go, "She's right over here." Nancy looked like she was 13 and meeting Justin Bieber. She was like, "Uh, uh...." After I was like, "What was that all about?" She's like, "He's so cool. He's so presidential. You feel the vibe." What a nerd! I was like, "You could have acted a little bit cooler."

ELLE: You have two kids. But you've been open about the struggle to get pregnant. How did those years change you?

JF: I can't even describe what my wife went through. I thought I was gonna be the one to say, "Okay, calm down honey, we're gonna get through this." But she was the one in the driver's seat going, "Let's try it again. Don't worry." It got to the point where I was giving her shots in her leg. It's a really tricky, tricky thing if you want kids and you can't have them. I respect her so much. I knew she was cool. But this was proof that she's supercool. ●

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